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## ELIZABETH STUART, QUEEN OF BOHEMIA.\*

DESPITE follies and crimes, a peculiar fascination has ever attached to the house of Stuart. It almost seems as if the charms of Queen Mary had been perpetuated in her descendants. To this day our national poetry laments their misfortunes or anticipates their triumphs, and, while every sober-minded man thinks as a "Hanoverian," we are all content to dream as "Jacobites." We care not at present to discuss either the grounds of these sentiments, or their strict propriety;

all the more so, perhaps, that portraying the Queen of Bohemia—the ancestress of our present monarch—we are face to face with at least one Stuart, whose title as "Queen of Hearts" can be vindicated against every objector. Not a fanciful but a real designation hers, given by the noble British volunteers during that hard ride from Prague, when her churlish father had refused even a shadowy name to one who had lost all else beside; and since ratified both by her contemporaries and by history. How for a long time her name was the common watchword of Cavalier and Roundhead, how swords leaped from their scabbards in her cause, how the most cautious grew enthusiastic, and the most undecided energetic—how

\* *Elisabeth Stuart, Gemahlin Friedrich's V. von der Pfalz.* Von Dr. SÖLTL. Three vols. Hamburg: J. A. Meissner. 1840.

*Geschichte Kaiser Ferdinands II. und seiner Eltern, etc.*, durch F. VON HUTER. Vols. VII., VIII., IX. Schaffhausen: Hurter, 1854-1858.

her own and the rights of her family became the central question of European politics—will appear in the sequel. But other and higher than merely political considerations were connected with her fate. In some measure, she may indeed be also regarded as representing the interests of entire continental Protestantism; and in that Thirty Years' War, on the issue of which the continuance of the new church seemed to depend, Elizabeth Stuart forms throughout the central figure. Lastly, during the forty years of her weary exile, continued energy which sufferings never paralyzed, and deepening meekness, gentleness, and faith which energetic action never put into the background, proved to friend and foe that this woman was always a princess, and that this princess always remained and felt as a woman.

From materials such as these, to construct a history might appear no difficult task, especially considering the immense literature which German and British industry has accumulated in connection with the subject. Not a state-paper, letter, controversial tract, or secret negotiation, but will be found in the folios of *Londorp* or *Khevenhiller*, or has since yielded its contents to the patient analysis of *Aretin*, *Wolf*, *Müller*, and *Mrs. Green*; nay, of late, all the archives of Vienna have again been thrown open to *F. v. Huter*, whose neophyte zeal has undertaken the double task of defending Jesuit religion and Hapsburg policy. These vast chronicles have been condensed by numerous writers with more or less artistic skill and party bias. Unfortunately, however, while each according to the ability or diligence in him, has faithfully copied details, none has succeeded in drawing a portrait. Facts and chapters have followed each other with unerring regularity, but the story wants unity, light, and life. "They have seen the trees, but missed the wood;" and the character both of Elizabeth and of her time remains yet to be studied. The last or anecdotal attempt at reading this period, made by Miss Strickland, need scarcely be noticed at great length, as it can not be ranked with the serious contributions to our history. "Smartness" in historical composition is the latest but the least promising development in literature. Considering Miss Strickland's party bias, it would perhaps have been unreasonable to expect the

faculty of discerning the "signs of a time;" but the most moderate historical information might at least have prevented the ludicrous blunders which crowd her volume, from the vignette on the title-page to the end of the story. The MS. authorities to which our authoress so frequently refers, having been already sufficiently explored by Mrs. Green, we would advise her, in future editions, to bestow her attention on the less recondite but more useful subjects of Chronology and Geography. In that case she may, indeed, continue with lady-like *négligence* to throw about charges against persons and parties whom she understands not, and of whom she knows next to nothing, but she will at least avoid the smile raised by introducing the sect of the Taborites more than one hundred and fifty years after it had entirely ceased to exist, or by declaring that the road from the Upper Palatinate (which lay along the western boundary of Bohemia) to Prague led through Moravia and Silesia! Thus much, then, for a volume in which the greatest assurance and the happiest ignorance are lovingly united in a "pictorial style;" thus much also for the literature of the subject generally. And now, with such help as we can get from any or all these sources, do we address ourselves to the history of the first and only "Protestant Queen of Bohemia."

For many a year had not more genuine national joy vibrated through the length and breadth of our island than on merry St. Valentine, A.D. 1613. Whitehall chapel was gayly decorated for a bridal ceremony: outside, the streets thronged with joyous, eager multitudes; inside, a royal procession, and by the steps of the altar, a very youthful couple, over which prelates are invoking the blessing of Heaven and the blessing of peoples. Although neither Elizabeth Stuart nor her youthful husband, Elector Frederic of the Palatinate, had completed their seventeenth year, their names were already the watchword of two great parties. In a court whose religious principles were sufficiently loose, Elizabeth was looked upon as the representative and the hope of Protestant Christianity. Without questioning either the zeal or theological acumen of James, the moral instinct of a nation awakening into deep religious earnestness, shrunk from the trifling pedant, as if it felt that his "lararium" was only large enough to

hold one statue in life-size—that of himself. His consort, Anne of Denmark, was a Papist, and as such had but lately communicated in the private chapel of the Spanish ambassador, Don Alonzo de Velasco. Prince Henry of Wales, the idol of the nation, and trained a staunch Protestant, had a few months ago been snatched by the hand of death; and the slender health of Charles, the only remanent member of the royal family, seemed not likely to interpose a lasting barrier between the Princess Elizabeth and the throne of Britain. All the more needful, then, that she should be saved from court intrigues and Popish machinations, and bestowed on one every way so worthy her hand as Frederic, the leading and traditional representative of continental Protestantism. Besides, this union between the most powerful prince of Germany, whose House had long headed the resistance to Papist aggressions and Hapsburg encroachments, with the daughter of the most puissant Protestant king, whose resources even at that time might have been almost unlimited, promised to complete the great anti-Papal federation so long planned and essayed. In truth, this marriage was the most—if not the only—popular act of James' reign. All Germany regarded it as a significant fact; all Britain, save Popish abettors and conspirators, rejoiced in it as a great national event, as a political triumph, and even a religious achievement.

Two very young people these, on whom to devote such work, duties, and cares; whose training had indeed supplied all that artificial means could—mostly in eliciting what already existed—but whose native strength must, each of its own kind, be almost gigantic to carry this burden. Providence has destined the few for commanding, the many for obeying; and accordingly among the multitudes who, as circumstances indicate, become respectable councilors, instructors, officers, officials, or peddlers, they are exceptions whose keen glance can penetrate beyond that of the commonalty, whose secret purpose can steadily follow its own object, or whose strong hand can manfully grasp and firmly retain its hold. However this may be, the early years of the royal children had passed pleasantly and usefully. Born at Falkland Palace nineteen August, 1596, Elizabeth had been baptized in Holyrood Abbey on the

twenty-eighth November; Ambassador Bowes, representing the Virgin Queen of England, carried the infant to the font. Her first seven years were spent chiefly at Linlithgow and Dunfermline, under the charge of Ladies Livingstone and Ochiltree. Early in 1603, James succeeded to the throne of England, to which country his consort and family soon followed him. Our countrymen never again saw her, whom afterwards, by a special envoy, they claimed as the “eldest daughter of Scotland”—in whose cause so much of our best blood was shed, and for whose deliverance and success rose so many and so earnest prayers. In October, 1603, the education of the Princess was confided to Lord and Lady Harrington. The affectionate child, to whom parting from Lady Ochiltree had been so great a calamity, found in Combe Abbey, the residence of the Harringtons, others to love; and the friendships formed in the home of her childhood continued through life. Between the Princess and her brother Henry, to whom she clung with passionate attachment, tender, we had almost said romantic, letters passed. Nothing broke the quiet of her retreat except the Gunpowder Plot, the design of the conspirators being to elevate the Princess to the throne of England. As all other parts of the plot, so the attempt to gain possession of her person, failed through the vigilance of her guardians. It was on this occasion that the youthful Frederic penned his first epistle to his future father-in-law. Matrimonial projects were at all times a favorite pursuit with “the wisest of fools.” Accordingly, before Elizabeth was more than seven years old, he had planned a double alliance with France to which the poor child was made privy. This was in due time followed by numberless other suits; among them, notably one with the widowed and intensely Popish monarch of Spain, strongly supported by Anne and the Papist party, and which the King contemplated with more zest than accords with his Protestant zeal. Had the temper of the people or the character of Elizabeth brooked it, James might not have found it very difficult to assuage his own scruples. The proposal of the youthful Gustavus Adolphus—the only suitor worthy her hand—was put aside from deference to the prejudices of the King of Denmark. Among all the other applicants, the

Elector Palsgrave seemed the most promising ; and him, accordingly, James chose. Even Queen Anne, who at first had given the match a more than passive resistance, at last relaxed so far as to honor the wedding with her presence.

The beautiful and fertile domains of the Counts Palatine, presently forming part chiefly of the kingdom of Bavaria, were divided into the Rhenish or Lower, and the Bavarian or Upper Palatinate, which bordered on Bohemia. The residence of the Elector was fixed in romantic Heidelberg, at that time a populous and prosperous city. Passing through narrow streets, and across the market-place, a stranger would find himself at the entrance to a castle, of which each portion had its own romantic story. Successive Electors had added to its vast dimensions, till its size exceeded that of any British palace. From the windows the eye roamed over a smiling landscape of gardens and vineyards, of river and dale. The subjects of the Palatinate were an eminently peaceful and loyal race. Blessed with a succession of good sovereigns, they had been allowed to obey the dictates of their consciences to a greater extent than perhaps any of their German compatriots. Miss Strickland is entirely mistaken in asserting that "the Rhenish princes had been foremost in Luther's Reformation, and in the first religious war of Germany (can Miss S. say *which?*) the whole Palatinate had been Lutheran, the people following the religion of the temporal ruler, just as sheep are driven by the shepherd's dog." It happens that in this case the people were Lutherans before their princes left the old Church, and that the *first* Protestant Palsgrave—Frederic III., (ob. 1576)—whose singular piety and earnestness, at a period when such qualities were rare, were owned by friend and foe, was not Lutheran, but *intensely Calvinistic*.\* Louis VI., the son of Frederic, adopted Lutheranism ; but with his successor, Frederic IV., Calvinism became again the religion of the State—the creed of Luther remaining, however, dominant in the Upper Palatinate. Frederic IV. was, on the whole, a good monarch, and his reign prosperous for his country. Without the deep principle of his sire, or the broad political sympathies which had in-

duced him to give aid to the French Huguenots, in an age of braggards, sots, and bigots, he at least "saw and approved what was more excellent." Under his rule Mannheim rose, and the great Protestant Union, which afterwards deserted his son, was formed. But alas ! the good old German manners had sadly given way to finical luxuriousness on the one hand, and to unbounded coarseness on the other.\* In olden days a Palatine Regent would spend his evening over a convivial cup in the house of the pastor or the apothecary, or of some favorite official. The plate of the richest noble in the land would consist of a tankard, some cups, a couple of salts, and a score or so of spoons; his wardrobe, of a few silken or velvet doublets and hose; his furniture, of lumbering bedstead, oaken chairs and tables. How different now ! costly tapestry, three or four scores of suits, and jewelry of which the tale would cover we know not how many folio pages, are deemed necessary part of a nobleman's equipment. And though the refined court of Heidelberg was far from indulging in the drunken orgies which disgraced the household of the Elector of Saxony, the candid entry of having "been drunk," recurs in the Elector's diary more frequently than seems consistent with the *juxta-notation* of religious duties. But so far as the education of the Elector's children was concerned, these failings of Frederic were amply compensated by the wisdom and virtues of his spouse, Louisa Juliana, whose highest praise (despite Miss Strickland's sneers) it is, that she proved not unworthy her heroic father, William of Orange, and her noble mother, Charlotte de Montpensier. With singular prudence, the electoral couple had committed the training of their eldest son to the Duke of Bouillon, who had wedded the sister of Juliana. Far from the flatterers of Heidelberg, at the small court of Sedan, Bouillon taught young Frederic V. every knightly accomplishment, and, better still, imbued him with deep and unaffected attachment to the religion of his fathers. The death of Frederic IV. (1610) left these arrangements undisturbed. In 1612 the Prince was still in Sedan—the following year he stood in Whitehall chapel by the side of Elizabeth Stuart.

\* Comp. C. Olivianus u. F. Ursinus von K. Sudhoff, and Struve's Pfälzische Kirchenhistorie.

\* Comp. the details in Häuser's Gesch. d. rhein. Pfälz., vol. ii. *passim*.

The marriage-rejoicings in England had been brought to a somewhat abrupt termination. Both parties had disbursed more money than they could well afford. Besides a dower of forty thousand pounds and an annual pension of four thousand pounds, James had expended upwards of fifty-three thousand pounds. The young Palatine had been equally lavish with his means, and even more so with his promises, agreeing to every absurd claim — among the rest, to that of giving his wife the precedence over himself. But as yet every augury seemed favorable. The festivities which had greeted the young couple in Britain were renewed on a larger scale during their progress over the Continent, from the moment when, amid salvos of artillery, they set foot on Dutch ground, (twenty-ninth April,) to that when, wearied with sham-fights, triumphal arches, florid speeches, and mythological compliments, the bride was locked in the arms of the good Julian in Heidelberg Castle, (seventeenth June.) The mind gets bewildered amidst all these demonstrations, theological, oratorical, mythological — amidst fireworks, chases, daily consumption of twenty thousand bottles of wine, and other indications of courtly and popular joy, of which the curious reader may find ample and even poetic description in the chroniclers of the time. These past, life in earnest ought to begin, and in some measure, indeed, may be said to have begun. Of Elector Frederic V. we catch occasional glimpses, coursing beside his merry spouse, or in deliberation with his council and German princes on things too high for him, or else buried in deepest melancholy, from which he can scarcely be roused. Already it is evident, that for all rule, even domestic rule, but especially such as now devolves on him in Germany, his hand is too weak. As for Electress Elizabeth, her childhood is not yet past. In vain the methodical Schomberg inculcates the duty of economy, and of learning to say *No*, converting his aphorisms even into written regulations for "the guidance of her Highness." At length the good man gets quit both of English attendants and of English and other debts — Elizabeth, all the time, only playing, racing, hunting. What she is, lies yet concealed most probably from herself as well as others. On second January, 1614, the young Electress bore her first

son, Frederic Henry — somewhat in advance of the slow movements of Lady de Burgh and Mrs. Mercer, sent to her from England; in honor of which occasion, King James entertained nobles, liberated prisoners, and settled additional two-thousand pounds on Elizabeth; "Auld Reekie" consumed "six score fourteen pound weight of powder at xvi s. the pound," "for joy of the news;" while the chronicler of "the fair city" records "bonfires, ringing of bells, and other pastimes," and German knights and burghers may be supposed to have again feasted right loyally.

Of the three conditions of greatness — broad principle, clear vision, and energetic action — poor Frederic possessed not one in degree sufficient to serve him in any good stead. A conscientious Calvinist, a good husband, a laborious man of details, he might have proved an excellent prince, had it not been for such circumstances as constitute the fitting occasion for the development of true power, or the rock on which mediocrity splits. Since the religious treaties of Passau and Augsburg, (1552, 1555,) the contest between the rival parties in Germany had been only delayed, not averted. Apparently a victory to the Protestants, this pacification was in reality a hollow truce, which gave the Popish phalanx time to gather, while the strength of Protestantism was dissipating in controversies worse than useless. A period had been when, at least, the Teutonic race seemed about to break the yoke of Rome. Britain, Sweden, and Denmark were already ruled by Protestant sovereigns; of the seven Electors of Germany, (three clerical and four secular,) three (the Palatinate, Brandenburgh, and Saxony) were attached to the new Church; while the greater part of the minor princes, and even the majority of the subjects of Popish rulers in the Empire, professed the same faith. But all these advantages were more than counterbalanced by the disputes and the incapacity of the Protestants. If, according to a modern historian\* — himself a convert to Popery — half the blame of the Thirty Years' War rests with the Jesuits, the other share must in all fairness be imputed to that sectarian inanity and bitterness without which priestly intrigues would have proved comparatively harmless. No doubt, in

\* *Gfrörer*, Gustav Adolph, p. 261.

this respect also, the greater blame falls upon the Lutherans, whom only the historical ignorance of Miss Strickland could have characterized as "liberal." Why—an orthodox Lutheran would hate Calvinism quite as cordially, if not more so, than Popery; and would commend the zeal of the Saxon court-preacher, whose pamphlet enumerated no less than ninety-nine points in which "Calvinists agreed with Arians and Turks." Even the massacre of St. Bartholomew could be excused at Dresden, since its victims were Calvinistic heretics\*—all the more, perhaps, that in Lutheran countries those of that creed suffered, if not so extensive, yet equally determined persecution. Under these circumstances, the Jesuit party found it not difficult to divide the Protestant camp. Saxony, the representative of Lutheranism, stood aloof from any common action which would have implied alliance with the Calvinistic Palatinate, while, much to the annoyance of the Saxon Electors, the Palatine princes were acknowledged leaders of the Protestant and anti-Hapsburg party. Considering the incapacity of the drunken rulers of Saxony, and the venality of their councilors, it required little adroitness to improve this state of feeling so far as ultimately to induce a Protestant prince to lend the Popish League active aid against his own co-religionists. As yet, however, these were merely prospects to be realized when a stronger arm guided the helm of the Empire. The successors of Charles V. had, indeed, rapidly degenerated into helpless imbecility, and the disputes and the weakness of Protestants were outdone by the dissensions and the incapacity of the Hapsburg family. At the time of which we write, the scepter of the Cæsars trembled in the hand of Rodolph II., whom at last his relatives, in solemn conclave, declared incompetent to wear the crown. Shut up in his palace at Prague with astrologers and curious artificers, visible only at rare intervals, or in his stables, the scene of his frequent and low debauches, the business of the state, the demands of ambassadors waiting for an audience, and even the pressing requirements of his own attendants, re-

mained entirely unheeded. But the desired opposition to Rodolph could not be organized without the aid of the malcontent Protestants in Austria. Accordingly, Matthias, the Emperor's brother, was obliged to make certain concessions in favor of religious liberty, before they furnished him with the army at the head of which he marched against Bohemia. The affair ended in a compromise: Matthias was invested with the government of Austria, Hungary, and Moravia, and designated Rodolph's successor in Bohemia; the Protestants of that country being promised speedy redress of their grievances. But the danger was no sooner past than Rodolph repented his concessions. It required a rising in Prague before the charter of Protestant liberty could be obtained: a second time Matthias was at the head of a rebel army, this time to oblige Rodolph to cede the last of his possessions—that of Bohemia.

In the small University of Ingoldstadt, in Bavaria, two very different characters had been silently cast in the same Jesuit mold. The cousins, for such they were, had no trait in common save unlimited devotion to the interests of the Romish Church. Ferdinand of Styria was naturally morose, suspicious, and, as all weak persons, stubborn. Under priestly training, he became a pure bigot, whose self-chosen title of "Son of the Jesuits" well accorded with the characteristic saying of his confessor, that if a priest and an angel had met Ferdinand, he would have made obeisance to the representative of Rome before he noticed the heavenly visitor. Maximilian of Bavaria, on the other hand, was resolute, energetic, calm, and intensely selfish; while, therefore, he became a champion of the Church, he never forgot to contend for his own interests also—the two, by a singular process, happening indeed to be always identified. The alliance between the cousins was still further cemented by the union of Ferdinand with the sister of Maximilian. Each had struck out his own course, but in his own way each served the great purposes of the Popish party. If Ferdinand openly proclaimed uncompromising hostility to Protestantism, and at the shrine of the Virgin in Loretto vowed its extermination, Maximilian prepared, without making such professions, to carry his arms against all heretics, and, by obtaining their possessions, to achieve the double result of

\* Comp. *K. A. Menzel*, *Neuere Gesch. d. Deutschen*, vol. v. p. 40; for other instances of the same spirit, comp. that and the following vol. *postum.*

converting a country to Popery and of enlarging his own dominions. When Ferdinand entered on his hereditary government of Styria, he found the greater and by far the most industrious part of his subjects Protestants. Refusing to confirm the boon of religious liberty granted them by his father, a trivial pretext sufficed for commencing that counter-Reformation, in which, with unspared determination, every Protestant church and school was pulled down, every pastor and teacher, and ultimately every Protestant, banished from the country. In the course of a few years, the work was effectually accomplished: instead of flourishing and numerous communities, a few isolated remnants are all which to this day represent the Protestant Church of Styria. The procedure was all the more noteworthy, as, besides the difficulties to be overcome, it was instituted in the face of the Protestants of Austria, Bohemia, and Hungary, whose future ruler Ferdinand expected to be. If Maximilian had no heretics to combat in his own country, he found sufficient employment in his immediate neighborhood. The pretensions of a Popish minority in the free city of Donauwörth had excited the Protestant burghers to acts of violence, and afforded the desired opportunity of interfering. As might have been expected, the affair terminated with the suppression of Protestantism, and the annexation of Donauwörth to the Bavarian dominions. The measures of Ferdinand, the determination of Maximilian, the weakness of the Imperial Court, and the monstrous proceedings at Donauwörth, opened the eyes of the Protestants to their imminent danger. In May, 1608, they formed an offensive and defensive "Union," of which Henry IV. of France was the real, although the Palatine Prince (Frederic IV.) the nominal chief. The Papists replied to this measure by entering into a "Holy League" (tenth July, 1609,) of which Maximilian was both the head and the arm. Nor did the time for hostile encounter seem distant. Already had a disputed succession to the principalities of Juliers, Cleves, and Bergue, gathered the two parties into hostile camps; Henry IV. was preparing to develop all his power, and to carry out a long-cherished plan of remodeling the map of Europe, when the knife of a Jesuit assassin freed the Popish party from its most dangerous opponent, (four-

teenth May, 1610.) On ninth September, 1610, the Elector Palatine also died; but as the "League" was not yet strong enough to prosecute its advantages, the much dreaded Juliers dispute had a peaceful termination. Amidst these troubles in the Empire, family feuds raged in Austria, Matthias deprived his brother of the Bohemian crown, (May, 1611,) and the Emperor Rodolph was gathered to his fathers of the House of Hapsburg, (Jan. 1612.)

Never has energetic action been known to spring from protracted deliberation—far less to be the result of a policy of vacillation and delay. Men too often confound greatness with length, and deem that counsel best matured which has taken longest to ripen. But the opportunity which passes unimproved never returns, and what to-day you might dare, to-morrow is beyond your reach. The election of Matthias to the Imperial dignity trembled in the balance. As yet the "Holy League" was unable to offer any effective assistance: had the Protestant Princes only combined, they might have broken the Hegemony of Hapsburg, or at least better secured their own rights, in view of future struggles. But the only favorable moment was allowed to pass. The age, decrepitude, and known weakness of Matthias, decided his election. After all, he was only to serve as a stop-gap—necessarily for a short period—till a substitute were got, or else till the next vacancy found the electors equally unprepared. To weak persons, the future is ever big with eventualities, which somehow will shape what their trembling hands can not form. Meantime the "Union" had entered into defensive treaties with England\* and Holland,† according to which, these states were respectively to assist the Protestant Princess with four thousand auxiliaries. "The League," though paralyzed by internal dissensions, also prepared for war. It is characteristic, that the Protestant Elector of Saxony, who steadily refused to join "the Union," should have sought admission into "the League," and perhaps still more so, that Maximilian should have resisted the overture. The Diet of Regensburg, (Aug. 1613,) the last before the Thirty Years' War, broke up in bitterness and estrange-

\* Häusser, Gesch. d. rh. Pf. ii. p. 254.

† Landorp, Acta Publica, i. p. 112.

ment. The Protestant, or, as they now called themselves, "the correspondent" Estates, insisted on redress of their grievances before considering the proposals of the Emperor for aid against the Turks. The Popish Estates voted the supplies without the concurrence of their dissenting colleagues—both parties only awaited a signal.

As all mere vociferation, a "clamor-revolution" is an exceedingly unhealthy phenomenon. If, to obtain its reasonable and right demands, a nation requires, but needs no more than clamor, it were better both for that people and its ruler if the boon were either wholly denied, or else the clamor ended in violence. What is easily obtained is also readily forfeited; a concession made to a multitude of angry brawlers neither insures their gratitude nor secures its object—emphatically, it is a possession which requires to be guarded by the same means by which it was first obtained. Its only guarantees are the uprightness of the monarch, or his weakness; and if either or both should fail, the "clamor-revolution" has only evoked noisy confidence, too frequently in the inverse ratio of the real bravery requisite to warrant it. There had lately been three bloodless revolutions in Austria: by one, Matthias had supplanted his brother Rodolph; by another, the Protestants of Austria had secured their privileges; in the third, Bohemia had obtained its charter of religious liberty. Dangerous lessons these for Princes and people to learn! Few documents have had a more momentous interest attaching to them, or formed the subject of keener discussions, than the so-called "Letters of Majesty," in which, on twelfth July, 1609, Rodolph II. broke the chains that for centuries had bound the Protestant Church of Bohemia. Despite persecutions, the movement inaugurated by Huss, and which in the Taborite wars had undergone its baptism of blood, progressed till the majority of nobles and people belonged to the National Church. Formerly divided into Ultraquists and "Brethren," afterwards into Lutherans and Calvinists, a happy compromise, of which the basis was mutual recognition and forbearance, had in 1575 united the two sects into one Church. This great Protestant Church of Bohemia now obtained imperial sanction, and utmost liberty of conscience was granted to every inhabitant of the realm. From first

to last, the "Letters of Majesty" expressed it as their main object, to secure to *all*, "none excepted," every where, the free "exercise of religion," without let or hindrance from any, whether layman or cleric; it laid down the principle "of perfect religious equality," and gave leave to build Protestant churches in every place, whether owned by a member of the Three Estates, (lords, knights, and cities,) or by the King himself. Terms so ample might have been expected to obviate every doubt and difficulty. The result proved different. The Popish clergy, whose possessions had not been expressly named in the document, refused to allow Protestant churches to be erected on their property. In the bitter controversy which ensued, the court, under influences to which we shall immediately refer, took the part hostile to the Protestants, and the "bloodless revolution" terminated in a thirty years' war.

To the Hapsburg family, as to the Protestant Princes of the empire, Matthias was only a stop-gap; the hopes of the Popish party centered not in him, but in his successor, Ferdinand of Styria. The jealousies and unequal contests formerly witnessed between Matthias and Rodolph, were now repeated, and with the same result. Ferdinand was acknowledged the successor of Matthias in Austria, Hungary, and Silesia, though not without considerable hesitation on the part of the Protestant Estates, who dreaded another Styrian counter-Reformation. Despite such significant warnings, the Bohemian Diet also was persuaded (June, 1617) to elect Ferdinand successor—with the two-fold *proviso*, however, that he confirmed all their civil and religious privileges, and that during the lifetime of Matthias he abstained from all interference in the affairs of the realm—conditions which sufficiently indicate the relation between the new monarch and his subjects. When afterwards vindicating the deposition of Ferdinand, the Bohemians have maintained that this Diet had been attended by only a small part of the electors, and that many of them had been cajoled or coerced into submission.\* The statement is not correct; there is ample evidence that the Protestant leaders took part in the election, and that the few who objected (notably Counts Thurn and Fels) finally

\* *Deductio*, warumb Kayser Ferdinandus II. des Regiments im K. Boheimb verlustig, etc., p. 109.

withdrew their opposition, and took part in the ceremony of the coronation.\* With the exception of the Imperial crown, Ferdinand had now obtained every object of his ambition; it only remained to show that the titles he had acquired were not empty honors. From the first, the measures of his party were taken in utter disregard of public feeling in Bohemia; if the eventuality of a popular rising occurred to his mind, we believe he rather hailed the event as offering an occasion for annulling the religious concessions made. In proof, we appeal to a state-paper which will immediately be mentioned, and to the significant fact that even at that period Spanish troops were retained for the House of Austria. It is of course impossible to say whether, if peace had been preserved, Ferdinand would have respected the "Letters of Majesty." His antecedents and the measures of his party lead us to suppose that he would have sought, and probably soon discovered, a pretext for breaking what to him must have seemed an unholy compact. Equally difficult is it to determine whether, at the period to which we refer, he actually abstained from interference with Bohemian affairs. At any rate, the counsels of his party prevailed; a year later, himself openly assumed the direction of affairs. Meantime, poor Matthias was hurried out of Bohemia; Thurn, the Protestant leader, deprived of the custody of the state papers; and ten Governors selected to administer the affairs of the realm. Their names were a sufficient indication of what the Protestants had to expect: among them, most odious of all stood Lobkowitz, Martinicz, and Slavata (the last an apostate "brother") — the *only* Bohemian nobles who had formerly refused their assent to the "Letters of Majesty."

Under such administration redress of the Protestant grievances could scarcely be anticipated. The Court ordered the refractory church-builders to be imprisoned, and in harsh terms rejected the appeal of the "Defenders," whose duty it was to watch over the observance of the "Letters of Majesty." Popular opinion or prejudice had fixed on the hated names of Martinicz and Slavata as the instigators of the Popish measures, and now exacted terrible vengeance. On the twenty-third of

May, 1618, a number of the Protestant Estates appeared armed at the Council-board; after considerable altercation, the most forward dragged the two obnoxious councilors and Secretary Fabricius to the window, and "according to the old Bohemian fashion," threw them into the moat, a height of some twenty-five yards. The first act this in the great Bohemian drama — ill-advised and ill-executed. The unpopular Governors, whose fall a dunghill had broken, escaped without serious hurt, and soon returned to rule over conquered enemies. But meantime Prague and Bohemia resounded with preparations for the coming warfare. Thirty "Directors" were named to take the place of the Imperial Governors; an "Apology" was addressed to the Emperor, bearing expressions of undiminished loyalty, and justifying the late procedure; ambassadors were dispatched, soliciting the sympathy and help of the Protestant Princes of Germany; troops and contributions levied in Bohemia, and the aid of Moravia and Silesia demanded and obtained; lastly, the Jesuits, as the authors of all mischief and disturbance, banished from the country, (first June, 1618.) It will readily be conceived how the tidings of these events affected different parties. In Vienna the utmost confusion and uncertainty prevailed. The favorite advisers of Matthias counseled peaceful measures, the party of Ferdinand immediate war. Very remarkable is the state-paper in which Ferdinand insists that "the Bohemian troubles had been specially ordained by God," to become the means for the suppression of heresy.\* But in the multitude of devices there was little wisdom. Peaceful overtures and warlike preparations alternated; Matthias offered to intrust the settlement of the dispute to the mediation of friendly Princes, and at the same time marched troops into Bohemia, who laid the country waste; the Bohemians accepted the overture, and likewise dispatched an army against Austria. In the midst of these helpless measures Matthias expired in March, 1619 — as his spouse had on one occasion reproached Ferdinand, "the Emperor had lived too long," and to little purpose.

When the Bohemian clamor-revolution assumed more serious proportions, the in-

\* *Huter, Gesch. Kaiser Ferdinand's II.*, vol. vii. pp. 203-208.

\* Comp. the document in *Khevenhiller's Annales Ferdinandei*, vol. ix. p. 78.

surgent nobles reckoned, next to the resources of their own country, on the co-operation of Saxony and the Palatinate. The forced contribution of three dollars from every house was computed to yield, in the seven hundred and forty-two towns of the realm, the sum of 474,000 dollars; the levy of every tenth man over the 3470 nobles and 307,120 families in the land, an army of 34,000 men.\* Nor was the hope of foreign aid unreasonable. It was evidently the policy of Saxony and the Palatinate, both of which bordered on Bohemia, not to allow the Protestant cause to be crushed in that country. Besides, the ruler of Bohemia was the fourth secular Elector of the Empire, and his voice would decide the otherwise equal votes of Papists and Protestants. Lastly, it must not be forgotten that John George of Dresden and Frederic of Heidelberg had personal interests at stake in the matter. The Lutherans of Bohemia looked to the former, the Calvinists regarded the latter as their natural protector; both these Princes accordingly had their ambassadors at Prague, who advised the Directors and at the same time catered for their masters; only that John George, besides encouraging his Bohemian friends, negotiated on their behalf at Vienna, while Frederic, or rather his counselors, prepared to aid them in their armed resistance. If even before the death of Matthias the Palatine Court had been busy revolving the question of his successor, the former bootless correspondence and negotiations were now resumed with tenfold vigor. The most extraordinary plans were seriously discussed at Heidelberg. Ultimately the Palatine choice fell on the most unlikely person: Maximilian of Bavaria. Whether there is a natural tendency in the weak to succumb to the strong, or this clumsy piece of statesmanship was only intended to divide the Catholic party, it experienced the fate of all such devices, and signally failed. Busiest of all at Heidelberg was Prince Christian of Anhalt, who had long drawn liberal allowance as "General" of the "Union" army—a man of many shifts but little counsel, who could suggest innumerable schemes, but himself was incapable of carrying out any. At his suggestion Count Ernest Mansfield—the first among

the many military adventurers of that period—was ceded by the "Union" to Bohemia. Pressed as Ferdinand was on all sides—with a doubtful election in Germany before him, with Hungary in open rebellion, and the Austrian Estates anything but satisfied with his rule—he would readily have come to terms with his Bohemian subjects. But in their sanguine view, it seemed utter folly to rest satisfied with any thing short of the complete humiliation of the House of Hapsburg; and the circumstance that Ferdinand addressed his overtures to the Governors whom the Estates had lately deposed, was deemed sufficient ground for refusing to enter on their consideration. Even at that time the Austrian finances were utterly bankrupt,\* and Ferdinand could with difficulty procure what was requisite for his journey to Frankfort, where the electors were about to meet. A Bohemian army, led by Count Thurn, marched through Moravia against Vienna. Already the suburbs were occupied, and an Austrian deputation had penetrated into the palace, almost forcing Ferdinand to yield their demands. But by one of those fatal and often unaccountable delays or mistakes, Vienna remained unoccupied; and the success of the Hapsburg arms in Bohemia soon obliged Thurn to retrace his steps, leaving Ferdinand at liberty to set out on his decisive journey to Germany.

As usually, the eve of the election found the Protestant princes entirely undecided. Saxony instructed its representatives to object to any nomination, since, according to the constitution of the Empire, (the "Golden Bull,") the elector monarch of Bohemia must be in actual possession of the country before taking part in the vote.† Had the Palatine, and with him the Brandenburg Prince, taken the same course, the imminent danger might yet have been averted, and the Bohemian question peaceably settled. But once more the Heidelberg Council wasted its energies in deliberating day and night, wavering between Bohemian pacification, Bavarian nomination, a simple protest, and even an armed demonstration at Frankfort. As might have been anticipat-

\* Comp. the interesting chapter on Austrian finances in *Huter*, vol. viii. pp. 232-314.

† On the Saxon share in the Bohemian business generally, comp. *K. A. Müller*, *Fünf Bücher vom böhm. Kriege*—one of the ablest contributions to the history of that period.

\* Comp. *Huter*, Gesch. Kaiser Ferdinand's II, vol. vii. p. 277, and Book lxi. *passim*.

ed, half measures were taken. Every emergency was contemplated, but none averted. The Palatine envoy was instructed first to urge the Bohemian business, but to vote with the *majority* should an election be resolved on. There was some excuse for it when John George of Saxony, in a fit of drunken fury, declared to the Palatine ambassador that he now washed his hands of the affair, "they might choose and crown whom they liked."\* A Bohemian deputation, which claimed to represent the electoral vote of their country, was not admitted, despite the solicitations of the three secular electors; and on the twenty-eighth August, Ferdinand was unanimously chosen Emperor of Germany—the Palatine representative yielding to the majority, and promising, in name of his master, all due loyalty and support. On the evening of that very day tidings reached Frankfort that the Bohemian Diet had formally deposed the new Emperor.

Though the elevation of Ferdinand to the throne of the Caesars invested him with fresh powers, and nominally placed the whole Germanic Empire between him and his rebel subjects, the position of the new monarch was far from secure. Maximilian of Bavaria had indeed promised his aid; but the Austrian exchequer was completely drained, and time must necessarily elapse before even the forces of the League could be ready. The Bohemians, on the other hand, were in arms, and confident; the sympathies of a powerful party in Austria went with them; the Palatine Prince was evidently prepared to interfere on their behalf; while the army of the Union, which the League could not well leave in its rear, might at any moment decide the contest. Once more the fate of the House of Hapsburg seemed to depend on the rapidity and energy of its enemies. The Bohemians at least were decided; not so the Prince on whose help they mainly relied. Frederic was at Amberg, on the Bohemian frontier, watching the progress of events, when tidings of Ferdinand's deposition reached him. The event took the poor Prince by surprise. "I never thought matters would go so far! This is indeed a bold step. Good heavens! What if they proceeded to a new election, and it fell on me—what would I

do?" A question to which an answer must speedily be returned, for already Dohna intimated from Prague that the Palatine party was in the ascendant. A courier is dispatched to England, whence neither advice nor help can be expected; only Anhalt is calm, for, according to his good adage, "time would bring counsel." Meanwhile events were speeding: on the twenty-seventh August, the Estates of Bohemia, by a large majority, elected Frederic their King, insisting on his immediate acceptance or rejection of the crown. From all sides letters arrived, dissuading the Palsgrave from the enterprise; his brother Electors, the Emperor, and Duke Maximilian of Bavaria, warned. Even the members of the Union hesitated. John George of Saxony, whose pride was deeply wounded, prepared to take the part of Austria; the Pope and Spain had promised their aid; the League was arming—all betokened a conflict to which Frederic was entirely unequal.

The lawfulness of Ferdinand's deposition has generally been represented as turning on the following points. It has been asserted that, as Bohemia was an elective, not a hereditary monarchy, the title of the Bohemian ruler depended solely on the will of the Diet, and that the manifest violation of the "Letters of Majesty" had freed the Estates from their former obligations. In regard to the first question—which to us, who are no way convinced of the "Divine right of Kings to misgovern," seems the least important—it might fairly be urged, that hitherto every monarch had been chosen by the Diet; and that, whatever family treaties might secure to the House of Hapsburg, the right of the Estates had been practically acknowledged, even by Ferdinand himself. In regard to the second point, impartial historians have never denied that the refusal to build churches on ecclesiastical property was a thorough infringement on the *spirit*, if not the letter, of the Bohemian charter.\* Even the verbal omission, on which it was grounded, could be fairly vindicated, since in practice, if not in law, the property of the Bohemian clergy was regarded as

\* "Il me sembloit qu'il étoit bien yvré." Comp. *Hauer*, viii. p. 43.

\* Even *Gindely*, an Austrian and Popish historian, admits the former, if not the latter. Comp. his admirable "Böhmen u. Mähren im Zeitalter d. Reform," vol. ii. second sect.

forming part of the royal domains.\* But the real question at issue was not one of law or of logic; it concerned the civil and religious liberties of a nation, threatened under the rule of a monarch whose past conduct and well-known convictions rendered it morally certain that neither Protestantism nor free government would be allowed to continue. The deeper, however, our sympathy in the Bohemian struggle, the more painful and strong is our conviction that the Estates made a fatal mistake in choosing Frederic as the hero of a war of liberation. Well had it been both for him and for Bohemia had he listened to the counsels of his experienced mother, and declined the dangerous honor; had he, at least, made inquiries about the state of the national defenses, or contented himself with the title of "Protector of Bohemian liberties." As it was, the poor Palsgrave, with tears in his eyes, listened to opposite opinions; his Council put on paper a number of reasons *for* and *against* his acceptance of the crown; endless correspondence was carried on—at last, Frederic proclaimed himself to the world King of Bohemia. The question, whose advice had induced him to take this step, has been the topic of serious discussion. The Duke of Bouillon, Anhalt, Maurice of Orange, perhaps his court chaplain also, may have had part in it; but the blame, if any, of this decision, rests with Frederic himself. We readily acquit him of ambitious, or indeed of other motives. While the helm trembled in his hand, the bark was carried forward by elements which he could not control. Only one person are we careful to have acquitted from all share in this transaction. While Frederic deliberated, Elizabeth Stuart was far from him, and at Heidelberg; these sudden events started her from her childhood and plays. As every true Protestant in Europe, she felt, indeed, desirous that Ferdinand should not wear the imperial diadem; yet, as her grand-daughter has rightly noted, the royal child knew more of toys and the chase than of affairs of state.† Consulted by her husband in a letter, which unfor-

tunately has not been preserved, she replied lovingly, frankly, firmly, calmly—and on her reply we are willing to stake the question of her part in Frederic's resolve. "Since God had directed and disposed every thing in this manner," wrote Elizabeth, "she left it to himself whether he deemed it advisable to accept the crown; if he did so, she was ready to follow the Divine call, and prepared to bear whatever God might ordain, yea, in case of need, to the loss of her jewels, or of whatever else she might possess in the world." By omitting the first clause of this extract, and adding an expression which it is well known Elizabeth never used, Miss Strickland has managed to get up the charge of reckless ambition against Elizabeth; by dropping the last clause, our ingenious historian is enabled to convert the contemplated sacrifices of the Princess into a subject for ridicule. We much mistake if impartial readers will acquiesce in this measure of historical justice—at any rate, the latest and ablest historical inquirers have fully absoved our Princess, and internal and external evidence amply prove that their verdict is according to truth.\*

An autumn sun poured down his light on a gay scene. All Prague was astir to welcome its new king; estates, burghers,

\* We may as well here put down a few of Miss Strickland's extraordinary assertions, in the hope that the reader may absolve us from further criticism. According to our authoress, Elizabeth had from the first "goaded" her husband into all his ambitious schemes, in the hope of being some day called "Queen." We are further informed that the first act of the Bohemian revolution occurred under the reign of Ferdinand, not of Matthias, and that it had been caused by "furious persecution of the Taborites (! !) and other wild sectaries." Waxing in her admiration of the Taborites, Miss Strickland treats us to a description of the part they took at the entry of Frederic into Prague. It seems they "carried, hung to their belts," "pots and pans, flagons and platters, made of beech-wood"—"the celebrated mazers, or wooden vessels," "out of which they took the sacrament every day." "Ever and anon, with sharp yells as a slogan, the Taborites clashed these utensils together, in a sort of wild cadence, like the Turkish cymbals." Truly our authoress is gifted with a singularly exuberant imagination. After the above, we scarcely wonder at any thing. The poor Taborites (extinct for one hundred and fifty years) are made to serve at the table of Elizabeth, and lampooned in a clever vignette; court-preacher Scultetus (or Schulze) has his name gravely translated into "Skull-head;" Rusdorf, the Palatine envoy, becomes a "Dutch counseilor," etc. Yet such reckless assertions and gross blunders are passed as undoubted facts!

\* Comp. the arguments *pro* and *con* in *Gindely u.s.* See also "Die andere Apologie d. Stände d. König Böheimb., (1619.)" App. No. 102-104.

† Letters of Elizabeth Charlotte of Orleans, (Ed. Menzel, p. 287.) "The Queen knew not a word about it; and, indeed, at the time thought only of comedies, ballets, and novels."

their wives and daughters, had adorned themselves with white and blue favors—the colors of the Palatine princes—and streamed beyond the Strohoff Gate to meet the procession. Such joy had never greeted royal entrance or coronation; blue and white silk are not to be got in the city—nay, during those days grim death himself is believed to have repreived in Prague his usual victims.\* But to more serious onlookers the state of affairs looks by no means prosperous. Councilor Camerarius has left in two letters, dating from the first days in Prague, evidence which, according to his own statement, confirms the saying of the Pope: "This prince has got himself into a pretty labyrinth." The fifty thousand florins which Prague has spent in festivities ought rather to have gone to the army, which for many months had not received regular pay; everything is in direct confusion—a perfect Augean stable; England has not yet acknowledged the new king; Saxony is threatening, the exchequer empty, and can only be filled with Palatine money; bickerings and jealousies are rampant in Prague and in the Bohemian camp.† Withal, the youthful King and Queen know not how to command respect or to enforce obedience. Their free manners, so unlike the majestic reserve of former monarchs—the continual feasts, which seemed at least unseasonable—above all, the narrow Calvinistic zeal of court-preacher Scultetus, who would have purged town and churches of statues and images, which all parties regarded as identified with the political and religious history of Prague, threatened to deprive Frederic and Elizabeth of even their brief popularity.

While Frederic was playing the king at Prague, and obtaining the succession for his son, Ferdinand was vigorously preparing to contend for the disputed crown. The conditions on which Maximilian of Bavaria had promised his aid, resembled indeed rather the terms of a conqueror than the treaty of an ally. He was to hold Austrian territory in security for the expenses he might incur in the war; not only were his own possessions guaranteed

to him, but in reward for his services, he was to obtain the electoral dignity of which Frederic was to be deprived. Under such incitements, Maximilian rapidly reorganized the League, and assembled an army of twenty-five thousand men, under the command of Tilly. But before employing these troops in Bohemia, it was necessary to arrest the action of the "Union." Even the first meeting of that heterogeneous assembly, after the coronation of Frederic, showed how little dependence could be placed on its co-operation. French envoys did the rest—from motives which we are almost ashamed to mention. At their suggestion, the Union concluded a peace with the League, which bore that while the Union abstained from active interference in Bohemia, the League would not invade the Palatinate territory. The treacherous compromise removed every obstacle. Maximilian could now march into Austria, quell the rebellious Protestants, hold part of the country as a "material guarantee," and then advance on Prague; while the Elector of Saxony broke into Silesia, and Spanish troops ravaged the Rhenish Palatinate. To meet this threefold attack, Frederic had scarcely one well-appointed corps. A whole year had passed since his entry into Prague—spent by the new monarch chiefly in triumphal progress through the country. The Bohemian army had, indeed, again appeared before the walls of Vienna; but treachery or cowardice once more had frustrated the results of this bold advance. When Maximilian entered Bohemia, with Jesuits and priests in his train, the national army was entirely disorganized—its officers indulged in orgies, its pay-masters alienated even the partial supplies which might have quelled the murmurs of dissatisfaction, the King was helpless, and his advisers paralyzed.\* Only one hope remained. The army of the League was in nearly as bad a condition as that of Frederic; winter was fast approaching; and if a decisive action could only be warded off, natural causes would effect what the national army could not accomplish. But Maximilian was not to be arrested by negotiations. Rapidly advancing, he offered Frederic battle on the very site which, a year before, had witnessed his triumphal

\* Our description is taken partly from a contemporary tract in our possession, partly from the official accounts in *Londorp, Acta Publ.* i. pp. 722-729.

† See these two important letters, *ut supra*, pp. 860-862.

\* See the description of the state of matters by "an English officer," in *Londorp*, ii. pp. 220-223.

entry. The issue was not long doubtful. The cowardice of some Bohemian and Hungarian regiments decided the combat, and the gates of Prague were thrown open to receive a fugitive rabble. This battle, which bears the name of "the White Mountain," decided the campaign. A resolute man might indeed have held Prague, recruited his army, and yet crushed the League. But neither would such a commander have lost a year, an army, or this battle. In the precipitate flight, even the private papers and effects of Frederic were left behind. Prague capitulated, and prepared for such vengeance as an offended monarch would take on his rebellious and heretical subjects. To the last, Elizabeth Stuart had refused to leave Bohemia and her husband. She was now hastily conveyed, first to Brandenburgh, where, sheltered by churlish relatives, she gave birth to a son, and thence to Holland. Meantime the Spanish troops had conquered, or by stratagem gained the greater part of the Rhenish Palatinate. Even a small army could have resisted these marauders, but the "Union" gave only increasing proofs of its weakness and incapacity; and the Prince of Orange, seeing the hopelessness of fighting by the side of such allies, retired in disgust. In Heidelberg itself the utmost confusion prevailed—the dowager Electress, councilors, professors, officials, fled. All seemed, nay was, lost, and Frederic resigned himself, an helpless exile, to his fate. If the restoration of his crown and the pacification of Germany had been the sole object of Ferdinand, the sword might now have been sheathed. Bohemia had been conquered, the Palatine Prince was a fugitive, the Union dissolved. But Ferdinand cherished other aims. The long anticipated period of Popish restoration seemed come, and the "son of the Jesuits" prepared to fulfill his mission. Without being summoned in his own defense, Frederic was put under the imperial ban; soon afterwards, his Electorate, (February, 1623) and ultimately his dominions, (March, 1628,) were given to the Duke of Bavaria.

It was evident the counter-Reformation which Ferdinand had so successfully carried through in Styria, and Maximilian in Upper Austria, was to be introduced in Bohemia, and, if possible, over all Germany. Happily, most of the leading Bohemian nobles had fled with Frederic.

On those who remained, frightful vengeance was taken. We will not repeat the sickening details connected with that dreadful morning, when twenty-seven of the noblest and best in Bohemia—men laden with years and honors—died on the scaffold. Suffice it to say that, despite past promises to the Saxon Elector, Protestantism was crushed, and every dissident from Rome exiled or obliged to recant.\* In the Palatinate the same policy prevailed.† The splendid library of Heidelberg was sent to Rome;‡ Protestant ministers, teachers and citizens exiled; violence and artifices sought every where to restore worship and rites to which the Palatinate had for more than half a century been unaccustomed. Busiest of all in Bohemia and Germany were the Jesuits, whose anxious aim it was so to remodel the political division of Germany, as to paralyze, if not destroy, the influence of Protestantism. The so-called "edict of restitution," (6th March, 1629,) by which all the Papists had lost since 1552 was ordered to be restored them, and Calvinists were excluded from religious toleration, completed the series of their triumphs. Thenceforth the Popish cause gradually declined, till the peace of Munster, in 1648, again restored peace and safety to the Empire.

The reverses of Frederic and Elizabeth produced in our own country the most intense excitement and indignation. James, whose folly consisted not so much in incapacity as in boundless vanity and selfishness, had never acknowledged the new dignity of his son-in-law. He now resorted to his usual stronghold of diplomacy. Innumerable ambassadors and proposals passed between the Court of St. James and those of Vienna, Madrid, and Brussels. Meanwhile, Frederic was cajoled or coerced into complete inactivity, and surrender of every fortified place which he could still call his own. The money which Parliament had voted for the succor of the Palgrave family was shamefully wasted; and Jesuit policy amused the King of Britain with proposals of a union between the Prince of Wales and the Infanta of Spain, in consequence

\* See the detailed account in *The Reformation and Anti-Reformation in Bohemia*, 2 vols.

† Comp. *Carujo, Germania Sacra Restaurata*.

‡ Not to Vienna, as Miss Strickland asserts, who makes Tilly an Austrian, instead of a Bavarian general.

of which the Palatinate was, by some miraculous process, to be restored to its rightful owners. The bait took; James became the dupe of continental powers, and the object of contempt at home. Even after the Spanish match was finally broken off, the weak monarch had neither the heart nor the power actively to interfere on behalf of his children.

The same indecision and folly continued under the troubled reign of Charles I. We can not chronicle the varying fortunes of the Thirty Years' War. In Germany the contest was sustained chiefly by enthusiastic admirers of Elizabeth, or by freebooters, on the one side, and by generals such as Tilly and Wallenstein on the other. What the issue of a contest so unequal must have been, need not be detailed, when, unexpectedly, two events occurred, which completely changed the aspect of affairs. True to its traditional policy of jealousy against the House of Hapsburg, France had witnessed with displeasure the success of Ferdinand's arms. Frederick's envoys had for some time kept up negotiations both in that country and in Sweden, when at last, in alliance with France, the heroic Gustavus Adolphus drew the sword to vindicate the rights of his co-religionists in Germany. Nobler picture than that of the Swedish King has not been drawn on the page of history: pious in the truest sense of the term, humble, energetic, wise, and brave, he seemed made to be loved and obeyed.\* Like an avalanche, his army swept over Germany, burying or chasing the Popish legions before it. Already Bavaria was overrun, and the Palatinate in his hands; all Germany was free, and the Swedish troops prepared to advance against Vienna, when death arrested his victorious career at the battle of Lützen, sixteenth November, 1632. In the beginning of that year, Frederic had joined the victorious army; brave English, and especially Scottish volunteers, co-operated in the war, as, indeed, they had all along borne arms for the "afflicted Queen of Bohemia,"† and though the Palsgrave was

jealous of the conditions on which Gustavus Adolphus insisted, before his restoration to the Palatinate, every thing promised a speedy termination of his exile and sufferings. But this unexpected blow proved too heavy for Frederic, whom cares and sorrows had already enfeebled; he only survived Gustavus for thirteen days. The death of the two principal actors in this drama staid not the progress of the war. For other sixteen years it laid Germany waste; Ferdinand II., Tilly, Wallenstein, as well as Frederic, Gustavus Adolphus, Christian of Brunswick, and Bernhard of Weimar, were no more when, despite Papal protests, the most terrible conflict which has ever ravaged Europe was brought to an end. At the peace of Munster, Bavaria was allowed to retain the electoral dignity and the Upper Palatinate, while the Rhenish Provinces were restored to Frederic's son and successor, in whose favor an eighth electorate was created; best of all, the religious liberty of Protestants was secured on the Continent. But Germany was exhausted, and split into factions and parties, which have never since ceased. The country was desolate; war, disease, crime, and horrors, such as were only equalled during the last siege of Jerusalem, had laid it entirely waste. Murder and violence were of every day occurrence; the fruitfullest districts resembled a wilderness; men and women feasted on dead bodies, parents on their children, and graveyards had to be guarded against famishing robbers; packs of wolves scoured the country unmolested; the land was without inhabitants; and the once flourishing Palatinate numbered, in 1636, scarcely one hundred persons, left to till the ground.

As soon as circumstances had permitted, Elizabeth Stuart retired to Holland. In the midst of her family, and surrounded by sympathizing friends, she now displayed those qualities of the heart which, in our opinion, alone constitute woman's title to greatness. Never, under any circumstances of her life of trials, did the Queen of Bohemia forget either her mission or its duties. The faithful adviser, the constant comfort of Frederic, the friend and guide of her children, she earned in exile that title which her bitterest enemies have not disputed. Suddenly aroused from childhood and play, she never disappointed any hope or failed

\* So far as we know, Miss Strickland is almost solitary in her aspersions on Gustavus Adolphus. Comp. also Chapman: *History of Gustavus Adolphus* — a valuable contribution to the history of that hero.

† Comp. *Capt. Munro*, (the original of Sir Donald Dalgetty,) his *Exped. with the worthy Scots Regiment*. *Grant's Memoirs and Advent.* of Sir J. Hepburn scarcely deserves serious notice.

under any difficulty. All the vicissitudes which fall to the lot of man were experienced by one who seemed but ill prepared to bear them. From the throne of Bohemia she cheerfully descended to poverty and dependence; her husband a homeless fugitive, her children deprived of every prospect, she alone preserved, amidst the wreck of fortune, that calmness and trustful faith which made even the sorest trial comparatively easy. One after another of her defenders was laid low, her husband despaired, her father forsook her, her brother fell on the scaffold—she alone remained, not unbent, but unbroken. Patience, faith, and love—the rich dower with which a gracious Heaven has gifted those whom it designs to support and cheer man—were never bestowed in richer measure than on Elizabeth. During those long and weary years of suffering not a murmur had escaped her; cheerfully she did her part, and nobly she bore, still looking forward to a brighter future; above all, enriching from the treasury of her heart those who had been deprived of every thing else besides. One and another of her children were taken from her, and she endured it patiently; the heaviest stroke of all, the loss of Frederic, left her shaken, indeed, in her inmost being, but still erect. She, who for her daily wants depended on the bounty of Britain, refused to compromise or to dissemble, when an indignant nation, in the frenzy of the moment, avenged years of misrule. She could bear poverty, but not flatter those whom she regarded as the murderers of her brother. Such warm sympathy and scanty aid as she could give, were devoted to the Royalist cause; for Charles II. she would have made the sacrifices for which a life of suffering had prepared her. But above all, was it deep and unaffected piety which throughout supported and guided her. Amidst the repeated and tempting offers of peace and restoration held out, she rejected all which involved any degree of unfaithfulness to her God or her convictions. Of all her trials, the most severe was the apostasy of some of her children. And she lived to see her hopes realized; her son was restored to his dominions just as the head of Charles I. fell on the scaffold; her nephew reascended

the throne of Britain; and though her portionless daughters were loved by many but courted by few, her descendants have ruled over the mightiest empires of Europe. Her great-grandson, George I., succeeded to the British crown, and both the House of Orleans and the Hapsburg family count her among the mothers of their rulers. Thus, through a remarkable arrangement of Divine Providence, the landless Queen of Bohemia has, in the persons of her children, reigned over the countries of both friends and foes. Elizabeth Stuart returned to London soon after the accession of her nephew, and fell asleep in the Lord on the eve of her marriage-day, A.D. 1661. A midnight procession accompanied her bier to Westminster Abbey, where they laid her body near that of her father, in the royal vault. Her death interrupted not the gayeties of a court for which she had been but ill suited. Of all her children and relatives, only Rupert, well known in cavalier warfare, followed her remains. *Requiescat in pace*—till the resurrection morning, the noblest, the bravest, the best of the Stuarts!

The Thirty Years' War, with its horrors, is long past—the schemes of its originators have perished with them—and still the Protestant Church strikes its roots downwards and spreads its branches into all the world. Yet has Rome not forgotten her aims, nor changed her tactics. These three centuries has the House of Hapsburg acted as the minister of her vengeance, and the source of her power has been at Vienna, rather than by the banks of the Tiber. The lands once covered with flourishing churches have been swept by the storm of persecution, and to this day Protestantism in Austria remains a byword. Thousands of slaughtered saints witness against Hapsburg rule, and are not yet avenged. But the harvest of judgment has been ripening slowly for centuries, and even while we write are its first fruits gathered. Another hour, and perhaps another, may be marked on the great dial of history: but amidst the plagues which shall descend on the seven-hilled city, surely not the lightest will fall to the share of the race which, beneath its iron heel, has ever crushed all religious and political liberty.

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## THE PHILOSOPHY OF LITERARY FORGERIES.

MONTAIGNE observes with his accustomed shrewdness, that, "as there is an abecedarian ignorance which precedes knowledge, so there is a doctoral ignorance which succeeds it; an ignorance which knowledge begets at the same time that she dispatches and destroys the first." Every one is familiar with the characteristics of learned folly, from its illustration in the figure of Oldbuck poring over A. D. L. L., and triumphantly extracting *Agricola dicavit libens lubens* out of *Aiken Drum's lang ladle*, or that of the distinguished Pickwick, equally profound and equally ridiculous, over "Bill Stubbs, his mark." But the dictum of the great Gascon essayist announces an historical law, which has not yet, we think, been sufficiently recognized. It may thus be briefly stated—that at periods most noteworthy for intellectual brilliancy and profundity, the most monstrous impostures have appeared and succeeded. Before attempting any explanation of this paradoxical theory, we propose to illustrate its conditions from the history of Literary Forgeries.

During the last century and a half, the literary forgery has generally assumed the form of a modern antique, addressed as a lure to the prevalent taste for archaeology. A well-marked period of some sixty or seventy years, may be defined in English literature during the eighteenth century. It was an age of versatile intellectual culture, scholarly enterprise, and eager archaeological zeal; an age distinguished by the publication of several classics, by a vigorous exhumation of national antiquities, and excavations in the mine of Indian philosophy and romance. The reading public, during a large portion of this era, accepted Johnson as an autocrat; Hume, Gibbon, Burke, Goldsmith, Sterne, Collins, Gray, Fielding, and Smollett, as living statesmen of the literary empire; and Tyrrwhitt, Percy, and the Wartons, as its critical police. Despite this array

of names, and prestige of influence, the record of literary imposture is ample.

In 1760 appeared the publication of Macpherson's *Fingal*. It would be tedious to re-open the long and fierce controversy that ensued between the defenders of this work as genuine, and its impugners, headed by Dr. Johnson. The researches that have since been made into the history of the ancient Gaelic poems have thrown sufficient doubt on the subject, to preclude dogmatism as to the entire falsity of Macpherson's statements. It is probably safe to affirm that he can not be acquitted of unauthorized interpolation, if the other counts against him are not proven. Of a less doubtful character is the accusation preferred against Chatterton, of having forged the *Rowley* poems, which he gave to the world in 1769. The details of this imposture are too well known to bear repetition, and we need only call attention to its brilliant though brief success. After duping, by a series of minor literary frauds, his friends in Bristol, Chatterton flew at higher game. In Horace Walpole, he found at first a credulous listener, though subsequently a harsh censor. Dean Milles, President of the Antiquarian Society, and the eminent scholar Bryant, were long warm adherents of the *Rowley* faith. An animated contest was waged on one occasion between Johnson and Walpole on the side of the skeptics, and Goldsmith on that of the believers, whose cause he is said to have vindicated with earnest enthusiasm. Chatterton's reviewer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of 1777, argued stoutly for the antiquity of the poems, and named among his fellow-partisans, Lord Lyttelton, Dean Woodward, and Dr. Fry, the President of St. John's, Oxford. The detection of the imposture, and the correlative recognition of the poet's genius came, alas! too late to avert the presentation of a tragedy, sadder, perhaps, than any that *Æschylus*, or *Shakspeare* ever conceived.

In 1781, the well-known Pinkerton published a collection of Scottish ballads. These were accepted as valuable historical relics, and the erudition displayed by their editor procured him a high reputation as an antiquary. Nine years afterwards, during which time the cheat was undiscovered, Pinkerton published his *List of Scotch Poets*, and spontaneously confessed that his former work was a medley of genuine antiques and spurious compositions of his own. As a specimen of candid effrontery, his apology is worth transcription : "The fiction, as the publisher can inform, could not possibly have any sordid views, as the MS. was presented to him, and half of the future profits, which was offered, was refused. For the imposition, it was only meant to give pleasure to the public, and no vanity could be served where the name was unknown. As to the vanity or pleasure of imposing on others—if there be such ideas—they are quite unknown to the editor. Perhaps, like a very young man as he was, he had pushed one or two points of the deception a little too far, but he always thought that novel and poetry had no bounds of fiction."

The most elaborate forgery since Chatterton's, is that of the Shakspeare MSS., by William Henry Ireland. The details of this imposture should be better known, as they afford a striking illustration of the law to which we have called attention. In the year 1795, the literary world was roused by the announcement of Mr. Samuel Ireland, an antiquarian, and general dilettante of fair reputation, that he was the fortunate owner of certain valuable papers in the hand-writing of Shakspeare, which had just been discovered. The documents were very numerous, consisting of two unpublished plays, the whole MS. of Lear, containing much new matter, portions of Hamlet, and other plays, letters, and legal instruments. The originals were inspected by many distinguished scholars and antiquarians of the day, who afforded their testimony to the authenticity of the documents. In 1796 appeared the first volume of the new Shakspeare MSS., published by subscription at four guineas. Among the subscribers were Dr. Parr, Sheridan, Warren Hastings, Pye the Laureate, Granville Sharp, Sir Abraham Hume, James Boswell, and the Committees of several public Libraries. Samuel Ireland was the editor, and in the

preface narrated the manner in which he had become possessed of the MSS. He received them from his son William Henry Ireland, a young man under nineteen, "by whom the discovery was accidentally made at the house of a gentleman of considerable property." The name of this person could not be divulged, it was said, without his consent, which could not be obtained. The reason for his refusal was a secret, but this—it was urged—did not affect the evidence for the authenticity of the papers, which must be judged on their own merits. As proofs of their genuine character, Mr. Ireland adduced the testimony of such men as Dr. Parr, Joseph Warton, and numerous antiquarians; and expatiated on the internal evidences of a style which none could imitate, and the external evidences of the hand-writing and paper-marks. The most important of the documents published in this volume, were a letter from Queen Elizabeth to Shakspeare; a letter to the same from the Earl of Southampton, and the poet's reply; verses to Anne Hathaway; Profession of Faith; two or three legal instruments, and the entire MS. of Lear, the text of which contained several deviations from that of the printed copies. These alterations, the editor contended, were of transcendent excellence, and left no room for doubt that the printed editions were garbled versions of the play.

Shortly after the publication of the volume, several pamphlets appeared *pro* and *con* the authenticity of the MSS. On the side of the incredulous, objections were generally taken to the orthography as extravagantly antique. The principles on which it seemed to be framed, were the duplication of nearly every consonant, and the insertion of the vowel *e* wherever possible. Anachronisms were dwelt on, the radical worthlessness of the additional poetry pointed out, and the blundering narrative of the discovery severely criticised. Now that the imposture is notorious, it is certainly surprising that any one acquainted with Elizabethan literature could have been deceived by the orthography of the Ireland MSS., could have accepted with untaggering credulity the spelling of "forre," "usse," "retenne-tyonne," and "unnetennederre." The hand-writing of the period was ingeniously imitated, and the internal evidence of the documents would have been plausible had not the forger tried the crucial experiment

of imitating Shakspeare as a poet. The legal instruments were formal, and generally accurate, and the letters from the Queen and Southampton might pass current. But let the reader judge if the author of *Hamlet* could have written thus, even as a youth of eighteen, to Anne Hathaway :

"Synce thenne norre forretune, deathe, norre  
age  
Canne faythfullie Willy's love asswage,  
Thenne doe I live and die forre you,  
Thy Willye syncere and moste trewe."

The letter to the Earl of Southampton contains this sad fustian : "Gratitude is alle I have toe utter, and that is tooe  
greate ande toe sublyme a feeling for  
poore mortalls toe expresse. O my lord,  
itte is a budde which blossommes, blooms,  
butte never dyes. Itte cherishes sweet  
Nature, and lulls the calme breast toe  
soft repose!" The "Profession of Faith" is too lengthy for quotation here. It is a composition destitute, as we think, of a spark of original thought ; but in justice to the author we must cite the rapturous exclamation of Dr. Joseph Warton respecting it. "We have very fine things in our Church Service," he cried, "and our Litany abounds with beauties, but here is a man who has distanced us all!"

While the controversy waxed hot between friends and foes, public interest was stimulated by the announcement, that the as yet unpublished drama of *Vortigern* was in preparation at Drury Lane. The manager of Covent Garden offered Mr. Ireland a *carte blanche* for the MS., but Sheridan finally won the prize, giving £300 for the privilege of representation, and promising to divide the profits of a fixed number of nights. The fate of the play forms an amusing episode in the history of the Ireland forgery. *Vortigern* was no sooner announced for performance, than the eminent Shakspearian critic, Malone, a stern infidel as to the new papers, issued an advertisement warning the public against the hoax, which he promised speedily to dissect. The Irelands issued a counter-statement, ridiculing Malone, and asking for a fair hearing. In the green-room the controversy was yet more exciting. The great Kemble, then stage manager and leading actor at Drury Lane, set his face against the imposture, which was as ardently defended by Sheridan, the lessee. The latter triumphed, and

engaged Linley to compose the music for the songs, and Sir James Bland Burgess to supply the prologue. Finding resistance unavailing, Kemble endeavored to fix the day of performance for the *first of April*. In this he was foiled, but succeeded in choosing as an afterpiece the farce of *My Grandmother*. He carried his animosity on to the boards. The house was of course crowded, and, according to the statement of the younger Ireland, the first part of the play was received with applause. Kemble at last came to the line—

"And when this solemn mockery is o'er,"

which he gave with such withering scorn of manner that the audience clamored satisfaction for several minutes. When order was restored, instead of proceeding with the speech, he repeated the fatal line with renewed emphasis. This decided the matter, the rest of the piece being wholly unintelligible. The verdict of the public can not be gainsaid, the play being generally vapid and pointless, although the diction in some passages is ingeniously assimilated to the Shakspearian model. The author must be at least allowed hardihood in saddling Shakspeare with such an epithet for tears as—*moist*!

The fate of *Vortigern* accelerated that of the whole fraud. Malone's elaborate exposé appeared, and, though not wholly satisfactory, considerably damaged his enemy's cause. The elder Ireland answered Malone with some ability and more asperity, adducing in his tract the names of the *literati* whose testimony to the MSS. had decided him on publication. The certificate of authenticity was thus worded :

"We whose names are hereunto subscribed, have, in the presence, and by the favor of Mr. Ireland, inspected the Shakspeare papers, and are convinced of their authenticity." Upwards of twenty signatures were appended, including those of Dr. Parr and Valpy among scholars, Pinkerton the antiquary, Pye poet-laureate, Heard Garter King-at-arms, and others of literary or archaeological experience. James Boswell, one of the witnesses, before signing fell on his knees, and thanked God that he had lived so long, and could now die happy. Any effect that the elder Ireland's pamphlet might have had in sustaining the imposture was obliterated by a counter-influence. The mystery of the hoax was at last revealed by its sole au

thor, the younger Ireland, who in 1796 published his *Authentic Account of the Shakespeare MSS.* This curious narrative exonerated the father from all but credulity. The author asked for a lenient verdict from the public, in consideration of his youth, and declared that his only motives for deception were the desire to see to what lengths antiquarian weakness would run, and the amiable hope of gratifying his father's ardent love for Shakspearian relics. Though the confession is ample in detail, particularizing the names of accomplices, and the localities where the materials employed in the forgery were obtained, and bears throughout strong marks of sincerity, it is not surprising that some of the dupes, and among them Mr. Ireland, senior, were obstinate in adhering to their delusion. The controversy did not wholly cease until 1805, when the author of the fraud treated the public to a fuller confession, and the matter dropped. There is probably not to be found now a single skeptic on the question.

The present century has given birth to a plentiful crop of literary shams, which we proceed to consider in their relation to the age. The platitudes that express popular belief in its intellectual greatness seem the utterances of wonder rather than pride. The intensity of the mental energy manifested in almost every area open to human exertion is the theme no less of our sternest censor than our blandest flatterer. It is of immediate consequence to the present subject to notice that an especial development of the critical faculty has distinguished the mental growth of this age. Those sciences which are essentially dependent on the exercise of critical acumen date their origin or strongest impulse in this century. We may particularize ethnology and philology. The histories of ancient nations that passed current fifty years since, are obsolete now; for the annals of Egypt, Assyria, Mexico, and even early Greece and Italy, have been for the first time unfolded. A few master-spirits of an era no longer monopolize its intellectual power, which the great free-trader Time now distributes more impartially among the many. The cycle of progress wherein we move opens to us a vision of the galaxy, and the "bright particular stars" are rarer. This extensive distribution of force may conceal its magnitude, but the paradox that

in such an age impostors should be fortunate is thereby heightened.

We would be understood to use the term impostor with some latitude of meaning, so as to include alike criminal, mischievous, and even harmless deceivers of the public. We fear that M. Simonides must take rank in the first class. This gentleman has been recently detected as a successful forger of MSS., which he has sold for large sums to divers public libraries as genuine antiques. Among his eminent dupes on the last occasion was, it has been said, the German scholar Dindorf. M. Simonides is not alone in his vocation. British critics, we believe, are nearly agreed as to the spurious credentials of *Moredun*, the romance lately given to the world as a posthumous work of Sir Walter Scott, discovered in Paris. A year or two since, a collection of letters was sold to a London publisher as genuine autographs of the poet Shelley, and the authority of one of his oldest friends was procured as a guarantee. They were published with an admirable preface from the pen of Robert Browning, but in a few days were discovered to be mainly compiled from articles in the *Quarterly*, written by Sir Francis Palgrave. Yet more recently some manuscript letters of Schiller were announced to be in the press, and the poet's last surviving daughter was said to have certified them to be in her father's hand writing. Internal evidence, however, overpowered her testimony, and the fraud was detected.

A forgery of a more innocent type was perpetrated in Germany some years since. Certain leaders of the Rationalistic school had laid down canons of criticism which an ingenious orthodox divine held to be unsound, and resolved to impugn. He accordingly framed a narrative in harmony with the said canons, and palmed it on the public as a discovery made by him in an ancient manuscript. The fiction is doubtless known to many of our readers under the translated title of *The Amber Witch*. On its appearance the Tübingen critics were in ecstasies at so valuable a literary discovery, and triumphantly demonstrated the correspondence of the evidence for its genuineness with the canons they had laid down. On this, the author, in a louder tone of triumph, avowed himself, and defied the critics. They, not to be outdone, manfully re-

torted on the romancer, and scouted his avowal; but, doubtless, like Michael Angelo on a similar occasion, he had taken the precaution to establish his veracity.

Pinkerton has had many followers in his line of mischievous deception. Allan Cunningham, we believe, confessed to the manufacture of two or three national ballads, which he had sent to a learned collector as genuine antiques, and in whose volume they have descended to posterity. The late Mr. Surtees was an accomplished ballad-manufacturer, and some of his compositions are introduced as ancient remains in Scott's *Border Minstrelsy* and Hogg's *Jacobite Relics*. Campbell, at the outset of his editorial connection with the *New Monthly*, fell a victim to the artful designs of some wag who enlisted his poetic sympathies on behalf of one Clithero, stated to be a glorious but neglected dramatist of the seventeenth century, but who proved to be a myth of the nineteenth.

It would be easy to multiply illustrations of a similar kind to those cited above. As a climax of literary imposture in our day, may be noticed the *Book of Mormon*, which, though received as the inspired canon of thousands of the Anglo-Saxon race, has been shown to be based on a religious romance of the Rev. Solomon Spaulding, an obscure American minister.

An explanation of the historical paradox, to which we have called attention, suggests itself in our most familiar observations of mental pathology. The health of the intellect is known to consist in the conservation of a balance between its divers parts. In whatever direction this balance is overthrown, disease is generated. The equilibrium of one organism may be disturbed by the preponderance of reason over imagination, or the converse; in another, the affections may enervate the judgment, or the conscience be morbidly sensitive. Viewed by the light of this axiom, the delusions under our notice are soon recognizable. They take rank among "signs of the time." An intellectual excitement having pervaded any epoch—the healthy balance of mind is overthrown, and the appropriate disease sets in. The enthusiasm which too ardently prosecutes legitimate enterprises will deviate into the bypaths of contraband traffic. History has been justly named a larger biography, and the radical fact of

the philosophy of delusion can be tested by the experience of daily life. Students will call to mind, as the result of excess in brain-work, many a spectral visitant invoked by the magic of disordered nerves, many a ghastly dream that has dogged the footsteps like a shadow. The bereaved will not forget how, in the immediate severity of his loss, the universe seemed centered in a single grave; how the sheen of sun and stars, of earth and sea, was hidden by the undying "reflex of a human face." The fiend who interferes in the course of our every day existence, and perverts us from the obedience which insures health, to the disobedience which entails disease, is equally active in the more extended area of history. The tendency of the age is not thwarted, but exaggerated. Men are seen to be hungry, and are forthwith filled to repletion. It remains to connect the theory with its exemplifications.

The narrative of the passion for archaeological research might be compiled of chapters taken from the annals of perhaps every nation that has passed through the ordinary phases from barbarism to civilization. An able historian of ancient Greece has observed of the Homeric epics, that they may be safely received as faithful portraiture of the time when they appeared, since "their author lived in an age when antiquarian research was unknown. His poems were addressed to unlettered hearers, and any description of life and manners which did not correspond to the state of things around them would have been uninteresting and unintelligible to his contemporaries." The non-existence amongst barbarous nations of the art of writing almost necessitates the absence of any interest in the past. This can scarcely be found where no pains are taken to record the present. The pressing necessity, moreover, for the supply of daily wants, the combative propensities, and easy sensualism, which are the usual characteristics of barbarism, would naturally preclude the growth of a taste so essentially refined, peaceful, and absorbing as that of antiquarian investigation. The efforts of undeveloped intellects to travel out of the present, furnish negative evidence in support of this presumption. The fictions thence resulting, such as the Heroic Age, are rarely more than reflexes of the social conditions existing in the present, thrown in outline, more or less

distorted, upon a shadowy background. How gradually a real reverence for the past arises, even after the attainment of considerable refinement, is testified in such an act as the burning of the Alexandrian Library by the Caliph Omar. In the unthinking youth of Arabian nationalism, no value could possibly be attached to aught extrinsic. The past! what was it? a wraith of "creeds outworn," and worm-eaten philosophies, fated to pale and fade before the burning sunrise of Islam? But the past is always destined

"To win  
A glory from its being far,"

and some age is sure to build, even too lavishly, the sepulchers of the fathers. There is a period in every individual and national history when the mind comes to the end of its tether. Its stock of experiences has become stale and wearisome, and a new assortment is necessary. The strongest, healthiest natures will strike their tents in the present, and journey into the land of the future. But even for such, this is not always possible, and for perhaps the majority of natures, in average moods, it is quite impossible. The hazard is too great; the toil too severe. To avoid stagnation in the present, they invert their gaze. The past is pleasant to look upon, as it lies bathed in the purple-golden haze of sunset, with its harsh features veiled, and its crude tints softened, and thither the dissatisfied spirits bend their steps. The period of the "Renaissance" most aptly exemplifies the efflorescence of antiquarian zeal. In Italy, the enthusiasm for classical conservation and reproduction approached the intensity of a mania. Rienzi kindled his aspirations for freedom at the precious ashes of the Eternal City, with the fond hope that those ashes could be relighted on the hearth of his age. He found too late that the eternity of Rome was not of empire as well as fame, and fell a martyr to his disbelief in progress. Like Orpheus, he lost his Eurydice by looking back. Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio crammed their creations to the proportions of antique shapes. The greatest architects, painters, and sculptors of the period, found in the ruins of Greek and Roman art, not merely forms of beauty, inspiring love and admiration, but models for imitation; and it must enhance our wonder at the intellectual strength of the

Cinque Cento, to see how mightily it worked in such fetters. The mania had its ludicrous side. "The loss of a single chest of MSS.," says a recent writer, turned the hair of Guarino gray in a night. "When Leontius was drowned, Petrarch, as became him, was painfully affected at the loss of his friend, but he was still more distressed at the loss of his friend's Euripides, which had descended with him to the bottom of the sea."

The age that in England distinguished itself by its capacious swallow for such shams as those of Pinkerton and Ireland, was, as we have seen, noteworthy for activity in archaeological research. The *Gentleman's Magazine* issued in 1731 as the pioneer of antiquarian enterprise. The editions of the classics that left the presses of Baskerville, Brindley, and Foulis, are not yet forgotten. The Commentaries of Tyrrwhitt on Chaucer, and of Warburton, Steevens, Farmer, and Malone on Shakspeare; Percy's *Ancient Reliques*, Lye's *Gothic Gospels*, and Pinkerton's *bona fide* publication of the Maitland MSS., will sufficiently evidence the zeal, industry, and ability of British archaeologists in the eighteenth century. But the enthusiasm boiled over. Dr. Percy's genuine admiration for our ancient ballads, and regret at the defective preservation of several choice specimens, led him to essay the restorations and interpolations with which he has disfigured more than one noble torso. Johnson's strong sense kept him from such blunders, and his parody on a modern antique has much caustic humor. We make no apology for transcribing it from Boswell.

"Hermit hoar in solemn cell,  
Wearing out life's evening gray,  
Smite thy bosom, sage, and tell  
What is life, and which the way!

"Thus I spoke, and speaking sighed,  
Scarce restrained the starting tear;  
When the smiling sage replied:  
'Come, my lad, and have some beer!'"

Percy, however, had his partisans. Shenstone's *Schoolmistress*, and Thomson's *Castle of Indolence*, both Spenserian revivals, are their masterpieces, but with all deference to the fame of Goldsmith, we think his *Hermit* as poor as it is popular. A ludicrous illustration of the temper of the time is to be found in the annals of Pye's laureateship. In 1795, on the menace of war between England and

France, he gave to the world an imitated version of *Tyrtaeus*, adapted to the existing state of politics. The lame Athenian schoolmaster who sang to stimulate the Spartans in their contest with Messenia in 685 B.C., would have been aghast to behold his martial muse, stripped of spear and shield, and furnished with musket and bayonet, cheering on British grenadiers against perfidious Gaul in 1795 A.D. But the metamorphosis was highly approved of by the military authorities of the day, who considered Mr. Pye's verses well fitted to excite national enthusiasm. Accordingly, they were read aloud, says Mathias, "at Warley Common, and at Barham Downs, by the adjutants at the head of five different regiments at each camp. But before they were half finished, all the front ranks, and as many of the others as were within hearing or verse-shot, dropped their arms suddenly, and were all found asleep." Slumber, unless we greatly mistake, has usually escaped observation among the phenomena of enthusiasm. Horace Walpole personified the folly of his age: a dilettante of the "remainder biscuit" of history and literary gossip; the type of relic-worshippers and curiosity shopkeepers; a brilliant butterfly perpetually hovering above exuviae and dead leaves.

That Pinkerton, Chatterton, and Ireland studied their age carefully—as indeed the latter affirmed of himself—and planted their blows in its weakest part, is a fair inference from the facts. To delude an age afflicted with such an infirmity as we have indicated, demanded both genius and industry; and as the laws of disease are said to be as beautiful as those of health, one can not withhold admiration at the adroitness of the accomplished charlatans.

The passion for retrospection has raged in our own epoch even more strongly than in the last century. The tendency to reproduce the past, naturally arising from an excessive love of it, seems to pervade most departments of mental activity. If we are less indebted to Palestine for our theology than our grandfathers were, in art and literature we are more earnest worshipers of the dead. They were content with obligations to the Italy of Palladio for architectural taste. We ransack pagandom as well as Christendom for models. Rameses the Great would recognize the shadow of familiar life were he

transported to-morrow into Piccadilly, and Saladin would be comparatively at home in Leicester Square. A student of modern English literature can hardly take up a volume of poems without finding a "faint Homeric echo," in the shape of an epical or lyrical fragment—an attempt to fetter Anglo-Saxon with hexameters—a Cavalier or a Jacobite ballad. Other departments of literature have teemed for the last twenty years with imitations, more or less accurate, of sixteenth and seventeenth century diaries, biographies, and novels, spelt in duly antiquated orthography, printed in quaint prim type, and bound in embossed covers with brass clasps. Some of these productions have been creditable endeavors to recall the spirit and color of the epochs they profess to portray. On the other hand it may be desirable to hint in some cases, that modern sentiment is not made less vapid by being rendered into uncouth diction and barbarous spelling. That an article is the better for being dusty, is a theory of literary commerce against which we feel bound to enter a protest.

The likeliest haunt for a mannerism is the promenade of society, and here we find the affectation of mediævalism, even in the orthography of family names. There are few who have not among their acquaintance one who spells his patronymic Figgins with two small *f*'s and two *g*'s—inserts an apostrophe between the two first letters of Dabbs, or changes the plebeian Smith into the patrician Smijth or Smythe. As the extreme vagary of the reproductive movement, take the recent aberrations of dress. Probably the goddess of fashion who presided over the revival of hoops, and instituted the "capillary attraction" of gold dust, little thought, that in imitating her great-grandmother, and rivaling Caligula, she was contributing to the "signs of the times." But the same wind that harries the Atlantic into tempest turns over an apple-stall in a village street. The whole reproductive movement, in its largest and least manifestations, seems to us a notable phenomenon of constitutional weakness. If the nation which, in essentials equally with trifles, exhibits these retrospective tendencies, did not in divers other of its aspects contradict and outweigh them, its destiny would indeed be piteous. What more fitting retribution could befall it than stagnation; a penalty such as the

Hebrew chronicler relates fell upon Lot's wife, who, looking back, became a pillar?

But we are open to attack in another breach of our bulwarks. The refinements of criticism *ad unguem*, have been strained to the verge of fastidiousness and caprice. Some, wealthy with the literary treasures of centuries, have become misers of the past, and supercilious towards the present. Long feasting on one favorite dish of intellectual fare had made others dainty in relishing all alien food. And intimate correspondence with the world-history of to-day, while in process of action, has made many over-skeptical as to the pretensions of yesterday. *A priori* assumptions, word-juggleries, forced allegories, and, above all, arbitrary canons of evidence have too often of late usurped the place of legitimate induction. The Jesuit Hardouin, who contended that all the classics, save Cicero's works, Pliny's *Natural History*, Virgil's *Georgics*, and Horace's *Satires and Epistles*, were the forgeries of mediæval monks, should have been a professor at Tübingen. The importation of hyper-criticism, however, into this country can not be wholly charged on traders with Germany, nor is it even there confined to any particular school of theology. The precision with which some of our own orthodox critics have ventured to define the limits between simple candor and subtle artifice of narration, has justified a recent defender of the *Book of Mormon* in urging its bad grammar among the evidences of its inspiration. Criticism has "put too fine a point upon it" in secular literature no less than in theological. The ingenious theory, mooted both here and in America, according to which the name of Bacon or Raleigh should be substituted for that of Shakspeare, on the title-pages of *Hamlet* and *Lear*, is a strong *prima facie* illustration in point. What fantastic tricks have not the theorists of mythology played before high heaven, and who can put a limit to the vagaries of etymologists? Of one and all we must say—"he o'er refines—the scholar's fault."

If the foregoing considerations be duly weighed, we think the explanation of the phenomena under notice will be found extremely simple. We have loved the past to excess, and gone mad in aiming to be preternaturally acute. It has been a just punishment that some clever by-

standers have profited by the occasion, and stabbed us with our own weapons.

Those who agree with the author of *Hudibras*, that

"The pleasure is as great  
In being cheated as to cheat,"

will find a justification for their tenet in the conclusion at which they will probably arrive, from a consideration of the preceding narratives—namely, that critical science must be a very unreliable talisman, since in ages eminent for its cultivation impostures have been rife. We must reply, that a parallel argument would establish the inutility of a police force on account of the prevalence of burglary. It would be nearer the truth to say, that the prosperity of imposture has been owing to the deficiency of critical acumen. In proof of this let it be noted, that criticism has amply vindicated its claims to development as a science. The sages of the eras when flourished the pseudo-Manetho, the false Dionysius the Areopagite, the interpolater of Josephus, and the forgers of the Apocryphal Gospels, innocently accepted the frauds which it has been reserved for the last two centuries to expose. Ages passed before a suspicion of imposture stirred. On the other hand, modern frauds have generally had an ephemeral existence, notwithstanding their greater elaboration. Chatterton's detection occupied but a few months; that of Ireland about a year; the Shelley letters were no sooner published than withdrawn; the Schiller letters did not see the light. Sounder principles of discrimination than we now possess would preserve the literary world from those excesses on which charlatans have built their fortunes.

"Tis life whereof our nerves are scant,  
Oh! life, not death, for which we pant,  
More life, and fuller, that we want."

The conclusion that seems to us most fairly deducible from the premises, is that temperate historical skepticism is wise and safe. The synchronism of intellectual brilliancy and successful fraud must be noticed in connection with another fact, no less historical, that dark ages have been dens of hypocrisy as well as ignorance. Familiar to every national chronicler are the annals of a magnetism, wherein a strong-willed priest or king was the

mighty mesmerist, and a weak people the passive "subject."

There is no purpose to be gained by an evasion of the fact that history is full of monstrous shams, which, when first originated, subjugated thousands, and subjugate hundreds now. The magicians would not fail to throw their spells over public records, and defile the stream of history, lest its purity should be fatal to their fame. What then is left us but to filter it ere we drink? In fine, travelers into the Past must guard against the directions of both fools and pedants, and be ready even to stand still rather than go astray.

It has been urged against the advocacy of a skeptical temper, that, in the search for truth, a prepossession nullifies the aim. But historical skepticism involves no more bias than every wise man finds it needful to take with him in a walk up Saffron Hill or Seven Dials. A writer who should start a theory that bread was deleterious, would have no right to complain of the

world's *a priori* prejudices against his view. These would be justified by the uninterrupted testimony of centuries on one side of the question. And so, when urging the necessity of wariness in accepting historical statements, we do but adopt an argument which the wisdom of many minds has crystallized into a proverb—"A burnt child dreads the fire." Nor, we think, is this position affected by what has been adduced as to the extravagance of critical skepticism at the present day. The vagaries of criticism, as of every other science, are aberrations from a defined highway. The balance of probabilities here, as always, will keep the mind straight. If this seem to any one an unsatisfactory guide, he must fight out his quarrel with the laws of the universe. The quaint apothegm of Isaak Walton's friend, worthy Dr. Boteler, on the strawberry, will bear a wider application: "Doubtless," he used to say, "God might have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did."

From the Edinburgh Review.

## THE ACROPOLIS OF ATHENS.\*

THE authentic history of the Athenian Acropolis reaches back from the present time to a period of scarcely less than two thousand four hundred years. No other fortress has embraced so much beauty and splendor within its walls; none has witnessed a series of more startling and momentous changes in the fortunes of its possessors. Wave after wave of war and conquest has beaten against it. The city which lies at its feet has fallen beneath

the assaults of the Persian, the Spartan, the Macedonian, and the Roman. It has opened its gates to the barbarous hordes of Alarie, and the not less savage robbers of Catalonia. It has passed from the representatives of the Crusaders into the hands of the Ottoman Sultans; and the shrine of Athena has seen the offerings of heathenism give place to the holier ritual of Greek and Latin Christianity, and these in their turn succeeded by the cold and lifeless ceremonial of Islam. Through all these and other vicissitudes it has passed, changing only in the character of its occupants, unchanged in its loveliness and splendor. With a few blemishes and losses, whether from the decaying taste of later times or the occasional robberies of a foreign conqueror, unaffected in its general aspect, it presented to the eyes of the victorious Otto-

\* *L'Acropole d'Athènes.* Par E. BEULÉ, Ancien Membre de l'École d'Athènes. 2 vols. Paris: 1853.

*Etudes sur le Péloponnèse.* Par E. BEULÉ. Paris: 1855.

*Athènes aux XVe, XVIe et XVIIe Siècles.* Par le COMTE DE LABORDE. 2 vols. Paris: 1854.

*La Minerve de Phidias restituée par M. Simart d'après les textes et les monumens figurés.* Par ALPHONSE DE CALONNE. Paris: 1855.

man the same front of unparalleled beauty which it had displayed in the days of Pericles. The professors of new creeds had worshiped within its beautiful temples; but, beneath the deep blue of the Athenian sky and the dazzling splendor of the Athenian sun, the shrine of the gray-eyed Goddess and the hall of Erechtheus had lost but little of their earlier glory, long after the one had become a mosque and the other a harem. To him who looks upon it now, the scene is changed indeed; changed not only in the loss of its treasures of decorative art, (for of many of these it had been robbed before,) but with its loveliest fabrics shattered, many reduced to hopeless ruin, and not a few utterly obliterated. Less than two centuries have sufficed to bring about all this dilapidation: less than three months sufficed to accomplish it. If the Venetian by his abortive conquest inflicted not more injury on the fair heritage of Athenian art than it had undergone from all preceding spoliations, he left it, not merely from the havoc of war but by wanton subsequent mutilation, in that state which rendered the recovery of its ancient grace and majesty impossible.

Yet the Acropolis still rises above a city whose inhabitants cling with the pride of ancient lineage to the memories of Conon and Mnesicles, of Pericles and Phidias. In the darkest days of barbaric inroads, abandoned by the feeble Caesars of Byzantium, cut off from the knowledge and lost to the sympathy of Western Christendom, the people of Athens have still cherished the Hellenic name, still exhibited some characteristics of those whom they termed their forefathers. But history has threatened to deal harshly with this proud inheritance; and while some rest their Philhellenic aspirations on the identity of the modern Greeks with those who fought at Salamis or fell at Syracuse, there are not wanting those who look back to the inundations of the Selavonic hordes as to the grave of the pure Hellenic race. Athens, indeed, and its people during the Selavonic ages are to us almost as obscure and unknown as Athens before the dawn of contemporary history. But the scanty notices which remain prove sufficiently that the influx of Goths and Slaves, of Bulgarians and Wallachians, must have diminished the numbers and changed the character of the old population, even if we do not adopt

the extreme conclusion that the Hellenic element was annihilated.

There are the old places, and not a few of the old familiar names. There is the magic still of sun and sky; and the scanty stream of Kephissus still leads us in thought to the ivy groves where the nightingale sang in the dells of old Kolonus. But if it have this power in our colder and harsher regions, the spell must be stronger still in the enchanted land itself; and the error may be pardoned which leads the Athenian of our own day to claim kindred with those who achieved its greatness and created its glories.

It is, however, a grave question of fact which sentiment will help us but little to answer, and of which it is probably hopeless to expect a full solution. Athens in the Selavonic age is to us almost as obscure as Athens before the dawn of contemporary history; and if an examination of the scanty notices which remain fail of convincing us that the modern Greeks are merely Byzantinized Selavonians, it will still less lead us to consider them the kinsmen of Pericles and Phormion. The fifth century of the Christian era finds Athens sunk in a darkness scarcely less deep than that from which it emerged five centuries before it; but the many causes then at work throughout Greece to diminish the old population, and in some parts to annihilate it, together with the new elements constantly poured in by Goths and Slaves, Bulgarians and Wallachians, are more than sufficient to set aside the claim of the modern Athenians to any thing like purity of blood.

The causes which contributed to this change of population account also in great measure for the astonishing ignorance of modern Greek history which prevailed throughout Europe till towards the close of the seventeenth century. With its population steadily decreasing from fiscal oppression and consequent social demoralization, Greece presented to the migratory hordes of the seventh and eighth centuries a tempting field which the Eastern Emperors scarcely cared to defend. Thus isolated from the interests of the Empire, it became practically an unknown land until the Crusades brought the warriors of the West to usurp the throne of the Caesars. With the establishment of the Latin empire of Constantinople, Greece became a prize for some of the most powerful crusading

chieftains, and under their rule the courts of Thessalonica, Athens, and the Peloponnesus, attained to no small reputation even throughout Western Europe. But their magnificence was entirely modern. It centered wholly round their own persons and interests; and although the condition of the people was in no respect worse, in some respects palpably better, still they did but minister to the glory of the houses of Neri or Acciajuoli, of De la Roche or Brieinne. The beautiful structures of Athens and its Acropolis were prized, not as heirlooms of departed greatness, but as the ornaments of a feudal court and the rewards of successful valor. Yet the darkness was to be thicker and deeper still; and with its submission to the Ottoman Turks the city of Athena passed under a veil which was lifted up only to reveal the havoc wrought by the friendly arms of Morosini. The depth of this general ignorance it is almost impossible to exaggerate or even to realize; but its causes were sufficiently complex. M. de Laborde expresses surprise that the so-called Renaissance of the fifteenth century did not at once direct public attention to Greece. But that revival, so far as concerned art, was simply the abandonment of the real strength and glory of every form of national architecture, and the substitution of an adventitious and utterly unmeaning decoration. It would have been therefore a more legitimate cause for wonder, had so false and hollow a movement led to a genuine study of the spirit and laws of Greek art, of which it borrowed, and borrowed only to mar and corrupt, its external forms. Beyond this lay other and more constraining causes. For many a weary century Greece had been a theater of almost uninterrupted convulsion. Real lovers of Greek art there were none. Commercial enterprise and religious devotion chose naturally the shortest and the safest route; and the sleepless jealousy of the Turks prompted them to close up to the utmost all access to their conquered territories. Thus, from a Christian, Athens became a Moslem city, unnoticed by any state of Western Europe with the single exception of Venice.

"She alone," to adopt the words of M. de Laborde, "from a merely material point of view could feel the force of the blow struck at the interests of Europe and her own commerce by the submission of almost the whole of Greece.

But Venice, without the aid of religious fanaticism, was then powerless; and the Christians concerned themselves only with the Holy Places. While the route to Jerusalem lay open, and in some measure protected, that which lay beyond or beside it struck them but little amidst the general desolation of Eastern Christendom." — *Athènes, etc.*, vol. i. p. 8.

Thus, for more than two centuries, was Athens almost wholly withdrawn from the observation of the civilized world. The archæologist and the architect feared, the religious pilgrim cared not, to approach it; and the few who ventured to brave the jealousy or wrath of the Turks have left us specimens of ignorance and misconception which we might be pardoned for putting aside with impatience, but which M. de Laborde has set himself to examine with commendable perseverance. He is in truth the first writer, gifted with a fine appreciation of Greek art, who has applied his erudition and his taste to elucidate the most obscure and ungrateful period of the history of Athens, and he is fully entitled to the grateful acknowledgments of all whom his labors may, as he hopes, relieve from "painful researches and great loss of time." The "dark ages" may almost be said to have lasted down to the commencement of the present century, as far as the critical exploration of the monuments of Greece is concerned. A hundred years ago Athens was not much better known than Nineveh.

The few travelers who in earlier times professed some acquaintance with Athenian archæology, did but share in that ludicrous inaptitude for all such criticism, which, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, was almost universal. When by the same corruption which formed the word "Stamboul," Athens was known in mariner's charts as "Settines;" when an anonymous Greek writer could limit all its buildings to theaters and schools; when, even to the most important of them, names were assigned arbitrarily and at random; when the Propylæa became the palace of the dukes of Athens, and the temple of νίκη ἀπτερος the School of the Musicians; when Francesco Giamberti (San Gallo) could purchase from an itinerant Greek, and embody in his own Italian researches, pretended copies of ancient buildings, every one an impudent forgery, we can but repay with a smile the cautious prudence of the artist, who, not caring to prosecute his studies on the spot

at the risk of imprisonment or torture, "pleasantly" transformed Athens into a Gothic town of Flanders. This design is so far honest that, even in the disposition of its buildings there is not the slightest approximation to Athenian topography. Another, by Michael Wohlgemuth, in the same fifteenth century, has in one corner a castle on a hill to represent the Aeropolis, and a cathedral, much like that of Mayence, to serve for any chance building at its base.

The reports of travelers, or professed travelers, of the sixteenth century deserve more serious strictures. We may pardon the man who paints plans of Athens in a studio of Ghent or Mayence, but the same indulgence can not be extended to those who speak of it as a place almost uninhabited, and a mere scene of desolation. Such was the account of André Thevet, in 1550, (Laborde, i. 40,) who maintains that he saw at Athens nothing worth describing but a statue shown to him by a renegade Christian as having been recently dug up. This statue, after a minute description, he states was inscribed 'Αχιλλῆ φιλτάτῳ. He admits that there are some columns and obelisks, but "all in ruins, and also some vestiges of several colleges, (where, according to the common opinion of the inhabitants, Plato read,) shaped like the Colosseum at Rome." Another, in 1564, tells us that of Athens there was nothing left but a small castle and a hamlet unprotected even against the attack of wild beasts, "en quoi," he piously adds, "on peut bien voir le jugement de Dieu, d'avoir, mis ceste désolation en lieu tant illustre pour le mépris de sa parole. Car si onques ville fut bien assise et bien policiée, cest cy l'estoit, et néanmoins on n'y voit que ruine et apparence de lieu désert."

Shortly after the battle of Lepanto, Martin Kraus (or Krusius) of Tübingen addressed to Symeon Kabasilas at Constantinople the following question: "Our German historians tell us that Athens is completely destroyed, and that in its place stand some fishermen's huts. Is this true?" The answer of Kabasilas, while it refutes this fable, betrays also his general ignorance. With his contemporary Theodore Zygomalas the Parthenon was a Pantheon, with Kabasilas it becomes a temple of "the unknown God." The same dedication is given in 1621 by

Louis des Hayes, the ambassador of Louis XIII., or, as M. de Laborde thinks, by his secretary, who describes it as of *oval* form both internally and externally. Shortly before this, in 1613, the work of artistic spoliation was inaugurated under the auspices of the Earl of Arundel, and the English public began to acquire an acquaintance with at least some fragments of Hellenic art. But the merit of introducing any thing like a real study of Athenian topography belongs unquestionably to the Capuchin Fathers, who succeeded the Jesuits in Athens in 1658. These missionaries, amongst other things, purchased and preserved the choragic monument of Lysicrates, and drew up a plan of Athens and its vicinity far exceeding in value any which had been hitherto designed.

But new troubles ensued. Rhodes and Cyprus had submitted to the Turks; and in 1669 followed the surrender of Crete by Morosini. The most rigorous measures were enforced by Mohammedan hatred and jealousy against all Christians throughout the Archipelago: and so closed a period of nearly five and twenty years, during which scarcely any traveler had ventured to approach Athens. The spell was broken by the Marquis de Nointel, the magnificent but eccentric ambassador of Louis XIV. to the Ottoman Porte. Of his not injudiciously pompous embassy, of the self-conceit which made that splendor a source of constant delight, of his extended travels, of his lavish expenditure in collecting things valuable or curious, of his consequent pecuniary difficulties, of the neglect and ingratitude of the King which darkened his declining days, the pages of M. de Laborde contain a lengthy but interesting account. We must, however, confine ourselves to his visit to Athens, into which, in present of the Turkish officers, and amidst the waving of banners and blowing of trumpets, he made his imposing entry in the year 1674. In an official position, which presented him some facilities and secured him from all molestation, M. de Nointel made an excellent use of his opportunities; and the few weeks of his sojourn may be considered as a new era for Athenian archæology. To insure accurate drawings, he had brought with him, on the recommendation of the celebrated Le Brun, his pupil Jacques Carrey of Troyes. On the fourteenth of November permission was obtained for making

drawings: on the seventeenth of December M. de Nointel and his train were in preparation for immediate departure. During that time, under the risk of having that permission withdrawn at any moment, without scaffolding or the help of any contrivance to enable him to work in an unconstrained attitude, obliged to stand close to the building whose precincts were by no means open then as now, he made designs of the two pediments of the Parthenon, of ninety-two metopes and of more than 300 feet of the frieze. "Il failloit s'y crever les yeux," says Spon, who visited Athens the year after. Yet he has produced drawings which, depreciated by Colonel Leake as rude and inaccurate, fully deserve in our judgment the praise bestowed on them by M. de Laborde. To the keen eye of the archæologist they may not be faultless: but M. de Laborde justly asks that they may be contrasted with the drawings of the Parthenon furnished by Spon, by Wheler, by Cornelio Magni, and d'Ottières. So compared, they are as gold amongst the dross, while the remarkable vigor and ease of the outline go far towards guaranteeing their general truthfulness and accuracy. M. de Laborde may well pronounce them worthy of admiration, apart from the difficulties under which they were executed, and the service which he has rendered by them, "a service great indeed when we remember that many of these bas-reliefs and statues have been either altogether lost, or so broken into fragments that without the help of his designs the task of piecing them would be hopeless." The intention of de Nointel, that these sketches should be accompanied by a memoir on the Parthenon, was unfortunately prevented by his pecuniary embarrassments and his sudden recall.

The account drawn up in 1672 for the Abbé Pecoul by the Jesuit J. P. Babin, sufficiently attests the worthlessness of the written reports of those days. Amidst the many passages which even M. de Laborde confesses himself unable to comprehend, coupled with edifying narratives of courageous martyrdoms and prodigious births, it is difficult to know what value to assign to one or two expressions which would otherwise be of great moment. The question whether the Parthenon was hypæthral might approach its solution, could we trust his assertion that "he saw

therein three ranges of vaults supported on very high marble columns, that is, the nave with its two aisles." This account of Babin was published by Spon before he visited Greece, with a view of Athens, which betrays the weak sense still prevalent on the subject of topographical veracity, but which M. de Laborde estimates at more than its right value. The Propylæa are in it two miserable castle turrets, the Parthenon a contemptible Basilica.

The name of Spon is associated with more than one controversy which has been allowed unjustly to detract from his fair fame. While he was occupied with the narrative of Babin, the Capuchin Fathers were forwarding similar documents with plans to Paris, all which came into the hands of M. Guillet de St. George. The history of this man and his work scarcely deserves the space which M. de Laborde has devoted to it. It may suffice to say that, having examined these accounts, he must needs publish them in the form of a romance. A brother serving with the army is taken prisoner in Hungary and conveyed to Athens, and the narrative is the fruit of his captivity. His critical acumen and sense of veracity are on a par with this brilliant introduction. With the written statement of the Capuchins he mingled others gathered from hearsay, and the romancer of la Guilletière averred that his own eyes had seen on the pediment of the Parthenon the inscription  $\tau\bar{\omega} \delta\gamma\omega\sigma\tau\varphi \theta\epsilon\omega$ . Spon, while he contradicted this, impugned the veracity of the whole work; and M. Guillet in reply procured or forged letters from two Capuchins, affirming that they had constantly read this inscription on the spot, although a part of it was certainly somewhat defaced.

Throughout his short career (he died in the greatest distress at Geneva at the age of thirty-eight) Spon showed himself the very reverse of M. Guillet de St. George. After careful study at home, he determined to test his knowledge by a journey to Athens. If he falls sometimes into palpable mistakes, and adopts conclusions on very insufficient premises, his work is still that of a man who records what he saw without fiction or exaggeration. Misled, like all before him, by the changes made on the introduction of the Christian ritual, Spon takes the Opisthodomos to be the original entrance to the

Parthenon; but, as a remark of his own, he assigns its sculptures to the age of Hadrian, from a resemblance of one of the figures to his portraits, and because the whiteness of the marble was not in keeping with the tints of the architectural portions. Such mistakes are, however, redeemed by genuine confessions of uncertainty or ignorance and a spirit of scientific research which make his early death a cause for deep regret. The companion of his travels, Sir George Wheler, has obtained (in M. de Laborde's judgment, very undeservedly) a happier reputation. Spon's work is undoubtedly reproduced, or rather translated in that of Wheler; but the addition of some original matter has led M. Beulé and others to quote in preference from the latter, and to attribute to him greater critical skill and power of thought. Wheler's remarks are, however, confined to popular manners and botanical notes; and his scholarship M. de Laborde tries by the fact that but for the help of Spon's third volume he could not have decently given two inscriptions; in fact, "the moment that Spon fails him, his inscriptions fail him also."

With these names (the visit of some military engineers excepted) close the series of travelers who visited Athens before its siege by Morosini; and for none perhaps, with the exception of Carrey as a draftsman, and Spon as an archæologist, is there any reason to regret that their facilities for observation were not greater. Whatever be the value of his letter press, the plans of Spon are miserable, those of Wheler worse, and most of their precursors appear destitute of the very faculty of archæological criticism.

The time was now at hand when the magnificence of the Acropolis was to suffer its first irreparable catastrophe. Hitherto the alterations for military and other purposes had not marred the general effect of the buildings, although the injuries inflicted at various times had been neither few nor slight. With the walls of the city, those also of the Acropolis had been more or less injured by Lysander and Sylla. The Caesars of Rome and Byzantium had raised their defensive works against Gothic and Slavonic invaders. By the dukes of Athens, the Propylea had been converted into a palace, and a high tower rose on the ruins of the southern portico. The work of

Mnesicles was destined to be yet more roughly dealt with by the Turks. A huge bastion was raised in front of the Propylea, which, from a palace, were now turned into a powder magazine. In 1656, this was struck by lightning, and the Turkish aga and all his family destroyed; but the splendid construction of the building left it in great part uninjured. Finally, the year before the attack of the Venetians, the beautiful temple of *vīkī* ἄπτερος was demolished to make room for a battery of six guns. Some injuries also the Aeropolis had sustained both from friends and foes, inflicted directly on its works of art. The sacrilegious hands of Macedonian and Roman robbers had plundered it of its treasures: the Hippodrome of Constantinople could boast of some of the works of Phidias. The rising sun greeted no more the image of Athena, for the requirements of the Christian ritual had reversed the internal arrangements of the Parthenon, and six statues of the Eastern pediment had been knocked down to make room for a window. The victorious Turk, scarcely perhaps consistent with his creed, was more merciful than the Christian. That glorious temple was not withdrawn from the Christian worship until the infatuation of the deposed Acciajuoli drew down the wrath of Mohammed II. A veil of whitewash was then thrown over the seductive pictures of the Christians, while the muezzin's minaret rose up at the southwest angle of the building. No attempt, however, was made to deface the sculptures, and even the high altar remained in its place in the days of Carrey and de Nointel.

The second volume of M. de Laborde's work is mainly occupied with a very animated and interesting narrative of the campaign of Morosini. But the fortunes of "the Peloponnesian" concern us here only in so far as they affected those of the Athenian Acropolis. To this rock-shrine of Athens his exploits in war and his depredations in peace were more fatal than any injuries from Goths or Selavonians, from the early converts to Christianity or the wild Latin crusaders. The victory of Sobieski, which turned the culminating fortunes of the Ottoman, inspired Venice, in 1684, with an unwonted bravery, and the insults of the Turk were repaid and anticipated by a voluntary declaration of war. While her trembling representative

was summoning courage to make the announcement at Constantinople, the proud republic was gathering a motley army of mercenaries, amongst whom the Italian element was very sparsely mingled. A magnificent fleet under Morosini transported the troops commanded by Otto of Königsmark, and the victory of Patras, in 1687, laid the Peloponnesus in the power of Venice. At Corinth, a council of war was held to determine the course for the campaign of the ensuing year, and justice to Morosini requires the statement that he was earnest in deprecating the attack on Athens, and eloquent in pointing out the difficulties in which its success would involve them. His warnings were overborne; his designs to winter at Tripolitza abandoned. An immediate departure for Athens was determined on, and towards the close of September the Venetian fleet rode at anchor within the harbor of Piraeus.

The land forces marched by the Long Walls to invest the Acropolis, whither the Turkish garrison had retired. A battery from the Museum opened its fire on the Propylaea, a second from the Pnyx on the batteries raised midway by the Turks, and four mortars, each of five hundred pounds, hurled their fatal burdens on the doomed Acropolis. Other batteries were raised, as these were found defective, and an attempt at undermining was carried on for some time in vain. A well-directed shell accomplished more than all their laborious efforts. The Turkish garrison had habitually used the most splendid buildings for their powder stores, and in an evil hour for the annals of art a deserter announced that the cella of the Parthenon was full of gunpowder. The skill of a Lüneburg engineer soon hurled a shell into the midst of it, and the work of Ictinus and Callicrates was shattered by the explosion.

"The walls of the sanctuary, including that which separated it from the Opisthodomos, were overthrown, and with them three fourths of the frieze of Phidias, together with all the columns of the Pronaos except one, and eight columns of the Peristyle on the north and six on the south. But when we speak of a wall of three hundred and fifty feet in length and more than forty in height, formed of marble blocks three feet in thickness and six in length, of twenty-one columns more than thirty feet high, we give but a faint idea of this terrific catastrophe. We must also figure to ourselves the

wonderful and enormous architrave which surmounted these columns, those marble blocks sculptured in compartments, those slabs which covered, the one the peristyle, the other the interior of the temple, and which, as by a thunderstroke, were hurled upon the ground and lay there a mass of ruins. The explosion was so violent that it hurled the debris from the temple into the camp of the besiegers, that is, as far as the foot of the fortress where the miners were assailing the Acropolis. As the Parthenon fell enveloped in flames, there rose from the camp of the besiegers, a cry of joy and victory, a savage hurrah, in which the Venetian historians heard the words, 'Viva la nostra repubblica'; but which the surrounding echoes returned in German phrase, 'Siege, lebe hoch Graf Königsmark.' It matters little in what language a European army expressed such feelings of triumph and exaltation at sight of this wretched spectacle; we only remark that the Turks were not cast down by their disaster. They awaited their deliverance from without, and they adhered to their resolution of maintaining their position until the Seraskier came to drive out the infidel. Early on the twenty-eighth, on the news of his approach, they doubled the strength of their fire, hoping thus to engage the exclusive attention of the besiegers; but Königsmark was not a general to be surprised. Warned on his side by his advanced posts, he set forth to encounter the coming troops. The Seraskier declined the combat thus boldly offered to him, and retired without engaging his forces. The Turks of the Acropolis were encouraged in their resistance by the hope of his aid; in a few moments, and in their very sight, this hope melted away. Awakened to their real case, they saw themselves surrounded by the flames caused by the explosion of the Parthenon, which were gaining on all the houses; they felt the impossibility of holding out long, from their want of ammunition and their loss in men, amongst whom were their chiefs, the pacha and his son. Some white flags announced the wish of the garrison to surrender; and at the same instant that they were hung out from the battlements, five hostages came down to propose the terms of capitulation and guarantee their execution. . . . The arrangements were concluded on the morning of the twenty-eighth. The advanced posts were immediately occupied by the besiegers, and the banner of St. Mark floated on the Propylaea.

"The captain-general announced his new conquest to the Venetian senate, and offered this trophy, this new title to glory, with the proud modesty which marked all his dispatches. 'I do not seek,' he wrote, 'any amplifications to give value to my weak services. Whatever they are, it is enough that the world should know and my country accept them. Athens is in your hands. Athens, so illustrious and renowned, with its famous city of vast circumference, and its magnificent monuments, to which are attached memorable associations of history and science.'—Vol. ii. p. 152.

A scene of havoc opened to the view of the captain-general as he ascended the Acropolis. The effect was sad and sobering:

"The very soldiers, black with powder and heated by the contest, were softened and calmed by the sight of beauties so sublime. To their praise it must be said that they were shocked at the desolation which they had caused amongst these wonderful works of art. . . . The remorse which filled the hearts of the victors betrays itself as much in their enthusiastic expressions of admiration as in the many shifts and evasions in the accounts given of the event. Morosini was the first to evade the responsibility, by recurring to the counsel which he had vainly pressed at Corinth. Königsmark had been most anxious to spare the temple, but the shells would have their way: while a Venetian officer insinuates that the awkwardness of a Turkish engineer in pointing one of his own cannon, must have been the cause of the catastrophe."—Vol. ii. p. 174.

The arms of the Republic had triumphed; but the hour of its victory was the prelude to disaster and ruin. The keen eye of Morosini saw the imperious necessity of instant action; and the old man of fourscore years who had so earnestly deprecated the attack on Athens now urged on with the vehemence of youth an immediate attack upon Eubœa. Königsmark resisted and finally refused to obey orders; and the golden opportunity was lost. It had been resolved to winter at Athens; but the approach of the plague from the Peloponnesus rendered this impossible; and the question to abandon the town or destroy it, was debated anxiously in the council. All their energy and valor had been crowned with a success which few would envy. It had won for them the power of deliberating whether they should demolish all that their arms had been unable to mutilate, and banish from their ancient homes a population which they had found moderately happy if not politically free. The compunction with which they had looked on the havoc of the Parthenon, could not deter them from a more cold-blooded devastation. The prayers of the inhabitants, their offers to maintain the Venetian garrison, to do any thing, to sacrifice any thing, could not avert the boon of deportation which their fatal friends were forcing on them. The strange drama drew to a close. Athens was to be abandoned, not destroyed; her inhabitants to be removed to a safer dwelling-place. It only remained to secure

some token to attest their brief and unprofitable success. The Basilica of St. Mark should acquire from the city of Pericles a relic not less costly and precious than the golden horses of Byzantium; the halls of Morosini should not lack some trophy of the most conspicuous if not the happiest of his exploits. His choice fell on the western pediment of the Parthenon, and his dispatch to the Venetian senate dated March nineteenth, 1688, coolly relates the result:

"Before abandoning Athens I conceived the project of taking away some of the most beautiful ornaments to add to the glory of the Republic. With this intention I ordered that efforts should be made to detach from the facade of the temple of Minerva, which has the best sculptures, the statue of a Jupiter and the relievos of two magnificent horses. But scarcely had they begun to remove the upper part of the great cornice, than the whole came crashing down from this extraordinary height, and it is wonderful that no harm should have befallen any of the workmen."

Still Morosini could not depart without taking something; and his decision reveals the taste and knowledge possessed by the old warrior:

"I decided nevertheless to carry away a lioness, beautifully formed, although it had lost its head. But it can be replaced perfectly well with a piece of marble of the same kind, which shall be forwarded along with it."

Since the time of Morosini's ill-starred conquest, the history of the Acropolis tells of little but the dilapidations of time and the more active spoliations of man. Later inroads and sieges have contributed to the general decay; travelers, who, as Colonel Leake admits, "often destroy more than they carry away, have, perhaps, contributed more." It would be unjust, however, in those who condemn such proceedings as those of Lord Elgin, to forget that no little harm has been done by the gross apathy or wanton violence of the Greeks themselves. M. de Laborde claims for the Athenians of the days of Morosini, "if not the same intelligence, at all events, a reverence for all that had excited the enthusiasm of their ancestors in the days of Pericles." But while the fact is indisputable, it is not easy to estimate the amount of mischief caused by the habitual use of old materials, whether carved or plain, for new buildings. Colonel Leake affirms that there is scarcely a village

which does not attest the practice. The more costly marbles furnished plaster and cement; and, where too large, statues or relievos were broken into pieces for facilities of use or transport. A better spirit has now we hope arisen, and the Greeks have once more become jealous of the inheritance of their race. It is probable, however, that the removal of the Elgin Marbles at the time it was accomplished saved the greater portion of those immortal works from total destruction, in the war of Greek independence. Morosini was neither the best nor the worst of the commanders who ravaged Attica and assailed the Acropolis.

But the Acropolis in its humiliation must carry our thoughts to the Acropolis in the days of its glory. The mind must strive to realize, however faintly, the splendors of that gorgeous assemblage of structures — to restore in idea, however feebly, these most beautiful creations of human genius. We can not but form some picture of those superb portals, and that majestic flight of steps by which the Panathenaic pomp ascended to the shrine of the virgin goddess; of the glorious sculptures which almost lived and breathed on pediment and frieze and metope; of the long lines of sculptured forms which graced every avenue, while far above all the brazen statue of Athena kept watch over her beloved city. Something also we must realize of the accessories of this marvelous scene — the brilliancy of sky and sun, the lustrous purity of the marble, the tints of gold and crimson and azure which imparted depth of light and shade to the moldings and sculptures of its magnificent temples. And with the pictures of these exquisite structures must be associated the men who planned and reared them; and an array of questions comes crowding upon us, some of which we may perhaps seek in vain to answer. What is it which invests the works of these men with their mysterious and touching beauty? Whence came the grace and loveliness which they imparted to all on which they laid their hands? Were the forms and the spirit of their art their own, or had both come to them from some other land? What were the laws which influenced their works even to their pettiest details, and infused boundless vigor and freedom into the arts, the literature, and the social life of Greece?

These are questions which no superficial

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or hasty thought can ever solve; they are the promptings of no artificial curiosity, no mere antiquarian or archaeological problems. The answer to them will not merely lay open a most important phase in the history of the human mind, but involves results directly practical. The city which Pericles proclaimed as the school of Greece has become also the school of the world, and its influence is still seen in every form of our art and architecture. To trace this influence and assign its cause, to analyze the principles of that art which attained to a degree of beauty never perhaps equaled, certainly never surpassed, are questions of no slight moment and difficulty, and the more so because indubitably the aim of that art was preëminently simple and definite. Emotions of grandeur and sublimity, still more of solemnity and awe, may be awakened in a higher degree by the works of other times and countries. The Athenian cared not to oppress the spectator with the cumbersome grandeur of Thebes or Babylon; he sought not to delight and awe him with the soaring height and intricate magnificence of the Gothic minster, or impress him with the sense of indomitable strength and power manifest in the genuine works of ancient Rome: and yet, with a scale just sufficing to save it from meanness, Attic art revealed to the world an exquisite grace and dignified beauty as little marred by defect or blemish as can be any works of merely human hands. Unrivalled in elegance and purity of form, it disdained no aids of metals or of colors, which some might look upon as adventitious and unworthy. It raised its statues in stone or marble, in gold and ivory, or in bronze. It decked its superb pediments and architraves in somber or in brilliant hues; and the colors which modern use would reserve for internal decoration, gleamed on the eye of the spectator beneath the lustrous atmosphere of Attica.

We have spoken throughout, almost unconsciously, of Athens and Athenian art. But were the countrymen of *Æschylus* and *Phidias* alone the gifted possessors of this wonderful creative genius? or were they but the representatives of the aggregate Hellenic races? Has the funeral oration of Pericles unjustly depreciated the art of *Lacedæmon*? or had Corinth, Sicyon, and Sparta the same title to our homage and admiration?

These questions occupy necessarily a

large space in the volumes of M. Beulé on the Athenian Acropolis. On some of them we confess ourselves entirely at variance with his conclusions. But even where we differ from him most, we admit the ingenuity and skill which he has brought to bear on his researches: and the happy light which he has thrown on several obscure topics calls for no slight praise and gratitude. Without the imagination and rhetoric of M. de Laborde, he possesses the patient and minute research which is the first quality of the archæologist. He is disposed, however, to be too dogmatic in his statements; a habit which has provoked strong animadversions from M. de Calonne, who impugns his theory respecting the chryso-elephantine statues of Phidias. And if we ourselves offer some remarks on points whereon we conceive him to be seriously mistaken, it is that we may with the more freedom commend those portions of his work in which he has done no slight service to the cause of art.\*

To discuss here the canons of historical credibility, or propound a theory of myths, would be impertinent and happily is superfluous. But it is no unfairness to demand of any writer that if he relates a myth, half-suspecting it to be such, he should record that belief or suspicion, and that the same assertions should not be treated as partly or wholly mythical in one page, and employed insidiously as an historical argument in another. We think that M. Beulé's own words will on this point convict him of a very grave inconsistency. The question of the originality of Greek art, or of its affiliation on Egypt, is obviously one which can only be answered, if it be ever answered at all, on the strictest historical or archæological grounds. Fancy or prejudice, rhetoric and sentimentality, can not be permitted to affect the decision. M. Beulé's method is very different. To the statement in his first chapter that Cecrops, by the attraction of a new civiliza-

tion, drew round himself the vagrant and miserable population of Attica, he appends a note which we will give in his own words:

"Dans tout ce chapitre je ne fais que recueillir les légendes qui se rattachent à l'Acropole sans en discuter l'origine ni la valeur. Quel est le peuple dont le berceau n'est pas entouré de fables d'autant plus charmantes souvent qu'elles sont plus absurdes?"—*L'Acropole, etc.*, vol. i. p. 16.

It would, perhaps, be hard on M. Beulé to confine his remarks to this chapter alone, for very many similar narratives are interspersed throughout his work on the Acropolis, and his *Studies on the Peloponnesus* absolutely bristle with them. In spite of his declaration, we more than suspect that M. Beulé's faith discovers a large amount of historical truth which may be culled from these ancient tales. He may, however, claim illustrious companions amongst his countrymen and our own. Under the countenance of Mr. Fynes Clinton and Dr. Thirlwall, Colonel Leake sees "some reason to believe that Cecrops was contemporary with Moses, and that he introduced the worship of Neith among the Pelasgians." M. Beulé draws apparently a similar conclusion; but, regarding solely his own admission, we can not conceive why he should have been at the pains to introduce such narratives at all. With great expenditure of time and trouble he has raked up a mass of stories which occupy no small portion of his work on the Acropolis, and which are the staple commodity of his Peloponnesian studies. If we are not to examine their origin and their value, what useful purpose can they serve? At best they are but unnecessary excrescences. We can not, however, do more than cite a few examples and then leave it to impartial readers to decide whether his method of employing these myths is or is not at variance with his own admission.

After giving the dimensions of the Acropolis, he commences by saying that "Cecrops was the first to choose it for his residence; he there planted himself with the Egyptian colony which followed him. He gave to the rising town not only his name, but that of *δοτύ*, a word adopted by the Attic Greeks alone, and which seemed to consecrate their relation to Egypt. Cecrops came originally from Sais, the capital of the Delta, and from thence brought with him the worship of

\* It is to be regretted that the usefulness of M. Beulé's plans and drawings should be diminished by one or two omissions. In vol. i. p. 134, a reference is made to plate III. E; but on looking at the plate no such letter is to be found, nor is it set down in the index to the plates. A more serious defect is the want of scales to the plans of the second volume. In addition to an excellent plan of the Acropolis, there are restored plans of the Parthenon and Erechtheum, drawn on very different scales; but these scales are not given, and their absence might, to a superficial observer, occasion many errors.

Neith or Athena." This last statement is repeated at page one hundred and eighty-five, where he is speaking of the account given by Herodotus of the Propylaea, which Amasis had built at that place. "The coincidence," he remarks, "is curious; nor is it less singular that Herodotus admires in the Saitic Propylaea precisely that which Pausanias admired in the Athenian," (that is, the size and beauty of the stone-blocks.) Of the Erechtheum, M. Beulé says that Erechtheus had given his name to it, either because he had raised the first altar or the first temple, or because it had been his residence or his tomb." Again, "Cecrops had been buried in the precinct consecrated to Minerva; his tomb occupied a distinct and considerable space," etc. Cecrops also "had presented the statue of Minerva to the adoration of the Pelasgi-ans, and raised to her a simple altar. Erechtheus had surrounded the statue with a covered building attached to his residence." His assertions throughout the volume of *Studies on the Peloponnesus* are still more remarkable, because they are introduced with no such qualifications, and because he constantly makes them the ground of distinct historical conclusions. We do M. Beulé no injustice in saying that Lycurgus is with him a personage quite as historical as Brasidas. "From Crete," he tells us, "Lycurgus sailed to Asia. He there found the poems of Homer preserved by the descendants of Kreophylus. Struck by the beauties of Epic poetry . . . . he hastened to write down the poem, in order to present it to his countrymen." Amongst the many temples at Sparta, "Lycurgus himself consecrated one to Laughter, as though to declare that his laws did not banish from his city all that could soften and humanize life." In the Isthmian games it was the object of Theseus "to establish a political connection between the Attic Ionians with the Ionians and Æolians of the Peloponnesus." To the Arcadian games on Mount Lyceus he traces the origin of the Roman Lupercalia, and adds, "Livy in fact affirms that this custom had been introduced by Evander;" and when speaking of the fondness of the Arcadians for human sacrifices, he notices that "the Romans, *their descendants*, inherited this ferocity." The Arcadian traditions are, in his judgment, "so singular, and their simplicity gives them, at the same time,

such an air of probability, that one knows not what kind of doubt or criticism to apply to them. As at bottom they possess but little importance, the best way is to believe them blindly." We should be glad to know what sort of belief this is; but assuredly, when used for M. Beulé's purposes, these legendary statements are any thing but unimportant. On the contrary, they do better service than a whole mass of historical authorities which may be arrayed against them. Their uses are indeed multiform; they are sometimes fables, sometimes facts, sometimes the subjects of a little fanciful criticism. The dedication by Telemus of three altars to Hera, as child, wife, and widow, suggests the reflection that in the marriage we may discern an attempt to introduce the Argive divinity into Arcadia, and in the widowhood the ill success of this attempt, (ib. p. 192.)

But, whether regarded as fact or fable, these statements furnish important arguments for his conclusions respecting Spartan and Athenian art. The latter is affiliated on Egypt, mainly on the strength of the Cecropian myth; and the legends of Lycurgus and his legislature are cited to prove that Pericles was mistaken in his view of the character and tendencies of the Spartan constitution. The unfair and illogical nature of the inference, on M. Beulé's own admission, is obvious. The utter worthlessness for historical purposes of the tales of Cecrops, Erechtheus, and other mythical heroes, has been abundantly proved by other writers as well as by Mr. Grote, and seems faintly to suggest itself to M. Beulé. On this question we need not enter, and our reasons for declining to trace Greek art to an Egyptian source have been given in a previous number of this *Review*. But M. Beulé fairly assumes the point at issue, when he concludes, from the occurrence of a single word in Herodotus, that the idea of the Athenian Propylaea was borrowed from those of Amasis, and still more when he comes to discuss Mr. Penrose's masterly treatise on the Principles of Athenian Architecture. The entasis or swell of the Doric column was a fact well known previously; but Mr. Penrose, by the most careful admeasurements, discovered that, in addition to this, every vertical line of the Parthenon converged to a fixed point (necessarily at an immense height) above the building, and not only this, but that

all the horizontal lines, whether above or below the columns, and including the steps of the platform, possess a curvature corresponding to that of the columns. Whether Mr. Penrose was right in the reasons assigned by him for this curvature is a question fairly open to doubt. But M. Beulé arms himself with the Cœcopian legend, and proceeds "to distinguish between the vertical and horizontal curves—the first being of a foreign origin, on a principle common to the ancient temples; the other, the creation of Greek art in the course of its development. The entasis of the columns and the aiming at a pyramidal form are the secret of all deviations from the perpendicular, and it is from Egypt that these traditions arrived with the Doric order, just as Greece received from Asia the elements of the Ionic order and its elegant richness." But the legends of Egyptian influence\* are either false or inadmissible as arguments. No such influence can be proved, while we have a reason which adequately explains any resemblance which may be traced between them. The architecture of Greece and Egypt, as of India and Assyria, sprang from an original type in wood. *A priori*, therefore, we might, in all of them, expect to find sloping walls, and it seems impossible to trace any further connection. M. Beulé himself remarks that, "in approaching towards its perfection, the Doric architecture gradually diminished the entasis of its columns—a proof that, far from having invented it, the age of Pericles reduced it to its happiest measure"—a proof, as it seems to us, still more of a fact which might equally have been looked for, that lapse of time brought about a corresponding departure from the primitive type.

But if the old legends furnish M. Beulé with materials for settling the origin of Athenian architecture, they do far greater service for that of the Peloponnesus and of Laconia in particular. Of old Sparta

no building has come down to us, scarcely indeed the traces of any; and amongst the writers of ancient times she has none to plead on her behalf against the anticipations of Thucydides and the contemptuous comments of Pericles. The former characterizes her structures as generally insignificant; the latter more than insinuates the poverty, if not the vulgarity, of her art. It is true that Sparta might have fought her own battles; and if M. Beulé's suppositions are correct, her silence is still more wonderful. But, in default of all testimony from her own children, there was something inviting in the attempt to prove that poetry, music, architecture, and sculpture were there appreciated and honored—that the people, whose voluntary ignorance even of reading and writing is more than a suspicion, were "given to intellectual pleasures"—and that the much maligned character of her citizens was a compound of all manly and amiable virtues. To this end the legends of Lycurgus are diligently ransacked, and the names of Thaletas, of Alkman, Terpander, and many others, are brought to swell the tale. It is, indeed, true that her poets, her sculptors, and her painters were all, with one or two insignificant exceptions, foreigners, and that at best, she could only admire what she was utterly unable to produce. It is true, as M. Beulé remarks, that the lion has not painted his own portrait; but he has a strong witness on the lion's behalf, the geographer Pausanias. M. Beulé has scrutinized his tedious and wearisome pages with praiseworthy diligence and zeal, and from him he learns that Sparta was singularly rich in the number of her temples and public buildings, that the city was full of grand works of art, and that the general effect was majestic. This is pressing his testimony somewhat too far. Pausanias may be a very good authority for the number of buildings, their position, size, or date, but he is a very bad authority for epithets. His catalogues are faultless, but his criticism is contemptible. Happily he does not often indulge us with any. He has, in the opinion of M. Beulé himself, related nakedly and meagerly all that he saw, and taken down with an indiscriminate credulity the merciless harangues of the ἐγγυηταί, the worthy representatives of guides in all ages. But the man who had no other epithet for the loveliest cre-

\* M. Beulé lays a stress on the name *dōru* as connected with the tale of Egyptian migration. The word, however, is not peculiar to Greek and Egyptian; and it is strange that he should not see how inconclusive it is as a philological argument. We would refer him to some very forcible remarks on the growth of this idea of Egyptian influence in the first volume of Colonel Mure's *Critical History of the Language and Literature of Ancient Greece*. They appear to us to set the question finally at rest.

ations of human genius than that they are "worth looking at," and who seems to have eyes for nothing but number and magnitude, is not one by whose aid we may hope to reconstruct an obliterated city. His description of Athens is valuable, simply because Athens has not thus perished. But if such had been her fate, it is no injustice to say that his description would have conveyed no idea of her magnificence or her beauty. So long as any local evidence remains, his topography is of the utmost service; but at Sparta all evidence is wanting, and M. Beulé can but indulge in suppositions, and frame pictures on the dry catalogues of Pausanias. From these we can assure ourselves of the number of public buildings, their names, and situation; but when M. Beulé says that the tombs of the house of Agis presented an effect full at once of majesty and variety, he says what may be true, but is not warranted by any authority. The whole volume is, indeed, an elaborate piece of constructive reasoning on grounds which are either fallacious or inconclusive. With the exception of a ruined temple at Corinth, and a few fragments in Arcadia, he describes no buildings from his own personal knowledge; and a probable restoration of extinguished splendors by the help of myths and topographies can scarcely arrogate to itself any high amount of credibility.

We have spoken candidly on these points, because we believe that M. Beulé's method is both illogical and unjust, and may be productive of serious mischief. We turn readily to others, in which we gladly acknowledge our obligations for his critical sagacity as well as his laborious researches.

In the popular notion of the Panathenaic procession, along with the train of sacrificial victims, priests, virgins, magistrates, etc., figures a long array of chariots and horsemen winding through the Propylaea and careering round the Parthenon. M. Beulé has ably shown that the approach to the Propylaea, being at an angle of at least twenty degrees, was such as to preclude the ascent, much more the descent, of any vehicles; and, moreover, the main entrance through the Propylaea was so narrow that the slightest accident or deviation from the path must have inflicted irreparable injury on costly works of art which were closely ranged on either side.

Yet more, he remarks that the notion is unsupported by any written authorities, nor is there any sign of a track such as must have been caused by the passage of vehicles. These with the horsemen, he affirms, followed the ship which bore the sacred *peplus*, and which, we are distinctly told, was not carried up the Acropolis. How, again, could it have been possible to convey through the Propylaea the materials (marble blocks, many fifteen feet long) for such buildings as the Erechtheum? M. Beulé's hypothesis is that they were craned up, a quicker and much less costly process; and he holds it superfluous to ask whether the men who raised the architraves and pediments of the Parthenon possessed means, simple enough after all, for lifting the heaviest masses.

With equal ability and, we think, success, he has combated the idea (entertained by Colonel Leake and others, and systematically worked out by M. Bourouf) that the Propylaea were erected for purposes of defense. His arguments clearly prove their inefficiency for this, had they ever been tested; nor is it easy to meet his objection that, if such were their object, their character was singularly inappropriate. Porticos, columns rising in tiers, friezes and pediments exquisitely sculptured, equestrian statues, a temple and a chamber for paintings placed in front of the fortifications, seem strange barriers against a hostile force. The Greeks derided the Persians for going into battle with the flowing robes of women. M. Beulé asks whether it would have been less strange that the Athenians should raise a fortress on the model of a *Pœcile* and a Parthenon.

That a system of decoration by polychrome was adopted in Greek buildings, both externally and internally, is now an unquestioned fact: but the exact character and limits of that system it is much less easy to define. In this, as in many cases, the incredulity with which, not very long since, the idea of such decoration was received, has been followed by a tendency to conclude that no single portion of a Greek temple was left uncolored. M. Beulé considers the evidence at present forthcoming as insufficient to warrant any positive assertions; but there is enough to show that the Greek was entirely free from modern prejudices, whether for or against decoration by color. The mingling of stone or marble, or of marble

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of different colors, the introduction of metallic ornaments on statuary or works in relief, all subserved this purpose, not less than the employment of polychrome; and even without the use of a single pigment, the sculptor was enabled to produce works not less gorgeous than the painter. Formed of materials altogether more facile and malleable, the chryso-elephantine statue gave (what modern sculpture has not so much as aimed at) the living hues of the human form, and the varying tints of embroidered garments. With the most sumptuous of these statues is associated the immortal name of Phidias; but the works themselves have perished. The colossal statue of Athena was plundered of its golden raiment by Lachares, and finally transported by order of Justinian to adorn the Hippodrome of Byzantium, whither that of the Olympian Zeus had been conveyed before. The restoration, therefore, of these statues must depend on the statements of writers like Pausanias, together with any designs on stone or metal which may chance to throw light upon it. M. Beulé's attempt to restore it by confining himself altogether to the description of Pausanias has called forth the vehement animadversion of M. Alphonse de Calonne. At the great Parisian Exposition of 1855 was exhibited a restoration of the Athena of Phidias (on a smaller scale) by M. Simart, who had chiefly followed the Vienna stone, with the name of Aspasia subscribed. This remarkable work was executed at the cost of the Duc de Luynes, whose liberal patronage and exquisite taste suggested this revival of one of the most famous works of antiquity. It now adorns the Chateau de Dampierre, the Duke's residence. In spite, however, of the vast expenditure lavished on this chryso-elephantine statue, the effect it produces is scarcely equal to the idea we conceive of the Athenian Goddess; and a controversy has arisen as to the accuracy of the representation which has been followed. On this point we think that too rigid an adherence to the expressions of Pausanias has led M. Beulé into some mistakes. From those expressions he infers a complete absence of all ornamentation, except on those parts of the statue which were nearest to the spectator, and thus confirms his own theory of the uniform simplicity and extreme severity of the art of Phidias. The contra-

ry ideal furnished by the sculptured stone of Aspasia he rejects on the ground that the lunate sigma, which occurs in the inscription, was not employed in Greece till the second century of the Christian era, and that this work was therefore not produced in the golden age of Greek art. On this point M. Beulé's case seems to us altogether weaker than that of M. de Calonne, who, first asserting that the name may possibly be the forgery of a later age, brings several inscriptions to prove that the lunate sigma occurs as early as a century and a half before the Christian era, and that it was not, as M. Beulé supposes, a Roman introduction. If then this stone represents the Athena of the Parthenon, it must, M. de Calonne forcibly urges, belong to the best epoch of art, because it must have been executed before the statue of Phidias was robbed of its ornaments; and if it be of that epoch, can it possibly represent any other type than that which Phidias evoked, and which was every where regarded as a miracle of beauty? But the ideal set forth in this stone is that of extreme richness over the whole figure; and, after all, the expressions of Pausanias scarcely justify M. Beulé in using them as negative arguments. Pausanias says nothing of the crest of her helmet, of a collar or ear-rings. He denies therefore that they were found on the statue of Phidias. "This system," says M. de Calonne, "will carry us a long way: and by the help of Pausanias we shall soon succeed in robbing the chaste Minerva of her dearest attribute, for Pausanias says nothing of her girdle; let us therefore remove the cincture from the virgin of the Hecatompodon; but M. Beulé does not go quite so far, and in spite of his silence he allows her a girdle." Nor has M. Beulé less exposed his weakness in maintaining that the Medusa of the shield was represented as a monster only in the decay of art, while that of Phidias was "une admirable jeune fille, avec ses yeux mourants, ses lèvres immobiles, sa chevelure, dont les boucles voltigent librement et rayonnent autour de sa tête, comme la chevelure d'Apollon." If this be so, Attic art in the days of Pericles grievously violated all the traditions of earlier ages. The glaring eyes of a maiden, lovely even in death, can never be the sight which could appall the warrior amid the din of battle, or freeze a living man into stone. The γοργώ βλοστ-

ρῶπος δεινὸν δερκομένη of the Iliad, the snake-haired beldames of *Aeschylus*, *ἀς θνητὸς οὐδὲν εἰσιδὼν ἔξει πνοάς*, no more resembled the Medusa of M. Beulé than Athena is identical with Aphrodité. But on the main point, the extreme beauty, namely, of this form of art, and the many advantages of working with these materials, M. Beulé and his opponent are in agreement. The whole subject may well suggest the possibility that our theories of sculpture may yet require very grave modifications.

Many points of deep interest still remain; but our limits preclude us from bestowing upon them even a passing notice. We would gladly have followed M. Beulé in his researches into the earlier fortifications of the Acropolis, and the various changes which the ascent of the Propylaea has undergone — through the several temples of the Wingless Victory, of Artemis Brauronia, of Athena Ergané, and Athena Polias — through the Pinacotheca and the Erechtheum. We could have wished to devote more space to the Parthenon itself, on the question of its internal arrangement, its furniture, and its roofing, and to do some justice to the great critical skill with which M. Beulé has analyzed its sculptures, for the purpose of determining what portion of the work each sculptor contributed.

We linger round the glorious works of the Athenian Acropolis, and the illustrious names which are associated with them. Of most of them our knowledge is scanty indeed. Mnesicles, Ictinus, Callicrates, and Alcamedes are but a few with whom time has dealt more gently than with others once not less illustrious; yet even these are to us but little more than a name. Phidias alone stands forth, solitary alike in his greatness and his misfortunes; and in his history, so glorious in its course, so disastrous in its close, we see the full working of that mysterious spell which lured the countrymen of Pericles to reject and dishonor the most eminent of their race in philosophy and art as in civil government. The workman was gone; but his work remained to win for Athens an undisputed supremacy. The choice of the Sage Goddess was fully justified: the statesman and the sculptor had both made her city a pride and a wonder for all ages. They left to their children a glorious heritage; but a scanty surface on a craggy rock, scarcely more than nine hundred feet in length or four hundred in breadth, sufficed to contain it. On what other spot of equal size has so much of faultless beauty and grace and majesty been ever brought together?

**PROPOSED SCIENTIFIC BALLOON VOYAGE.**—On the 18th a balloon ascent was to have been made under the immediate direction of the members of the Royal Astronomical Society, from Wolverhampton. Mr. Green, the celebrated aeronaut, had nearly inflated his balloon when the silk suddenly burst, and the project was for a time defeated. Lord Wrottesley, the President of the Royal Society, and a party of savans and friends were present, and it is understood that the experiments to be made included amongst other things the ascertaining the density of the atmosphere at certain altitudes. The voyage has been postponed *sine die*.

A most valuable discovery of diamonds has lately been made at the foot of the Oural mountains. One consigned to Mr. R——, of Bateaston, as a specimen, fetched £60,000. There is every reason to believe that a mine of inexhaustible wealth has been discovered.

**THE SOURCE OF THE NILE.**—The friends of Messrs Frith and Wenham, who went out in the Pera steamer, with their small screw steamer on the upper deck, will be pleased to hear that these enterprising gentlemen safely launched their little craft, the Wasp, in Alexandria harbor, and departed for the river Nile, on their perilous expedition to endeavor to discover its source, on the 22d of June. They bear with them the best wishes of all who know them, and of the scientific world generally, that they may be able to solve the mighty problem, and return in safety to receive the congratulations of their countrymen on the success of their mission.

ACCORDING to a report made to the Minister of Public Instruction, there are now in Turkey 10,897 schools for Mussulmans, which are frequented by 230,545 boys and 121,259 girls, and superintended by 11,226 teachers. There are also 2249 schools for Christians, receiving 105,361 boys and 7806 girls with 2259 teachers.

From the London Review.

## HISTORY AND TIMES OF M. GUIZOT.

Too many autobiographies of eminent Frenchmen, that have appeared within the last quarter of a century, are characterized by a gross and repulsive egotism. At once sentimental and heartless, the heroes of these stories are self-adoring to a degree that is quite astounding, full of bitterness and insult towards their rivals, and breathing but mere disdain towards the few they called their friends. The Memoirs of Chateaubriand and of Lamartine are the most illustrious and most offensive examples of this class. After such works, it is a relief to meet with a man, great both by his public career and his literary labors, who tells us his remembrances in a style of frank simplicity, without overrating his own importance, and without, on the other hand, falling into those affected suggestive reticences which betray the more refined type of self-complacency. He is really the writer he proposed to be at the outset—faithful to his friends, just to his adversaries, and not over-lenient towards himself.

The Memoirs carry us back no farther than 1807, when M. Guizot, as well as we can calculate approximately, was a young man of nineteen; a preceptor, we believe, in the family of the Due de Broglie. He enjoyed the privilege of admission to the few remaining drawing-rooms at Paris which retained the traditions of a time that had passed away forever; its taste for intellectual pleasures, for social sympathy, and for conversation, without any other object than the pleasures of exchanging thought, together with its liberal toleration of diversities of origin, rank, and ideas; those characteristics, in short, which had made Paris the intellectual center of Europe, to such an extent, that, for the half-century preceding the Revolution, not only princes, but private per-

sons of wealth and refinement, in England Germany, and Italy, used to have their stated and paid correspondents to enable them to keep up with the higher gossip of its drawing-rooms, in politics, in science, and in speculative philanthropy.

The few remaining survivors of the liberal and philosophical aristocracy of the eighteenth century, who used to meet each other at Madame d'Houdetot's, Monsieur Suard's, and the Abbé Morellet's, had not abjured the principles and the aspirations of the generation which had brought about the Revolution, and along with it such great disasters and such cruel disappointment. They remained sincerely liberal, says M. Guizot; but with the reserve of men who had succeeded little and suffered much in their projects of reform. "They prized the freedom of thought and speech, but did not aspire to power. They detested despotism, and were ever blaming its acts; but without doing any thing to restrain or to overthrow it. It was an opposition of enlightened and independent spectators, who had no chance and no wish to become actors."

It required a kind of courage under the Empire to assume even this harmless attitude of independence. None but those who personally witnessed those evil days can conceive the degree of timidity and restraint that was almost universal; and how, at the least glimpse of a trespass upon the forbidden ground of politics, men's features became cold, and their words official. "They only who have once lived under the air-pump, know what a charm there is in liberty to breathe." When France did obtain liberty to breathe, the disinterested talkers of these privileged drawing-rooms were succeeded by more practical men, who went to the opposite extreme of party spirit and party animosity—that terrible disease of free countries which narrows the horizon of the wisest, makes them see every thing in a false light, and is fatal at once to large views and generous feelings.

\* *Memoirs: a Contribution to the History of my own Times.* (*Mémoirs pour servir à l'Histoire de mon Temps.*) By M. GUIZOT. Vols. I. and II. Leipzig, Paris, Geneva. 1858 and 1859.

M. Guizot himself hated the rule of Napoleon with all the energy of a first passion. He felt that the nation was degraded and demoralized, and the very development of its faculties arrested under the despot's sway. It is evident that the system of Napoleon III. must recall to the mind of the veteran liberal that under which he chafed in his youth. But no parallel is drawn intentionally. There are no allusions slightly veiled; no words of double application intended to afford the writer or the reader the feminine pleasure of wounding the nephew through the uncle's doublet. The strongest anti-imperialist passages in the book are to be found in the Appendix, in speeches pronounced, or documents composed, when Louis Napoleon was in obscurity. M. Guizot is a foe who will only strike in earnest, and in front; and it is easy to surmise that he possesses the haughty consciousness that the antagonism of his principles to all forms of despotism is so self-evident as to make any particular application of them superfluous.

The future minister and parliamentary orator became known, as a writer, by his critical notes on Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, and by his contribution to the *Annals of Education*. M. Fontanes, then Master of the University, was so favorably impressed by his talents and character, that he founded, expressly for him, the Professorship of Modern History. It was in December, 1812, that M. Guizot first appeared in the character of lecturer, before an audience more select than numerous.

While Napoleon was wearing out the remnant of his good fortune and his power in the desperate struggle of the spring of 1814, M. Guizot had occasion to travel in the center and south of France. He was painfully affected by the lassitude of the popular mind, its morally helpless and prostrate state. The nation had become so unused to decide upon its own interests, and work out its own destiny, that it was wholly devoid of political wisdom and settled purpose. It was a people of perplexed spectators, who hardly knew what issue they ought to hope or fear from the terrible game of which they were the stake, now execrating Napoleon as the author of so much suffering, and anon celebrating him as the defender and avenger of their country. As the Emperor himself expressed it, after the

flight of Louis XVIII., and his own return from Elba: "They have *allowed* me to come, just as they allowed him to go away."

The Restoration saw Guizot, for the first time, a man in office—the comparatively humble one of Secretary to the Minister of the Interior. The return of Napoleon, of course, sent him back to his lectures in the University. Towards the close of the Hundred Days, the young ex-secretary was dispatched to the emigrant court by a committee of constitutional royalists at Paris, to plead with Louis XVIII. personally, in their name, against the reactionary influences by which he was letting himself be surrounded. The summary of the impression made upon him by the monarch is not very complimentary: "A mind with a fair measure of common-sense and independence, superficial with dignity, politic in conversation, and careful of appearances, thinking and understanding little about the real substance of things, and almost equally incapable of the faults which ruin and the successes which secure the future of royal races."

Returning to Paris with the court after the battle of Waterloo, Guizot was restored to his post, and was soon afterwards advanced to that of Master of Requests in the Council of State—a body which may be explained to English readers as a sort of Privy Council, with positive and not merely nominal functions. In June, 1820, MM. Royer Collard, Guizot, and others of their friends, were struck off the list of the Council of State, for having given all the opposition in their power to a new electoral law, intended to make the representative system of France even less popular than it had been. This liberal section of the royalist party, who contended for liberty without revolution and order without despotism, were nicknamed the *Doctrinaires*. The measure which first threw them into formal opposition to the government had been suggested by the panic consequent on various revolutionary plots, and, above all, upon the assassination of the Duc de Berri.

It can be gathered, from various indications, that the loss of his place was a serious matter to M. Guizot, in a pecuniary point of view. He betook himself, for the third time, to his historical pursuits; but the Abbé Frayssinous, now Master of the University, thought that his lectures had a dangerous tendency, and suppressed

them in October, 1822. The Martignac ministry allowed him to begin them again after an interval of five years. The lectures of the winters of 1828-9, and 1829-30, afterwards given to the world, became the celebrated works on *The History of Civilization in Europe*, and *The History of Civilization in France*. M. Cousin was, at the same time, Professor of Philosophy, and M. Villemain of Literature: a brilliant trio, of whom France, and the liberal party especially, was justly proud.

While in favor with the early governments of the Restoration, M. Guizot had been sometimes selected as royal commissioner, to plead at the bar of the Chamber of Deputies in favor of measures proposed by government—a curious and somewhat superfluous office in the organism of the French legislature. He had since published several works on political subjects; and contributed to *The Globe*, and other journals of his party. But he did not become a member of the Chamber until his election for Lisieux in January, 1830. Thus the first session in which he bore a part was the momentous one which issued in irremediable conflict between Charles X. and his people, the violation of the constitution by the monarch, and the Revolution of July.

However little he may be believed, the experienced observer of characters with whose remembrances we have to do, does not hesitate to affirm that Louis Philippe was not an ambitious man. Moderate and prudent, notwithstanding his active mind and lively impressions, that Prince had long foreseen the chance that might raise him to the throne; but it was with more anxiety than satisfaction. The feeling predominant in his mind was the determination not to be involved in the consequences which might follow the faults of the elder branch of his house. He wished to be neither conspirator nor victim; and, as he said himself three months before the Revolution: "Come what will, I will not separate my lot, and that of my children, from the fate of my country."

Moreover, as King, Louis Philippe was not, according to M. Guizot, the exaggeratedly wary and plotting character, which he has been considered by many. "In his oral or written demonstrations, he gave, perhaps, a little more room than was necessary to that *acting*, of which

there is always more or less between political personages." (!) He was over-impassioned. His first impulses frequently carried him too far; and one of his greatest faults was the fidgety nature which made it impossible for him to conceal a very natural and commendable uneasiness about the future prospects of his children.

M. Guizot became Minister of the Interior in the first Cabinet of Louis Philippe; a most laborious office, partly because he was the principal spokesman of the ministry in the Chamber; but chiefly because he had to make the most extensive changes among the vast numbers employed in every department of public service. "I had to bear the pressure of all the pretensions, hopes, enmities, offers, complaints, and dreams, that drew to my office, by thousands, from all corners of France, solicitors and denouncers, the projectors and the inquisitive, busy-bodies and idlers." The over-tasked Minister soon perceived the evils of the French centralization, and the folly of the French tendency to look to the government for every thing. Those countless details which in England, America, and even in Holland, are settled by local authorities, are all referred to a central authority under the administrative system established by Louis XIV. and Napoleon. At this moment a bridge can not be mended, nor a religious meeting opened, in any corner of France, without permission from a minister in Paris, founded on a formal report, and a pompous list of considerations! It was the misfortune of the eighteen years' experiment of constitutional monarchy in France, that it found no habits of local self-government among the people; so that it was obliged to work upon discordant principles—liberty and the representative system on the one hand, centralization on the other; a state of things in which, as M. Guizot says judiciously, the government will either neglect local affairs, or else make them subservient to its own interests; "and the whole administration, from the hamlet to the palace, become a mean of government in the hands of the political parties that contend for supremacy." To put the matter in more homely phraseology, the bureaucracy is the saddle on the nation's back; and whoever is skillful enough to leap into the saddle, has the nation at his mercy.

It is no wonder that the Minister of the

Interior soon became unpopular. He became noted for his uncompromising resistance to all revolutionary tendencies; and he had incurred the hostility of all those whose pretensions, or vanity, or local animosity, or blind impatience, he had been unable to satisfy. After holding office only about three months, he withdrew from the Cabinet, along with his friends, M. Casimir Perier and the Duc de Broglie. These statesmen had not much confidence in their more radical associates, M. Lafitte, etc. They were aware, too, that it would be easier for the more popular ministers to resist the reigning outcry for the blood of the ministers of Charles X.

From this time forward until 1848, M. Guizot may be considered as the most eminent working statesman of his country. He was oftener in than out of office, sometimes head of the Cabinet, and occupied the post of ambassador to this country at a most important juncture. His policy was distinguished by two leading features—the determination to maintain the peace of Europe, and the most persevering and vigilant hostility to what he believed to be the anarchical principles of the republican party. As regards the former, the sort of passion for peace which prevailed in Europe for those eighteen years was, as he says, a rare and a grand spectacle. Never did so many events, which might lead to war, occur within so short a time—the revolution in France itself, and the prolonged agitation that followed it; revolutions on all its frontiers, in Belgium, Switzerland, and Spain; revolutions attempted in Germany, Poland, and Italy, with all the international questions and complications that naturally arose from them; the Ottoman Empire more and more tottering; Asia more and more disputed between Russia and England; France making conquests in Africa; France, England, and the United States in conflict from various causes in the New World: and yet no war grew out of these circumstances which seemed to make it inevitable. The increasing empire of moral ideas went for something in this result; the resolution with which Louis Philippe embraced the policy of peace, was also a great point gained; but M. Guizot evidently considers the self-denial and pacific spirit of the English people to have been the most effectual influence for good.

"In England," he says, "it was the nation itself that, from 1830 to 1853, insisted energetically upon peace. It was moved to do so by good sense, and by the understanding of its true interests, by its taste for the productive activity of peaceful life, and by its Christian spirit. Among this people Christian beliefs are not simple rules for private life, nor mere satisfactions given to the heart and intellect; they enter into political life, and bear upon the conduct of public men. It is generally the dissenting communities first of all that rouse themselves to the pursuit of some practical object recommended in their eyes by religious reasons. The movement soon communicates itself to the whole Christian Church of the country, then to civil society, and the government in its turn is obliged to follow."

Under the influence of this spirit, England bore with the revolution of July and all its consequences, the fall of the kingdom of the Netherlands, the independence of Belgium, the dislocation of the old European coalition against France: we may add, it bore too with aggravated provocation from the United States. M. Guizot confesses his own countrymen did not imitate this pacific spirit. They remained restive and pugnacious under the policy of Louis Philippe and his ministers, sighed for war, and patronized revolution. "France, though she can not suffer revolutions at home, even when she has allowed them to be made, is still fond of revolutions abroad. The movement caused by her example gives her pleasure, and she fondly thinks that in all her imitators she will find friends."

As has been already intimated, resistance to the revolutionary spirit in all its forms was the struggle of M. Guizot's public life. It is true, as he says, that he alternately defended liberty against absolute powers, and order against revolution; but circumstances rendered his agency in the latter respect by far the more prominent and persevering. He believes monarchy to be the form of government natural to France, the most favorable at once to liberty and to public quiet. The republican *régime*, on the other hand, being inconsistent with the habits and wishes of the classes who are the natural friends of order, is necessarily given over to the dominion of bad passions, and can only find a momentary strength in violence and anarchy. It puts forth at the outset the noblest motives, but it is only in order to cover the march and prepare

the triumph of the vilest. We subjoin a few characteristic passages.

"The peculiar taste of the revolutionary spirit, and its capital sin, is a criminal taste for destruction, in order to give itself the proud pleasure of creation. In times possessed by this disease, man considers all that exists under his eyes, persons and things, facts and rights, past and present, as so much inert matter of which he may freely dispose, handling and fashioning it at his will. He imagines that he possesses within him certain perfect ideas, which confer upon him an absolute power over all things, and in the name of which he may, at any price, and at all risks, break up that which exists and remodel it after their image."

"Formerly, political bodies, or the nation itself, often resisted the encroachments of the monarch, even by arms, without thinking of changing the dynasty or the form of government: insurrection had its limits. But nowadays, and especially with us, the fate of society at large is at stake at every crisis; all great political struggles become questions of life and death; peoples and parties, in their blind participation, betake them at once to the last extremities; resistance is hurriedly transformed into insurrection, and insurrection into revolution. Every thunder-storm becomes a deluge."

"The revolutionary spirit of our days admits of no regular and stable system of society or government; it is nothing but universal destruction and continuous anarchy; it is able to excite conspiracies and insurrections; it is able, when it triumphs for a moment, to make conquests which are also but for a moment; it has every where, among various populations, adepts, accomplices, and dupes; but it can not have governments for its allies, since it is itself an impossible ally for any government."

"The French revolutionists promised that there should be no more wars or conquests, and really meant to be sincere; yet it was their destiny to make the noblest ambition and the worst passions of mankind to break forth at the same time, and they tried to expiate their pride in disappointment and confusion. The Revolution stirred up the most violent and iniquitous external policy that the world had ever known, that of armed propagandism and indefinite conquest, the forcible overthrow of all European societies, to bring out of them republics one day, and a universal monarchy the next. From 1792 to 1814, the essential character of the relations of France with Europe was war, a war of revolution and conquest, incessant attempts upon the existence of governments and the independence of nations."

From what precedes it will be seen, that the Empire, in M. Guizot's eyes, is but another form of the Revolution, the same old enemy disciplined, but not re-

formed. He prophesies that, so long as liberty shall not have completely broken with the revolutionary spirit, and order with absolute power, unhappy France will pass from illusion to illusion, and be tossed about from one crisis to another. Absolute power can for the future be wielded in France by the children of the revolution only, because they alone can for a certain lapse of time reassure the masses about their interests, while refusing them liberty. It was this that made the restoration of the house of Bourbon in 1814 so necessary for the country. Its sway is anti-revolutionary by nature, and liberal by necessity; for there is nothing in the origin or in the name sufficiently revolutionary to enable it to dispense with being liberal. Its sway was a guarantee of peace to Europe, as well as of liberty to France, since war was not for the Bourbons either a necessity or a passion; they could reign without having recourse every day to some new exhibition of power, or exciting in some new way the popular imagination.

It is evident M. Guizot means the reader to understand that he does not believe in the stability of the Empire. "Neither terror nor despotism are durable," said he, forty years ago; but he has a purpose in repeating the saying now, and his remembrance of such aphorisms has been sharpened by circumstances. If, as we have already said, he avoids mere innuendoes destined only to wound, and all such undignified warfare, he freely makes use of his past utterances, or reflects upon his past career, in such a way as to make his present sentiments very intelligible; as when he says of his forced silence in 1822: "It is a very difficult, but very necessary, attainment in public life, to know how to resign one's self at certain moments to immobility without giving up success, and to wait without despairing, although without acting."

Upon the occasion of one of the rare glimpses which we are allowed of scenes of domestic happiness in M. Guizot's family, he says he is not of Danto's opinion, that the remembrance of former happiness embitters present sorrow; on the contrary, heart-felt happiness is a light of which the reflection is prolonged over the space which it has ceased to illumine. We think that the bard and the statesman, though contradicting each other, are both right within the limits of their own

experience. The various aspects in which bygone bliss may appear to us, and act upon our present feelings, depend partly upon its nature, and in a great measure too upon the way in which we were deprived of it; the ties, for instance, which have been gently severed by the more immediate hand of God, do not bleed like those that man has ruthlessly or violently rent asunder. M. Guizot's observation, though only partially true, reveals a mind capable of the deepest feeling, as persons of cold exterior often are; but his generally unexpansive character makes him one to be admired and respected, rather than one likely to attract warm sympathy out of the circle of his own family and most intimate friends. He speaks somewhere of Louis Philippe's having been much less familiar and caressing with him than with other ministers, who did not more really enjoy his confidence; and we can quite understand it.

M. Guizot seems to consider himself of a temperament naturally hopeful: we can not help thinking he is mistaken; he is rather himself what he asserted of M. Casimir Perier, "bold, with doubts of success, and almost with sadness." His whole genius is retrospective rather than prospective, fitted to philosophize upon the past much more than to dwell upon pleasing visions of the future. His very features, and, above all, those thin compressed lips, bespeak him a man whose strength lies in firm and tenacious resistance; and his whole career has been of a kind to confirm the tendency. A Protestant, educated at Geneva, called to pass his life in a Roman Catholic country, and to identify himself with its fortunes; an English character, strayed into France, and chosen to govern unwilling Frenchmen; in youth, an ardent aspirant after freedom under an illimitated and jealous despotism; in riper years, a conservative statesman, struggling against prevalent radical tendencies, much maligned, moreover, and misunderstood; in old age, a witness of his country's abasement under the despotism which had been thrown off forty years before, despoiled as it is of its free institutions, and condemned to silence after those years of brilliant discussion, in which he had himself borne so distinguished a part; these are not circumstances to make a man sanguine. To us he seems like a granite boulder, not to be shaken but by an earthquake; a man rigid, un-

yielding, austere; accustomed to disappointment, apt to reckon little upon the virtues of others or upon favorable chances, and looking upon the spectacle of human follies, illusions, and arrogance, with a mixture of melancholy and disdain. He is in short the opposite extreme of the character which he has sketched in these words:

"M. Odilon Barrot belongs to the school of confiding politicians, who, for the accomplishing of the good they desire, reckon upon the spontaneous and enlightened concurrence of the people. A generous school, which has often done good service to mankind by entertaining on its behalf the loftiest hopes; yet at the same time an improvident and a dangerous school, which forgets within what limits and by what restraints mankind must be curbed, in order that its good instincts may get the better of its evil tendencies. Politicians of this school possess neither the mistrustful prudence that is taught by long experience of public life, nor that at once severe and tender intelligence of human nature which Christian convictions bestow; they are neither tried practitioners, nor profound moralists; they are liable to break the social machine for want of understanding its springs; and they know man so little as to be unable to love him without flattering his vanity."

The perusal of these volumes has made us understand that the republican party in France remained much more powerful from the times of the first Revolution onwards than we had ever apprehended, so that the catastrophe of 1848 becomes more intelligible than it seemed before. Those veteran revolutionists who under the first Empire had been the instruments of absolute power without scruple, took up once more their old ideas and passions, when from 1815 to 1848 they found themselves under a *régime* of liberty: the people remained like the ocean, immovable at bottom, whatever the winds that ruffled its surface. The Republic was avoided very narrowly in 1830. It would certainly have been proclaimed had La Fayette been either an earnest or an ambitious man; but he contented himself with popularity, and with the general recognition that the monarchy of Louis Philippe was established with his consent and under his patronage. The perpetual conspiracies, and the ever-recurring riots on the most frivolous occasions, which continued throughout the whole period of the representative monarchy, showed that the existing order of things rested upon a

volcano. The strength of republicanism in our day is, that it promises every thing that peoples wish for ; its weakness is, that it can not keep its word. It is the government of great hopes, and equal disappointments. "France would be blind indeed if she allowed the republican party again to dispose of her destiny ; but equally blind would be that government which should not understand the importance of this party, and reckon with it seriously, whether to resist or to enlighten it."

It was at once his excessive conservatism, and his slowness to hope in changes for the better, that led M. Guizot, although a decided Protestant, to assume unhesitatingly not only that France is irrevocably Roman Catholic, but even that her actual policy and *prestige* are associated with the fortunes of Catholicism ! All political leaders learn to bear with more or less satisfactory compromises, to content themselves with what they suppose to be the lesser good, or to endure the lesser evil ; but it was a deplorable mistake for such a man to resign himself to the permanence of a counterfeit Christianity. One of its results was that great blot upon his government—the confirmation of the usurpation imposed on Tahiti by Admiral Dupetit-Thouars. The same weakness, not to call it by a worse name, led him to disown the advocate of the claims of the French Protestants, Count Agénor de Gasparin, and even to make that generous young nobleman lose his seat for the tenth arrondissement of Paris, by the withdrawal of government support. We fear that experience has not corrected M. Guizot's error in this respect ; he is not one who allows himself to be much taught by experience in any matter in which it contradicts his deliberate judgment. The first volume of the *Memoirs* contains a lecture addressed to the ultramontane party on their want of wisdom in declaring war against the principles and institutions which are at the very foundation of modern society ; liberty of conscience, publicity, the legal separation of civil and religious life, the lay character of the state, etc. We must say, M. Veuillot and the editors of the *Univers* seem to us to understand much better the real interests of Catholicism ; they, at least, have consistency and moral courage enough to recognize the fact, that either Roman Catholicism or modern society must perish.

Taking M. Guizot all in all, his is a rare case of the union in one person of the thinker, the statesman, the orator, the historian, the moralist, and the man of refined literary taste. We know not where to look for his equal among our own literary statesmen. It certainly was not the first Lord Clarendon. Lord Macaulay is superior to M. Guizot in brilliancy, dramatic power, and picturesque description, and he, too, has excelled in various kinds of literature ; but his is a less philosophic mind ; and the time he devoted to the political affairs of his country, or the influence he exerted, can not be mentioned in the same breath with the labors of his great contemporary. Nearly the same remarks may be made of Mr. Gladstone. The part borne by Lord John Russell in the councils of his country has been worthy of the traditions of his house and his own great abilities ; but, as a writer, his lordship is a mere amateur, compared to one whose works amount to some thirty volumes, evidencing, all of them, a degree of literary skill, patient research, and comprehensive thought, that would have made him one of the first men of his age, had he done nothing else to merit such a rank.

As a historian, M. Guizot's secret is his power of tracing the great current of ideas in any given period, and seizing the general bearing of those countless details which illustrate the providential education of the human race. When he has to speak of individuals, he dwells upon the moral features rather than the external and superficial originality of the man. He is not of the pictorial school ; his style is sculptural, condensing and resuming, rather than painting. He is not generally in the habit of characterizing historical personages formally and at length, when they are introduced into his horizon. His opinion of them must be gathered little by little ; and several passages have to be collated in order to possess it completely. Here are thoughts upon the character of Napoleon :

"Incomparably active and mighty genius, admirable by his horror of disorder, by his profound instinct of government, and by his energetic and efficacious rapidity in the reconstruction of the social frame-work. At the same time, genius without measure and without restraint, who would not accept from God or from men any limit to his desires and will, and thereby remained a revolutionist even while

combating the revolution: superior in the discernment of the general conditions of society, but understanding only imperfectly — shall I say coarsely? — the moral wants of human nature; and now giving them satisfaction with sublime good sense, now ignoring and offending them with impious pride."

"By his greater instincts Napoleon was a spiritualist: men of his order have flashing lights and soaring thoughts that bring them within view of the region of higher truths. The spiritualism that began to recover new life in his reign, and to sap the materialism of the last century, attracted his sympathy, and gave him pleasure, in his good moments. But then a sudden change would come over the spirit of the despot, as he bethought him that the independence of the soul is in proportion to its elevation."

"No promises, no treaties, no difficulties, no reverses, could give the allies confidence in his future moderation; his character and his history made it impossible to give credit to his professions."

The reader may be interested in the following analysis of the character and talents of a person very unlike Napoleon:

"I say nothing that I do not think, but I am not obliged to say all that I think about the men I meet upon my way. I owe nothing to M. de Talleyrand; but when one has seen much of a man of high standing, and been upon friendly terms with him, one owes to one's self the maintenance of a certain reserve in speaking of him. M. de Talleyrand had just displayed in the crisis of the Restoration a hardy and cool sagacity, a great act of preponderance, and he was soon to display at Vienna, in the service of France and the house of Bourbon, the same qualities, with others as rare and as useful. But he was not equally fitted for other scenes. A courtier and a diplomatist, he was no statesman, and was most of all out of his element in a free government: he excelled in treating with isolated individuals, by conversation, and by the skillful use of social relations; but he was wholly wanting in the authority of character, the fertility of mind, the promptitude of resolution, the oratorical power, the sympathetic intelligence of general ideas and public passions, which are the great means of action upon collective bodies of men. Neither had he any taste for the hard and unremitting toil which is another condition of good government. Ambitious and indolent, given to flattery, and yet disdainful, he was consummate in the art of pleasing and serving without servility, ready to lend himself to any thing that would further his fortune, while retaining all the airs ready to resume, when necessary, the reality of independence; unscrupulous in his policy, indifferent as to means, and almost as to ends, provided his personal success were secured; more hardy than profound in his views, cool and self-collected in peril; suited to carry on the negotia-

tions of an absolute government, but unable to bear the open air and broad daylight of liberty."

Really, if this be *reserve*, the author's outspoken opinion of M. de Talleyrand would be any thing but complimentary; we may suppose it would be something like what is said of the diplomatist's diminutive and ugly likeness, Fouché:

"I only saw the Duke of Otranto twice, and for short conversations: no man ever gave me more completely the idea of hardy, ironical, cynical indifference, of a coolness remaining imperturbable throughout an immoderate desire of movement and importance, of a fixed determination to do every thing for success, not in any given design, but in the design, and according to the chance, of the moment."

M. de Chateaubriand is sketched with the hand of a master, and not at all too severely. It was his weakness to be thought a great politician, as well as a great writer; he wanted to rival Milton and Napoleon at the same time. The English fashionable world did not admire him enough, nor long enough, nor for the reasons that he would have chosen; and so he indignantly declared that he would rather be a galley-slave than live in London.

"M. de Chateaubriand passed through the most varied phases of opinion, made trial of every sort of career, aspired to every sort of glory, drank deeply of some, tasted of others; nothing satisfied him. 'My capital force,' said he himself, 'is *ennui*, distaste for every thing, perpetual doubt.' Strange disposition for a man devoted to the restoration of religion and of the monarchy! Thus M. de Chateaubriand's life was a contrast and a perpetual combat between his enterprises and his tendencies, his position and his nature. Ambitious, as became the head of a party, and independent as the most unfettered and irresponsible; yearning after all great things, and susceptible, even to suffering, about the smallest; immeasurably careless about the common interests of life, but passionately anxious about the place given to his person and his glory on the stage of the world; and more hurt by the slightest check, than satisfied by the most splendid triumphs. In public life more jealous of success than of power; capable of conceiving, and even of executing, great designs, but incapable of following out with energy and patience a line of firm and self-consistent policy. He had a sympathetic intelligence of the moral impressions of his country and his time, with more ability to meet them and win their favor, than to direct them towards solid and durable satisfactions. A great and noble spirit, who, both in letters and in politics, knew how to touch the highest

chords of the human soul, but more suited to strike and charm the imagination than to govern men ; ever thirsting for noise and praise to satisfy his pride, for emotion and novelty to escape his *ennui*."

Alas ! M. de Chateaubriand, both in his powers and in his feelings, was the personification of his countrymen. We can not repeat the above life-like description without sighing over that great and generous nation, that remains vain, frivolous, and unhappy, because it does not know the truth that gives peace, and freedom, and a purpose to life.

We might quote from this book many a pithy saying, exhibiting that sagacity and knowledge of human nature which French moralists know so well how to dress in appropriate, pointed, and anti-thetic phrase. Such are—the observation that malevolent people mistake their spirit of suspicion for sagacity ; the axiom that men belong to their real convictions more than is commonly thought, and more than the actors themselves think ; the assertion that great men possess the privilege, too often corrupting and fatal, of inspiring an affection and a devotedness which they do not themselves feel. But our limits compel us to confine ourselves to sundry maxims and lessons of political wisdom ; which we take leave to string together, like so many extracts from a common-place book, without attempting to establish any connection between them.

"Of all the kinds of wisdom necessary to a free people, the hardest is the being able to bear what displeases them, in order to preserve the goods they possess, or to acquire what they desire."

"When emulation between parties is exchanged for hostility between classes, it is no longer the movement of health, but a principle of dissolution and destruction."

"Nations which aspire after freedom run a great danger,—that of making mistakes in matter of tyranny. They give this name too readily to every system that displeases or troubles them, or does not grant them all that they desire."

"It is not given to human wisdom to save a people that does not itself contribute to the work."

"One can not build a house with engines of war ; one can not found a *régime* of liberty with ignorant prejudices and bitter hate."

"Forgetfulness and disdain of its past history is a serious disorder and a great cause of weakness to any nation ; . . . and a people that falls into this gross error, falls also into depression and anarchy ; for God does not allow the nature

of the laws of his works to be thus ignored and outraged with impunity."

"There are in this world but two great moral powers, faith and good sense. Woe be to the times in which they are kept asunder ! They are the times in which revolutions come to nothing, and in which governments fall."

"The fatuity of makers of conspiracies is immense ; and when the event has answered to their desires, they attribute to themselves what has been the result of causes much more vast and complicated than their machinations."

"The jealous passion for independence and for national glory doubles the strength of nations in the day of prosperity, and saves their dignity in that of adversity."

"Diplomacy abounds in proceedings and conversations, without any positive value : they are neither to be left unnoticed, nor to be believed ; but the real thought and purpose of the different governments persists beneath them."

"When honest men do not know how to understand and to accomplish the designs of Providence, rogues take it upon themselves to do so : under the spur of general necessity, and in the midst of general helplessness, there never are wanting minds corrupt, sagacious, and bold, who make out what is to happen, what may be tried, and make themselves the instruments of a triumph which does not belong to them, but of which they succeed in giving themselves the air and appropriating the fruits."

"Men are so constituted that chimerical dangers appear to them the worst of all : one can fight flesh and blood, but in presence of phantoms one gets out of one's wits, whether it be with fear or with anger."

"In our modern societies, wherever there is full play allowed to our liberty, the struggle between the government and the opposition is too unequal : on the one devolves the whole burthen, and an unlimited responsibility ; nothing is let go with them : the others enjoy complete liberty, without responsibility ; every thing that comes from them is borne with. At least the French public is so disposed, when it is free."

"One hears much of the power of material interests ; and many people think they show sagacity and good sense, when they say that interest alone makes men act. They are vulgar and superficial observers. History shows how much oppression, iniquity, suffering, misfortune, men can bear without having recourse to conspiracies and insurrections, so long as personal interests only are involved. But if, on the contrary, they believe, or if only certain groups among them are persuaded, that the power that governs them has no right to do so, you may be sure that conspiracies and insurrections will start up, and be renewed with obstinacy. Such empire does the idea of right exert over men."

"There is a degree of bad government which the nations, be they great or small, enlightened or ignorant, will no longer bear with nowadays : in the midst of the immoderate and indistinct ambitions which ferment among them, it is to

their honor, and it is the surest progress of modern civilization, that they require, at the hands of those who govern them an amount of justice, of good sense, of enlightenment and care for the common weal, far superior to what was once sufficient for the maintenance of human societies."

"Duty and devotedness towards one's country have now assumed, in most minds, an empire greater than the ancient one of duty and devotedness towards the royal person."

"A constitutional throne is not a mere empty arm-chair, which has been fitted with a lock and key, in order that no one may be tempted to sit down in it. It is occupied by a person, intelligent and free, having his own ideas, feelings, and will."

"It is not the hazard of events, nor the ambition of men, but instinct and public interest, that have called into being, in free countries, great political parties, avowedly and permanently such."

"The center, or floating and impartial part of the Chamber, is the habitual moderator between parties; . . . but it is harder for it than for them to conquer and retain a majority in a political assembly, because, when the center is called to govern, it finds before it, not uncertain spectators waiting for its acts before they judge it, but passionate adversaries."

"If party organization be not strong, and if the men that contract political relations be not resolved never to break them except at the last extremity, and through the most imperious motives, they soon lead not only to a state of helplessness, but of disorder; and their too easy rupture brings about all sorts of perturbation and difficulty."

We are afraid that this last maxim breathes a little too much the spirit of the old party leader who often had to deplore a want of discipline and strong cohesion among his followers. It may be very inconvenient for a Cabinet to have a large section of its supporters in the shape of independent friends, who approve of its general policy, and defend it as volunteer guerrillas; but obey no orders, bear no burdens, share no responsibility. Yet no one is more ready than M. Guizot himself to recognize the necessity of moral and intellectual independence. We suspect that his sentiments, if thoroughly analyzed, would come to this: that political men should be very docile towards their leaders, but very independent of popular wishes and clamors. Be that as it may, we recommend the passage to the consideration of whichever of our own political parties it may most concern. We will also recommend, for the private perusal and meditation of "the most energetic of

British statesmen," the following lessons on the necessity of possessing some fixed principles of policy:

"Parties never give in their adhesion seriously, except on two conditions—certain principles and brilliant talents. They want to be both sure and proud of their chiefs."

"Nothing is more legitimate than to combat a policy which one believes pernicious; provided always that one has determined upon a policy essentially different, and that one feels in a position to put it in practice."

"When the ideas and passions of a people have been stirred up, good sense, moderation, and ability are not long sufficient to govern them. And the day is not slow in coming round in which, whether to do good, or to hinder evil, convictions and a will, precise, lofty, and strong, become indispensable to the heads of government."

The second volume of the *Memoirs* must have been written before the present war became imminent; yet they both contain much that bears upon the subject; the allusion, for instance, already mentioned, to the necessity imposed upon the Napoleon dynasty of dazzling the popular imagination; the reference to war as a diversion from disquietude at home, which is always dearly paid for, even when it succeeds; above all, the explanation of the motives which led to the French occupation of Ancona in February, 1832. "We can not consent to the Austrian occupation of Romagna, unless it be of short duration," wrote M. Casimir Perier to Talleyrand, then French Ambassador at Vienna. "What the Austrian government wishes," said M. Guizot, in the French Chamber, "is, that Italy should belong to it as far as influence goes; and this is what France can not allow. Each must assume its own position. Austria has taken up hers; we take up ours, and shall continue to do so. We will maintain the independence of the Italian states, the development of Italian liberties. We will not suffer Italy to fall altogether under Austrian preponderance; but we will avoid all general collision." There can be no doubt that, since the explosion of 1848 broke the charm of the long peace, any nations that found themselves at variance have been more ready to go to extremities; and it is equally certain, that the origin and traditions of the Empire make it much more disposed to draw the sword than the liberal Monarchy can have been.

From the North British Review.

## PHENOMENA OF GLACIERS.\*

In the preparation of the earth for the occupation of the human family, physical causes of great energy, and acting during long periods of time, were, doubtless, required; but it is a problem yet unsolved whether these periods amounted to the millions of years required by the geologist, or were of much shorter duration, owing to the operation of laws different from those now in action, or to quicker and more energetic processes than those which we now witness.

During the six thousand years which have nearly elapsed since the creation of man, the universal deluge is the only grand event which could have greatly modified the general surface of the earth; but since that time powerful agents have been in operation, and great changes have been effected in different parts of the globe. Floods of vast extent, as we have had elsewhere occasion to remark, rushing from the ocean or from the bowels of the earth, have swept over its surface, carrying with them the soil and the blocks of stone over which they passed, and grinding and polishing the rocks which they laid bare. Successions of mighty forests have flourished and decayed on the same spot, leaving beneath strata of roots to the fourth and fifth generation. The seas have, in some regions, quitted their native beds; and, in others, invaded and destroyed the fields and the habitations of man. Is-

lands have risen and disappeared in the ocean. Earthquakes have shaken or overturned the mightiest fabrics of human wisdom, shattering even the mountain crests, and dislocating the solid pavement of the globe. The everlasting hills have arisen above their native level, and lifted up from the ocean the very sea-beach which it had formed. Volcanoes have buried whole cities under their ashes, and covered with their burning lava the productive fields within its reach. Extensive lakes have poured out their contents, and recorded upon their ancient shores the erosions of the winds and the waves. Huge masses of rock have been transported from their mountain crags to vast distances in the plains below; and that element, with whose desolating power we are all familiar, seems to have once exercised a more tremendous energy when it fell in avalanches of snow from its mountain home, and in the form of glaciers descended our valleys with slackened pace but increasing power—grinding the granite flanks which embraced it—crushing the forest trunks that opposed it—poising on its crystalline pinnacles huge blocks of stone, and carrying them along its glassy viaduct over valleys now smiling with lakes, and plains luxuriant with vegetation.

Among such of these agents as are in continual operation, the glaciers possess a peculiar interest. They have afforded to the traveler and the naturalist curious topics of research, and to the artist rich materials for his pencil. Among their moraines and debris the mineralogist has pursued his crystal chase. In the solid ice, as well as in the more recent snow, the botanist has discovered the organizations of vegetable life, and in the same localities the zoölogist has found "that the glacier is not a desert, but is inhabited by myriads of minute creatures, not less perfect in their species than the terrestrial animals and those which inhabit the waters of the earth."\*

\* *Travels through the Alps of Savoy and other parts of the Pennine Chain, with Observations on the Phenomena of Glaciers.* By JAMES D. FORBES, F.R.S., Sec. R.S. Ed., F.G.S. 8vo. Edinburgh: 1843. pp. 424.

*Norway and its Glaciers visited in 1851, followed by Journals of Excursions in the High Alps of Dauphiné, Berne, and Savoy.* By JAMES D. FORBES, F.R.S., Sec. R. S. Ed. 8vo. Edinburgh: 1853. Pp. 350.

*Etudes sur les Glaciers.* Par L. AGASSIZ. Neuchâtel: 1840. Un vol. 8vo. Accompagné chez Atlass, in folio, de 32 planches.

*The Glacial Theory and its Recent Progress.* By L. AGASSIZ. Edin. New Phil. Journal, 1842, vol. xxxiii. pp. 217-284.

*Nouvelles Etudes et Experiences sur les Glaciers Actuels, leur Structure, leur Progression, et leur Physique sur le Sol.* Par L. AGASSIZ. Avec un Atlas de 3 cartes et 9 planches. 8vo. Paris: 1847. Pp 600.

\* Agassiz: *Nouvelles Etudes*, 1847, p. 137.

But, though the [naturalists of Switzerland, where the glaciers have been specially observed and studied, have devoted themselves to the work with ardor and success, yet it is chiefly to their exterior character and their more obvious phenomena that they have limited their attention. It is strange to say, that it is to passing travelers, and those travelers English, that we owe the earliest and the most correct description of the internal structure of glaciers, and the best theory of their formation and movements. And that this should have been the case is the more remarkable when we consider the vast number of memoirs and treatises which have been published by foreigners, and especially by those who had daily opportunities of visiting the glaciers at every season of the year, and under all the conditions of weather and of climate, by which they are modified. It is scarcely credible, indeed, did we not possess the list of works on Glaciers published by Agassiz in 1847, that *one hundred and thirty-four* memoirs and treatises were written on the subject, and yet we have no hesitation in stating, that it is in the *fifteen or twenty* publications which have appeared in England that the best account of the glacier world is to be found—the most accurate description of its economy and movements, and the most philosophical views of its formation.

As an important branch of physical geography, the distribution of glaciers over the globe is a subject of primary interest. It is, of course, only in those mountainous regions where the snow lies during the whole year that a glacier can be formed. In such regions there is a line called *the limit of perpetual snow*, or *congelation*, whose height generally depends on the latitude, and the distance from the sea, and on the summer temperature of the locality. In the tropical regions of America and Asia—in the Andes and Himalaya, the height of perpetual snow varies from fifteen thousand to eighteen thousand or nineteen thousand feet, while in the south of Europe the same line is found between heights of eight thousand and nine thousand feet, and in Norway between heights of seven thousand and five thousand feet. It is, therefore, only among mountains perennially capped with snow that glaciers can be found; but, as a glacier is not a mere accumulation of snow, there may be many lofty mountains in which glaciers

do not exist; and there are certainly forms, and positions, and structures of mountains, as well as conditions of climate, which prevent their formation. If a mountain, for example, is too steep to allow the snow to adhere to its sides, it will not produce glaciers. In like manner, an insulated mountain will not produce them, even though it rises above the line of perpetual snow. In the Siedelhorn, for instance, there are no glaciers, though it is covered with snow during nearly the whole year, while a great number of glaciers are formed in mountains of inferior height, such as those which separate the lower from the upper glacier of the Aar.

A glacier is a mass of ice lying in Alpine valleys, or resting on the flanks of mountains. It is produced from the accumulation of perpetual snow in the hollows of mountains, which detaches itself from their summit and descends into the valleys. It there becomes solid ice, which melts when it comes into contact with the warmer air, earth, and rains, of the valley, the quantity melted being replaced from the reservoirs of snow in the higher mountains. In order to distinguish a glacier from an iceberg, Professor Forbes describes a *glacier as ice in motion under gravity*.

Although the glaciers which have been well described and carefully studied are those which exist in the south of Europe, in Switzerland, and Savoy, yet similar accumulations of ice, having the same origin, the same structure, and the same movements, are found in nearly all mountainous countries. Numerous glaciers have been found in different parts of the Himalaya mountains, and in those of the Caucasus and Altai range. M. Vigne, in his *Travels in Kashmir*, has described the glaciers at the source of the river Indus, in the territory of Little Thibbit. Captain Strachey has examined those of the central Himalaya, at the source of the rivers Pindur and Kuphinée, where the line of perpetual snow is about 15,000 feet above the sea. Dr. Thomas Thomson has described numerous glaciers which occupy the valleys of the central Himalaya, and he mentions the glacier on the north side of the Bader or Umasi Pass, as probably the largest that has yet been described. In the eastern portion of the same range, where Kinchinjunga rises to the height of 28,178 feet above the sea, Dr. Joseph Hooker observed the ice descending from its

summit, in one unbroken mass of 14,000 feet of vertical height, to the source of the Thlonok river.

In every part of Europe where groups of mountains rise above the line of perpetual snow, glaciers are more or less numerous. The average height of this line in the Alps is 7200 feet; and, according to Schlagintweit, includes glaciers of all kinds, the great glaciers in the whole Alpine chain amounting to 60. According to Ebel, there are 400 glaciers in the chain which stretches from Mont Blanc to the borders of the Tyrol, the greater number of them being six or seven leagues long, between a half and three fourths of a league wide, and from 100 to 600 feet thick, and forming, if they were all united, a *mer de glace* of 130 square leagues. According to Professor Forbes, the best known and most important glacier-bearing groups of mountains between Mount Pelvoux and Monte Viso, in lat. 45°, and the Gross Glockner in Carinthia, are those of Mont Blanc, Monte Rosa, the Bernese Alps, (Finsteraarhorn and the Jungfrau,) and the Oertler Spitz in the Tyrol; and the most considerable individual glaciers, the Mer de Glace of Chamouni; the Gorner glacier near Zermatt, (Monte Rosa;) the lower glacier of the Aar, in Bernese Oberland; the Aletsch glacier, the glacier of the Rhone in the Vallais, and the Pasterzen glacier, in Carinthia.

In the north of Europe the most important glaciers are those in Norway, where two leading groups of glacier-bearing mountains are found—the one in the Bergenstift, and the other within the Arctic circle. M. Durocher has described the former, and Professor Forbes has made observations on most of them, and compared their conditions and structure with those of the Alps. On the Fjærlandsfjord, in lat. 61°, there are two important glaciers, one of which terminates only 105 feet above the level of the sea. A fine glacier, the Bondhusbæ, occurs on the Hardanger Fiord. The glaciers commencing at Fondal, within the Arctic circle, descend nearly to the level of the sea. At the Jokulsfjord, in lat. 70°, there is a glacier which actually enters the sea, and breaks off in miniature icebergs. Glaciers abound in Iceland, Spitzbergen, and Greenland, and they are found also in South-America, in lat. 47°, where the climate is said to be the worst in the world.

As the glaciers of the Alps have been more carefully surveyed and studied than those in any other part of the world, we shall consider them as the proper representatives of the glacier system, and proceed to describe the various phenomena which they exhibit to the general observer, as well as to the philosopher.

Saussure has divided glaciers into two classes, to which all their varieties, however numerous, may be referred.

The *first* class consists of glaciers which lie in valleys of greater or less depth, and which are surrounded on all sides by mountains higher than themselves.

The *second* class consists of glaciers which are not contained in valleys, but rest on the declivities of mountains.

M. Agassiz, who has given his sanction to this classification, has added another mark of distinction, namely, that the glaciers of the *first* class have in general a slight declivity of from 3° to 10°, while the declivity of glaciers of the *second* class is much greater, and varies from 15° to 50° and upwards.

When seen from above and from a distance, a glacier resembles a long stream of snow, detaching itself from the higher mountain peaks, and flowing into the valleys below; and even when we approach it closely, we still believe that it is a line of snow, and can hardly persuade ourselves that it is an enormous mass of ice, quite different in aspect from that which is formed on our lakes and rivers. The icy composition of glaciers of the *first* class is best seen at their termination at the bottom of the large valleys which contain them, as in those of the Mer de Glace of Chamouni, the Brenva, the Rhone, the Lower Aar, and those of Grindelwald. From a vault of greenish-blue ice annually formed, issues the torrent which drains the valley, and is increased by land springs and by the melting of the ice. At this end of the glacier masses of stones and of rock, that have been transported on the surface of the glacier, are deposited in heaps or mounds, called *moraines*, which are named *terminal moraines* when they lie in front of the lower end of the glacier, and mark the greatest limit of its extension. "A glacier," as Professor Forbes remarks, "is seen to have withdrawn itself very far within its old limits, leaving a prodigious barren waste of stones in advance of it, which,

being devoid of soil, nourishes not one blade of grass. At other times, the glacier pushes forwards its margin beyond the limit which it has ever before reached, tears up the ground with its icy plow-share, and shoves forward the yielding turf in wrinkled folds, uprooting trees, moving vast rocks, and scattering the walls of dwelling-houses in fragments before its irresistible onward march." At this end of the glacier the ice is frequently broken up by cracks into prismatic masses, which, when melted by the sun and rains, take the shape of pyramids of the most grotesque forms.

On ascending to the surface of the glacier, the traveler is surprised by the number of cracks or fissures, called *crevasses*, which extend across it, and are, generally speaking, perpendicular to its sides. They are often hundred of yards long and hundreds of feet deep. These cracks, which are seldom quite vertical, are found principally where the declivity of the glacier is great, and they are most numerous, and occur in groups, round the projecting points of its bed; in the upper and middle regions of the glacier. They are sometimes found of great length, but comparatively narrower and insulated in the middle of the glacier. In many instances there are few crevasses, as in that of the Aar, and when this is the case, the glacier may be crossed in all directions.

In some cases a glacier is cut up by crevasses into squares or trapezoidal blocks, which takes place "when a glacier of the second order descends over a boss of granite, or a surface convex in all directions. We have then," continues Professor Forbes, "radiating crevasses combined with concentric ones, producing a tartan-like appearance."

When the crevasses are rare, the surface of the glacier presents numerous *ruisseaux*, or streamlets of limpid water of considerable volume, flowing in a shining channel, and exciting the admiration of the observer. Agassiz found one of these upwards of 1200 yards long, in a straight line. They disappear when the crevasses are produced, as the water soon loses itself in their depths.

In the parts of a glacier which have little inclination, the streamlets we have mentioned, when collected into a mass, rush into the first fissure in their course, and convert it into what is called a *puit*,

or *moulin* or an open vertical shaft, frequently of immense depth, and generally circular or elliptical. M. Agassiz has descended into these pits to the depth of fifty-four feet, and found water there, the sides of the pit exhibiting distinct traces of stratification, and also irregular fissures.

On the surface of several glaciers M. Agassiz had found *puits* or openings of a very interesting nature, to which he has given the name of *Baignoires*. They are circular or elliptical holes, from half a foot to two or three feet in diameter, and generally about three feet, though sometimes eighteen feet deep. The greater number of them are filled with water, the temperature of which varies according as their bottom is covered or not with gravel. When they are again closed up they occasion what is called *Roses* or *etoiles de glacier*—glacier stars. Their ice differs from that of the glacier, being formed in concentric layers round the center of their circumference, as is seen in those pits which are only half filled up. In one of these pits the surface of the water was found covered with small black insects, resembling Podura.

Besides these remarkable openings, M. Keller discovered others not less interesting, which he calls *meridian holes*, and to which, in honor of the discoverer, M. Desor has given the name of *Kellerlocher*. These holes are commonly two feet long, from a foot to a foot and a half wide, and from half a foot to a foot deep. They are all *semi-circular*, having the arch turned to the north and the chord to the south. Their bottom is covered with gravel, and there is always found on the south side of them a small hill of ice, while their greatest depth is on the north side. The following is the explanation of them given by M. Keller: "When some portions of gravel accumulate behind an excrescence or elevation on the surface of the ice, the gravel, heated by the sun, sinks into the ice, and forms a small hollow or miniature basin. As the gravel absorbs more of the heat than the ice, it follows that it will be on the side upon which the sun's rays act longest and with the greatest intensity, that this basin will be widest, and that the gravel will sink to the greatest depth. But this side must be the north side, and hence it is that these basins have their convexity turned to the north.

These holes are called *meridian holes*,

because they give us a rude meridian line, and may serve as a compass to direct the traveler in fogs, and tell him the time of the day when the sun shines. In order to do this he must place his staff in the hole, so that it touches on one side the top of the little hill of ice, and on the other the summit of the arch. The staff will then point north and south. A line perpendicular to this will run east and west, and the point of noon being known, the hour of the day may be approximately found in sunshine by the angle which the sun forms with the meridian.

Among other peculiarities in the surface of glaciers, M. Agassiz mentions *ravines* and *small lakes*. The ravines are great excavations, having the form of immense ditches, and sometimes resembling valleys of erosion. They are met with near the termination of glaciers, and the greater number are dry. Some of these in the glacier of the Aar are upwards of a mile long. The lakes occur near the sides of glaciers, where the water is prevented from descending, by the ice being frozen to the soil. It is a remarkable fact, that these small lakes, though in different glaciers, empty themselves annually at the same time of the year.

The phenomenon of *glacier tables* is one of peculiar interest. They are huge and flat blocks of stone, resting upon high pedestals of ice, so as to resemble a large table. When one of these blocks has separated itself from a moraine, it first melts the ice at its margin; but as it protects the ice beneath it from melting and evaporation, while the ice around it disappears, it gradually rises till it is poised on the column upon which it rests, all the ice around it having melted in the summer at the rate of a foot per week. Agassiz has seen blocks of this kind twenty feet long and ten or twelve wide; and in 1840 he observed one fifteen feet long, twelve feet wide, and six feet high, detach itself from its icy pedestal, and slide to a distance of thirty feet, crushing to powder the ice over which it passed. In June, 1842, Professor Forbes saw, on the Mer de Glace, one of these tables, twenty-three feet by seventeen, and three and a half feet thick. It was then easily accessible; but as the season advanced, it apparently rose rapidly, till, on the sixth of August, the pillar of ice was thirteen feet high. About the end of August it slipped from its icy col-

umn, and in September it was beginning to rise upon a new one.\*

Of equal interest with these tables, and equally rare, are the *gravel cones*, which are found on the lower glacier of the Aar, and on the great glacier of Zermatt. They are often so small as from five to six inches high, and from seven to eight inches at their base; but M. Agassiz has seen them thirteen feet high and thirteen feet broad. These cones are formed in the following manner. Gravel and earthy matter are carried by the streamlets of water into hollows in the ice, or into the bottom of the *mouliens*. The ice, being protected by the gravel above, is not melted, while all the surrounding ice disappears by evaporation and melting. The gravel is thus raised like the table, and forms a cone, which, though it appears to be entirely formed of gravel, is in reality ice at the core. In the case of the mouliens, the gravel at their bottom takes a much longer time to rise into a cone than when it has been deposited in cavities of little depth.

The phenomena which we have just described exhibit in a striking manner what is called the *ablation* of a glacier, or its superficial waste. During the time that the *glacier table* of 1842 apparently arose on a pedestal thirteen feet high, the surface of the glacier must have been lowered by the ablation of thirteen feet of ice. This effect takes place superficially during the months between spring and autumn, and is occasioned by the direct heat of the sun, by the warmth of the supercumbent air, by the washing of rains, which act upon the surface of the glacier, and by the contact of the lower surface of the glacier with the warmer soil, and the washing of the inferior streams. To these two subglacial causes Professor Forbes has given the name of *subsidence*; and he adds a *third* cause to those of ablation and subsidence, namely, that owing to the natural slope of the rocky bed of the glacier, any point of its surface must stand absolutely lower each day, in consequence of the progressive motion of the whole. The geometrical depression of the ice

\* On the immense glacier which descends from the Kinchinjunga, on the Himalaya, Dr. Hooker saw gigantic blocks perched upon pinnacles of ice, and has drawn one of them, apparently as large as that described by Professor Forbes.—*Himalayan Journals*, vol. ii. pp. 134, 135.

produced by these three causes has been measured on the Mer de Glace by Professor Forbes. In July and August, 1846, he found that the daily ablation was 3·62 inches, and the daily subsidence 1·63, making in all 5·25 inches; *seven tenths* of this being the effect of ablation, and *three tenths* that of subsidence. He found it impossible to estimate how much of the subsidence was owing to the declivity, but he thinks it probable that the greater part may be thus accounted for. Owing to this rapid diminution of the vertical thickness of a glacier in summer, the amount of its waste must determine the position of the lower end of it. To illustrate this, Professor Forbes "supposes a glacier to move along its bed at the rate of three hundred feet per annum, and imagines (merely for the sake of illustration) its yearly superficial waste to be twenty feet for every threehundred feet of its length, or at the rate of three hundred and fifty-two feet per mile; so that the longitudinal section of a glacier has the form of a wedge, and however enormous be its original thickness, we must at length, after a certain course, come to the thin end of the wedge, and that the more rapidly, as the causes of melting increase toward the lower extremity."

In treating of the *moraines*, or heaps of stones and rocks brought down by the glaciers, we referred only to the *terminal moraines*; but on the surface of every glacier there are two kinds of *moraines*, *lateral* and *medial*. The *lateral* moraines, which are formed on the flanks or sides of a glacier, consist of stones and rocks which fall or are torn away from the mountain sides, with which the glacier is in contact. These stones or rocks are detached by rains, snows, avalanches, and even thunder; but the most active agent is the water, which, when frozen in the fissures of rocks, breaks them in pieces. Stratified and fissile rocks are thus easily broken up, and form the chief materials of the moraines. The stony *débris* thus detached form lines parallel to the sides of the glacier, extending throughout its length, and not mixing with one another. When two separate glaciers unite in a common valley, the two inner moraines unite also, and form what is called a *medial moraine*, running along the axis or middle line of the glacier. In like manner *three* glaciers would produce *two* medial, and *four* glaciers *three* medial moraines. These for-

mations are beautifully seen in Agassiz's drawing of the lower glacier of the Aar, which is formed by the union of the *Lauteraar* glacier with that of the *Finsteraar*. On the great medial moraine thus formed, at a height of seven thousand five hundred feet above the sea, M. Agassiz erected his celebrated dry-stone hut, built and roofed with the stones of the moraine, in which he received and entertained for a month numerous visitors, while he himself studied and explained to his guests the interesting phenomena which he had discovered. This hut, which was called the *Hotel des Neuchatelois*, though it sometimes accommodated five or six persons, was only twelve feet long, six broad, and four high. It rested upon pure ice, and was floored with the broad stones of the moraine. Above this floor was laid a mattress of grass, gathered from the side of the glacier, and this mattress was covered with a double fold of wax-cloth. The interstices between the stones were filled up with bunches of grass; but notwithstanding this precaution, "hurricanes blew fearfully through the wall."

Among the numerous visitors of M. Agassiz were Lord Enniskillen, and Sir Walter and Lady Trevelyan; and among those who "shared his habitation," and took an active part in his labors, were Professor Forbes, M. Escher de lo Linth, and MM. Desor, Vogt, and Heath—all whose names were cut on the surface of the large block by which the hut was sheltered. The ice-philosophers prepared themselves for their work by bathing every morning in a large tub of iced water, which the guides placed every evening at the door of the hut, and which in the morning was often covered with ice half an inch thick. Those who thus hardened themselves could wear their ordinary dresses with impunity, while those who neglected the precaution shivered with cold, though wrapped in their fur cloaks. The party breakfasted about five o'clock on a cup of chocolate, and the guides on cheese soup. On returning at mid-day from their researches, the philosophers dined in the open air round the large flat block of stone which served as their table. Mutton and rice and sometimes goat's meat—a meal of which they never tired, formed their dinner, which was followed by a cup of coffee and a cigar. The party then separated, to carry on their respective researches, or to write their notes and

observations; and when the night closed in, they returned to the hut, and, exchanging the light dresses of the day for good cloaks and furs, they drew the curtain which served as a door, and "lighting the candles," retired to rest.

In rainy and snowy nights, even the deep sleep of fatigue and toil was often disagreeably disturbed. The large block of stone with which the hut was roofed, was so full of fissures, notwithstanding its enormous thickness, that the water penetrated its mass, and ran in streams along its lower surface. "Whenever," says Agassiz, "one of these little streamlets encountered an inequality, a cascade was formed, which awoke in an annoying manner those who happened to be under it. Sometimes one, sometimes another, was then seen rising up, and seizing a candle, endeavoring with his finger to give another direction to the troublesome rill. But soon recovering its first direction, it would proceed to moisten the person to the right or the left, and thus rouse him by dropping provokingly into his ear or mouth. The unfortunate individual would then get up in his turn, and try to correct the course of the water, or probably send it to sprinkle his companion. I remember one night when the rills of water and the cascades were so abundant, that change of direction was useless; and seeing it was impossible to shut an eye, we began to amuse ourselves with our cascades, by communicating to them all sorts of directions."

In order to form a correct opinion of the nature of glaciers we must consider their origin, formation, and development. Glaciers have their origin in the higher parts of mountains. They commence in the fields or reservoirs of powdery and crystalline snow, which occupy the shoulders and plateaux of mountains. In its descent or overflow this snow becomes more granular, and forms what is called the *nevé* in French, and the *firn* in German. This *nevé* is the true origin and material of the glacier. Its leading characteristic is uniformity of appearance, having neither moraines, streamlets, tables, nor aiguilles; and in consequence of this uniformity it is easy to determine the *line of the nevé* where the glacier or the region of compact ice commences, with its moraines, streamlets, tables, gravel cones, aiguilles, baignoires, and meridian holes. Crevasses are so rare in the *nevé*,

that M. Agassiz has walked more than a league on the *nevé* of Aletsch without meeting a single one, and it is very seldom that its surface has any of the inequalities of the compact ice. The smooth *nevé* is distinctly stratified, consisting of horizontal annual layers or beds, produced by successive snow-falls. The stratification extends to a great depth; but in the transition state of the *nevé* into glacier, "the ice-falls which produce them succeeding one another," according to Professor Forbes, "at regulated intervals, corresponding to the renewal of each summer's activity." "Stratified appearance ceases at an inconsiderable depth, the interior of the mass being granular and without structure or bands of any kind."

From the structure of the *nevé* we come to consider that of the *compact ice*, which forms the true glacier—a subject which has given rise to much controversy, and a knowledge of which is essentially necessary in estimating the value of the different glacier theories which have been submitted to the public. It is a remarkable fact that Gruner, Saussure, and the early writers on glaciers, seem to have never observed with care the inner condition of the compact ice, and that they were entirely ignorant of its peculiar structure. Upon examining the sides of crevasses, where the face of the ice is exposed to great depths, several observers discovered that it had apparently a veined structure throughout, similar to the laminated structure, or slaty cleavage of rocks, and that these strata or veins were vertical, lying in the direction of the valley or sides of the glacier.

Sir David Brewster seems to have been the first person who observed this remarkable structure, when examining the Mer de Glace of Chamouni on the tenth of September, 1814. "Where the ice is most perfect," he remarks in his *Journal*, "which is on the side of the deep crevasses, its color is a fine blue."

One of the most remarkable phenomena in glaciers is their progressive motion down the valley in which they lie, their disappearance at their lower extremity, and their renewal at their source. Although the motion of glaciers had been known to Saussure and others, yet it was considered to be impossible by some German writers; and no attempt was made to prove its existence, to measure

its amount in different glaciers, and still less to ascertain its variations in different parts of the length and breadth of the same glacier—facts essentially necessary in the formation of any correct theory on the subject.

It is to Professor Forbes alone that we owe the first and most correct researches respecting the motion of glaciers; and in proof of this, we have only to give the following list of observations which had been previously made.

Observer.	Name of the glacier.	Annual rate of motion.
Ebel	Chamouni	14 feet
Ebel	Grindelwald	25
Hugi	Aar	240*
Agassiz	Aar	200†
Bakewell	Mer de Glace	540 { ‡
De la Beche	Mer de Glace	600 { ‡
Sherwill	Mer de Glace	300
M. Rendu	Mer de Glace	365
Saussure's Ladder	Mer de Glace	375

This ladder, which was used by Saussure in crossing the crevasses, was left at the Aiguille de Noir in 1788, and was found in 1832 near the Moulins, having traveled a distance of 16,500 feet in 44 years, giving 375 feet per annum as the mean motion of this part of the glacier.§

Such was the state of our knowledge of the motion of glaciers when Professor Forbes undertook the investigation of the subject. No person had attempted to determine whether the glacier advanced by jerks or by a continuous motion; whether it moved more rapidly in its upper or lower regions; whether its velocity was the same at its sides as at its middle; whether its surface moved at the same rate as its inferior portion; whether its motion took place in the night or during the day, in the summer or in the winter; and whether its motions were affected by the form, the breadth, and the depth of the glacier. All or most of these questions Professor Forbes had to solve; and he did it with a success which could hardly have been expected from a traveler who had not long resided on the glaciers or in their immediate vicinity.

The earliest observations of Professor Forbes were made opposite the rocky

promontory called L'Angle, on the twenty-seventh, twenty-eighth, twenty-ninth, and thirtieth June, 1842; and he found that the glacier moved at the average rate of sixteen and a half inches in twenty-four hours.

Among the remarkable facts connected with the motion of glaciers, is their oscillation, or their advance into the valley, and their retreat from this advanced position. When a great quantity of snow falls on the mountains, the mass of the glacier is increased, and it is pushed forward into the valley; and, on the other hand, the glacier will retreat when less snow is supplied to the *nevé*, and when there is a succession of warm summers. The advance of glaciers is often accompanied with the most disastrous inundations. According to M. Venetz, a glacier in the Valley of Herens advanced with a noise like that of thunder, and with steps nearly ten feet long!

In the year 1818, the advance of the glacier of Getroz was attended with the most distressing consequences. This glacier is situated amidst the defiles of Mount Pleureur. It terminates in a cliff of enormous height, over which, in the advance of the glacier, avalanches of icy fragments are precipitated, and form a secondary glacier resembling masses of unmelted snow. In 1545 and 1595, this second glacier advanced so far as to dam up the River Drance, which waters the Val de Bagnes. When the icy barrier gave way under the heat of summer, the accumulated water rushed out with irresistible force, charged with enormous masses of rock, tearing up and destroying every thing in its course, till it fell into the Rhone. In 1545, one hundred and forty persons perished in the flood; and in 1595, when it destroyed the town of Martigny, the peasantry who dwelt in the valleys were reduced to abject poverty, and from sixty to eighty perished in the torrent.

For some years previous to 1818 the avalanches of ice and snow had enlarged the secondary glacier; and as soon as it was able to resist the summer heat, it acquired new magnitude, and from a height of 100 feet it descended a declivity of 45°, and threw itself in the form of a homogeneous mass of ice across the Drance, the base of the cone resting on the precipitous flanks of Mount Mauvoisin on the opposite side of the valley. In the month of April

\* Average of 2200 feet in nine years, from 1827-1836, deduced from the descent of Hugi's Cabin.

† 1839 to 1840; advance of Hugi's Cabin. *Etudes*, p. 150.

‡ Estimates by the guides.

§ Forbes' *Travels*, etc., p. 87.

when the river was completely stopped, a lake continued to form till it became 14,000 feet (nearly three miles) long, its absolute average breadth 400 feet, its average depth 200 feet, and its contents at least 800 millions of cubic feet. The certainty of its bursting having been perceived, M. Venetz, an able engineer, began on the tenth of May to cut a tunnel through the ice in order to drain it; and by the thirteenth of June it was completed. The tunnel was 68 feet long; and by the sixteenth of June the height of the lake was diminished 45 feet, and its contents reduced to 500 millions of cubic feet. In this process, the water flowing over the lower end of the tunnel melted the ice, and reduced it to a few feet; while the water of the lake, penetrating the crevasses of the glacier, or the retaining wall of the lake, detached from it enormous fragments, and weakened it to such a degree, that the cascade excavated a passage when the glacier rested upon Mount Mauvoisin.

"As soon as this happened, the water rushed out, the ice gave way with a tremendous crash, the lake was emptied in half an hour, and the sea of water which it contained, precipitated itself into the valley with a rapidity and violence which it is impossible to describe. The fury of this raging flood was first staid by the narrow gorge below the glacier, formed between Mount Pleureur and a projecting breast of Mount Mauvoisin.

"Here it was engulfed with such force, that it carried away the bridge of Mauvoisin, ninety feet above the Drance, and even rose several fathoms above the advanced mass of the mountain. From this narrow gorge the flood spread itself over a wider part of the valley, which again contracted into another gorge; and in this way, passing from one basin to another, it acquired new violence, and carried along with it forests, rocks, houses, barns, and cultivated land.

"When it reached Le Chable, one of the principal villages of the valley, the flood, which seemed to contain more debris than water, was pent up between the piers of a solid bridge, nearly fifty feet above the Drance, and began to attack the inclined plane upon which the church and the chief part of the village is built. An additional rise of a few feet would have instantly undermined the village; but at this critical moment the bridge gave way, and carried with it the houses at its two extremities. The flood now spread itself over the wide part of the valley between La Chable and St. Branchier, undermining, destroying, and hurrying away the houses, the roads, the richest crops, and the finest trees loaded with fruit.

"Instead of being encumbered with these spoils, the moving chaos received from them new force; and when it entered the narrow valley from St. Branchier to Martigny, it continued its work of destruction till its fury became weakened by expanding itself over the great plain formed by the valley of the Rhone. After ravaging Le Bourg and the village of Martigny, it fell with comparative tranquillity into the Rhone, leaving behind it, on the plain of Martigny, the wreck of houses and of furniture, thousands of trees torn up by the roots, and the bodies of men and of animals whom it had swept away. As the flood took half an hour in passing every point which it reached, it follows that it furnished 800,000 cubic feet of water every second—an efflux which is five times greater than that of the Rhone below Basle."\*

In 1819, a catastrophe of a different kind was occasioned by the glacier of Randa, situated six leagues from Vieux and in the valley of St. Nicholas. At six A.M. on the twenty-seventh December, a part of the glacier detached itself from the side of the Weisshorn, and fell with a noise like thunder on the lower masses of the glacier. At the same instant the curé and many others saw a bright light, which was followed by great darkness. A violent gust of wind, which immediately followed the light, transported millstones several fathoms, uprooted large trees, tossed blocks of ice upon the village, overturned houses, and carried the beams of several of them into the forest half a league above the village. The detached mass, composed of snow, ice, and stone, covered the meadow with its fragments to the extent of 2400 feet long, 1000 wide, and 150 deep, equivalent to a volume of 360,000,000 cubic feet.

An inundation similar to that of the Val de Bagnes took place in 1845, in the valley of Rosenthal in the Tyrol, in consequence of the advance of the united glaciers of Vernagt and Rosen, which do not meet in ordinary seasons. In 1840, the glacier of Rosen increased greatly, and advanced at the rate of about 1640 feet annually. At the end of 1844 the two glaciers were united, and advanced at the rate of five and a half feet in a day, increasing both in width and height. It

\* This account of the fall of the glacier of Grotz is taken from an interesting description of it, illustrated with drawings and a map of the Val de Bagnes, communicated to the writer of this article by Professor Pictet in 1819. See *Edin. Phil. Journal*, 1819, vol. i. p. 187-192.

was subject to violent movements, which tore up its mass, and produced detonations like thunder, which resounded through the valley. At last, in 1845, it passed in twelve days over the space of 400 feet, which separated it from the

valley of Rosenthal, and cut off the water which flowed in the upper part of the valley. A large lake was thus formed; and on the thirteenth June the dike broke, and the water, rushing on, produced the usual disasters.

From the London Review.

## HISTORY OF THE OLD COVENANT.\*

THE series of expositions which gives the *Foreign Theological Library* its chief value has been lately enriched by several excellent contributions to the exegesis of the Old Testament. The foundation was laid some years ago by the translation of Hävernick's *Introduction to the Old Testament* generally, and to the *Pentateuch* in particular—works which we can scarcely scruple to recommend as standing at the very head of this kind of sacred literature. The former is a treatise of extraordinary learning, wonderfully condensed and arranged; with all its disadvantages as a foreign production, and written, as all German criticism must in these days be written, with a controversial and defensive design, it has no rival; and every student of the ancient Scriptures would do well thoroughly to master it. The commentaries of Keil, Bertheau, and Kurtz, have continued the expositions of the historical books; a few more volumes, which might easily be selected for translation, would complete that department of the Old Testament, and form perhaps the best helps to the understanding of the earliest books of the Bible contained in our language.

German Neology has been very industrious, for the last quarter of a century, in its investigation of the old "Shemitic traditions" which have so marvelously bound themselves up with the history of the

world. Having successfully shown the process by which the New Testament was invented out of the Old, it proceeded to show how the Old itself was invented out of the legends of a singular wandering race. When it had traced out the steps of the delusion which converted a half-mythical personage of Judea into a Divine incarnation, and invested him with a garment of doctrines and claims woven clumsily by his apostles out of ancient national traditions, it became necessary to go back to those traditions themselves, and explain how *they* were originated and preserved their marvelous consistency of development through successive ages. The bondage of the West to the East, the despotic tyranny of the unsubstantial Hebrew superstition over European civilization and thought—Japheth's ignominious dwelling in the tents of Shem, and submitting to a spiritual slavery worse than his brother Ham's—is the intolerable yoke which they have thrown off themselves, and would help all others to throw off. This is the secret of their destructive criticism; and in pursuing their object they take the sacred archives, and resolve them into their original elements. Beginning at Moses and all the Prophets, they expound to their disenthralled hearers the things concerning Jesus: showing how easily the beautiful but unreal imagination arose in the primitive aspirations of an enthusiastic tribe; how cunningly it was interwoven with a national constitution; how mighty an auxiliary it was to the ambition of lawgivers, and judges, and leaders, and kings;

\* *History of the Old Covenant, from the German of J. H. KURTZ, D.D., Professor of Theology at Dorpat. Translated by Rev. A. EDERSEHIM, Ph. D. Edinburgh: Clark. 1859.*

how wonderful a series of poets conspired to give shape and continuance to the vast delusion; how at the critical conjuncture one man arose who made the daring attempt to embody the fantasy of ages in himself; and how, though in his own person he failed and died for his failure, his followers found multitudes foolish and slow-hearted enough to believe in his delusion, and to propagate what has since become the prevalent faith of the world.

Of course, this represents the worst phase of infidel Rationalism. Not all the Rationalists are of this extreme type: in fact *its* representatives and patriarchs are fast dying out. But the same spirit of restlessness under the yoke of Shem infests a large host of biblical critics, who do not desire to throw it off altogether. Many of them accept the fact that Christianity is a development for the world of Judaism for a nation; but they compound for their submission by demanding license to reconstruct the records of that great development after their own fashion. And that fashion is endlessly diversified: every man has his theory, his interpretation, his *view*, through the whole gamut of empirical skepticism, of which a denial of *inpiration*, however, is the key-note. Many of them are men of consummate learning, and of perseverance which no labor can damp while life continues its pulsation. Some of them are acknowledged as the highest philological authorities in the sacred language, and all its cognate dialects: their grammars and dictionaries are *as yet* the most popular, notwithstanding the latent infidelity which lurks amid their roots and derivations.

It would take many pages to sum up the theories which have been adopted by those who would save the Bible as a whole, but who think it requires a thorough reconstruction. They are toiling now with prodigious ardor upon their several schemes for reconciling the Bible to Geology, Chronology, and common-sense; and every year brings to light some new scholar busy with his own particular "Bible-work." We thought that we were pretty well acquainted with the old Rationalist "supplement hypothesis" and "crystallization theories" and "Jehovah-Elohistic fragment-compilers;" but Dr. Kurtz opens up a range of more modern reconstructions, which will require that we begin our studies anew before we can present our summary to the reader.

These laborers in the dark are toiling, like the poor Israelites about whom they write, to make bricks without straw. The Babel they build is perpetually crumbling under their hands, before one has time to tell its towers. Meanwhile, it is an unspeakable comfort to know that they provoke the pious emulation of other men, as learned and as furnished with all subsidiary instruments as themselves; and, as far as we can judge, every new contribution to theological exegesis is soon matched, if it is not anticipated, by another equally full of sound research, and written on the right side.

Dr. Kurtz, Theological Professor in Dorpat, is a very voluminous, and at the same time a very careful, writer. What is still better, he is a thoroughly evangelical, right-hearted man, whose reverence for the word of God is as profound as his study of it is exact. These two volumes are the first installment of what will be his greatest work; but he had prepared for it by several lesser treatises, which have been partially absorbed in this publication. His *Bible and Astronomy* has been very much valued in Germany, as being the best attempt to solve the great questions which science has raised upon the Mosaic account of the Creation. An able abridgment of it is prefixed to the present translation; and it will be read with much interest, on account of its happy admixture of speculation and good sense, by many who will dissent from a considerable number of its conclusions. It may be mentioned also that he is the author of a succinct *Manual of Church History*, which, as we perceive, is destined to take its English place by the side of Neander and Gieseler.

The present work is avowedly a History of the Old Covenant, that is to say, a history of the dealings of Providence with the Jewish people, as the elect race in which God preserved, and by which he transmitted, the great mystery of redemption to be accomplished in the fullness of time. This is a simple statement of the author's design: to trace the great *Evangelical Preparation*, the preparatory history of the Incarnation, from the time when the divine purpose narrowed the sphere of its operation to the stock of Abraham. But the elaborate way in which the historian reaches and establishes his particular object is singularly characteristic of the German mind. That mind was never yet known to plunge in me-

*dias res.* The proper starting-point of this work is the covenant of God with Abraham; but that starting-point is itself a goal which we must reach through three hundred pages of preliminary matter. For the introductory history of the pre-Adamite earth—which was left, according to a theory common in Germany, *without form and void* as the result of the fall of angels—the author is of course not responsible, as it was not prefixed through any design of his, though, had it been so, it would not have been at all surprising. And, as it respects the Introduction proper, we have no complaint to make against it; on the contrary, it opens up a great deal of very valuable discussion, and is generally of equal importance with the rest of the work.

"The Incarnation of God in Christ, for the salvation of man, constitutes the central point in the history and in the developments of mankind. *The fullness of time*, for which all pre-Christian history was merely meant to *prepare*, commences with this event, and rests upon it. In the preparatory stage, history took a twofold direction. In the first, man's powers, left to their own bent, resulted in the various forms of pre-Christian *Heathenism*. The second, guided and directed by divine influence, constituted pre-Christian *Judaism*. These two series of developments—differing not only in the *means*, but also in the *purpose and aim* of their development—run side by side, until, in the fullness of time, they meet in Christianity, when the peculiar results and fruits of these respective developments are made subservient to its establishment and spread. The separation of these two series, and the point where the distinctive development of each commences, dates from the selection of *one* particular nation. From that time onward every revelation of God clusters around that nation, in order to prepare it, so that ultimately the climax and the final aim of all revelation, the incarnation of God, might be attained in the midst of that people, and thence a salvation issue, adapted not only to that nation, but also to other nations. The *basis* of this history is a *covenant* into which God entered with *that* nation; and which, amid all the vicissitudes and dangers attending every human development, he preserved and directed till its final aim was attained. This covenant, whose object was a salvation which *was to be accomplished*, is designated the *Old Covenant*, in contradistinction to the *New Covenant* which God made with *all* nations, on the basis of a salvation which, in the fullness of time, *had actually been accomplished*."—Vol. i. p. 1.

Consistently with this general statement, the author gives a rapid but suggestive sketch of sacred history from the

creation, as it was preparatory to the vocation of the father of the Israelites. The calling of Abraham was the new beginning of a series of developments of which the incarnation was the fulfillment and end; and thus the history of the Old Covenant, having begun by giving a *particular* aspect to God's general designs, ends by being merged in a general covenant with the whole race in Christ. The covenant with Abraham is regarded as preëminently *the covenant of the Old Testament*. Former covenants were merged and for a season, so to speak, lost in this; while the subsequent covenant on Mount Sinai was merely a subordinate appendage. We shall state briefly our author's views on both these points.

The covenant of grace into which God entered with our first father, before Paradise was left, and on the very scene of his fall, determined with the Flood. In the language of our author: "The economy which had preceded the Deluge had not attained its goal, namely, to exhibit salvation by the seed of the woman." If this purpose was not to be given up, the former development had to be broken off by a universal judgment, and a new one to be commenced. The whole antediluvian history of the kingdom of God was an utter failure: sin prevailed and increased universally: and even the pious descendants of Seth yielded to the general contagion. The *human* character of the race was marred and perverted by the mysterious intercourse of angels and men; so that a new beginning was imperatively needed. The sinfulness was universal, and it was more than mortal sinfulness: it became necessary that the race should begin again with one man; and that man was found. The history of this first sad stage of man's relations to the divine government will be read with much interest; but it must be read with great caution. The disquisitions on the sinful elements already present in the world, on the tempter, the cherubim, the commerce of the sons of God with the daughters of men, and other topics which rise on that ancient enchanted ground, are learned and exhaustive, and, on the whole, temperate. We might expect that a German theologian would be driven, by his instincts, to side in every case with the more mysterious interpretation. But he is not always wrong in following his instincts; and Dr. Kurtz, in particular, is too thorough-

ly orthodox to allow speculation to lead him astray in any essential article of faith.

The renewal of the covenant with mankind, in the person of Noah, began afresh the probation of mankind. Man's *sacrifice* expressed his sinfulness and hope of salvation; and God, on his part, restored his benediction to the earth, and man's pre-eminence upon it. The new world was placed under a dispensation of *forbearance*, (Gen. 8:2,) until the fullness of time. Ararat pointed to Calvary in the far distance: but Sinai lay between; and a *preliminary law* was given as the first elementary schoolmaster, containing the basis and commencement of the law given afterwards upon Sinai. This Elohim covenant was entered into with all nations; and the *rainbow*, spanning all the earth, was the Lord's secret handwriting and attestation, to be always legible when the dark storms, recalling a former judgment, gave place to the shining of the sun which assures a present, and predicts a future, grace. But this general covenant stands in close connection with the preëminence which was destined for Shem in the history of the great preparation for the fullness of time. Jehovah, in Noah's prophecy, is to be the God of Shem; Elohim, the God of Japhet, will enlarge his race and borders, but only so that ultimately it shall find its spiritual way to the tents of Shem. Canaan is, for a long season, placed under the curse. Meanwhile, sin, in all the three races, went on, as before the flood, to its consummation. Another flood was not to purify the earth; but a new development must begin in the history of the covenant. A fearful punishment, which contained the prophecy of an ultimate blessing, descended upon the race which made Babel their tower of defiance. The nations were suffered to go their own way of heathenism; the prodigal son was permitted, under a certain awful divine sanction, to go into the far country, carrying his perverted traditions with him, until the great meeting again in Christianity with his elder brother.

But it was not until the call of Abraham that Heathenism and Judaism began their distinctive development. The father of the faithful was taken out of the midst of an idolatry which was universal, and in which the reserved and predestinated race of Shem participated. He began a new beginning, as distinctively the third as

Noah's had been the second, after Adam's the first. There was, after him, no other beginning till Christ came to end and to begin all things. The giving of the law on Mount Sinai was no interruption of this development, as the flood and the dispersion had broken off former developments. The history which commenced with Abraham was an entirely new history, and continued unbroken till the judgment which Titus was called to execute against the covenant people. "The giving of the law on Mount Sinai is only a high point, although the most prominent, in the history between Abraham and Christ. It is not the commencement of a new history. True, it is called a *covenant*; but it does not differ essentially from that with Abraham. It does not stand in the same relation to the Abrahamic as the latter to the Noachic covenant. The covenant with Noah was made with all mankind; the covenant with Abraham was made with him as the ancestor of the holy people, while that on Sinai was made with the people as the seed of Abraham."

All this is certainly true, as far as the definition of the author's object is concerned. He did not undertake the history of *revelation*, which would have set the whole Bible before him; nor the history of the *kingdom of God*, which would have embraced all the economies of the divine dealings from the first promise to the consummation of Christ's glory in his saints; nor the history of the *preparation of the Gospel* which would have included the former half of this last vast subject; nor the history of the *Theocracy*, which commenced with the giving of the law; nor that of the Noachic covenant, which would terminate with the Christian missions that brought the descendants of Japhet into the tents of Shem. But his object is to give the entire history of the Old Covenant, entered into with one people in the person of their father Abraham, and continued through a series of vicissitudes, of which the following is the author's summary:

"The history of the Old Covenant passes, from its commencement to its termination, through *six* stages. In the *First* stage it is only a *FAMILY-history*. During that period we are successively made acquainted with each of three patriarchs, *Abraham*, *Isaac*, and *Jacob*. The twelve sons of the latter form the basis of the national development. In the *Second* stage these *twelve tribes* grow into a *PEOPLE*, which

under *Moses* attains independence, and receives its laws and worship. Under *Joshua* it conquers its country, while during the time of the Judges the Covenant is to be further developed on the basis of what had already been obtained. The THIRD stage commences with the institution of ROYALTY. By the side of the royal office, and as a counterpoise and corrective to it, the *prophetic office* is instituted, which is no longer confined to isolated appearances, but remains a continuous *institution*. The separation of the one commonwealth into two monarchies divides this period into two sections. The FOURTH stage comprises the EXILE AND RETURN. Prophetism survives the catastrophe of the exile, so as to rearrange and to revive the relations of the people who returned to their country, and to open the way for a further development. The FIFTH stage, or the time of *expectation*, commences with the cessation of prophecy, and is intended to prepare a place for that salvation which is now to be immediately expected. Lastly, the SIXTH stage comprises the time of the FULFILLMENT, when salvation is to be exhibited in Christ. The Covenant-people reject the salvation so presented, the Old Covenant terminates in judgment against the Covenant-people, but prophecy still holds out to them hopes and prospects for the future."—Vol. i. p. 171.

Now, it may be questioned whether the completion of this vast sketch will not be rather the history of the Covenant-people, than of the Old Covenant; and that for two reasons: First, the Old Covenant, as distinguished from the New—and as such the author regards it—did not, strictly speaking, begin with the vocation of Abraham, nor end with the abandonment of Israel. And, secondly, the covenant of God with that people—the People, preëminently, throughout the Scriptures—while it certainly began with Abraham, was not so absolutely absorbed and lost in the New Testament but that a certain residuum of it stands over still for final ratification. Into this latter point, that is, into the question what is the extent and what is the character of that Covenant promise which is still suspended over blinded Israel, we shall not now enter; and on the former point shall offer only a very few observations.

The New Testament usage of the sacred term "covenant" does not perfectly bear out the author's distinction between the New and the Old. It may appear to some a needless refinement to take exception to a title which all well understand, and which may be allowed, as a title, some latitude of interpretation. But the author

too distinctly defines his use of the word to give him the benefit of that plea; and, moreover, the theological importance of the true antithesis between the Old and New Covenants is very great. *Old* and *New* are terms which have a very diverse correlative significance in the teaching of our Lord and of his Apostles. The Great Householder brought out of his ancient treasury—the Jewish Scriptures—things new and old: many old things he abolished, leaving them in the Bible only as a memorial; many old things he made new by renewing their youth, or rather by exhibiting their identity with his own Gospel, and their everlasting sameness from the beginning to the end of time.

There is a sense in which the Redeemer's coming made "all things new," and therefore made every thing that preceded his incarnation *old*. All the Jewish Scriptures, with all their covenants, institutions, promises, and prophecies—from the first promise of that Deliverer down to Malachi's last prediction of his coming—formed one old dispensation—the religious history of the world, Jewish and Gentile, before the entrance of Christ into it began a new era. The Old Testament is the collection of all the Old Covenants, in their sequence, connection, and involution; the Book of the *Ancient of Days*, the Book of the Memorial (Exod. 17 : 14) of all his dealings with men in the *old time*.

There was a covenant, made with the fathers, which was abolished in Christ, and which is called "old" in another sense, as belonging not merely to a former time, and a former dispensation, but as being superseded and done away. Of nothing is this word "old," in this sense of it, more frequently used than of the covenant. But the Old Covenant, in contradistinction to the New, is always declared to date from the "Mount Sinai, which gendereth to bondage," of which Hagar and her son were the typical anticipation. It was when he led the people out of Egypt that Jehovah entered into a transitory covenant with the elect race, to last until the Mediator of a better Covenant, established upon better promises, should come with his new charter and ratifying blood. The *New* Covenant stands in antithesis to no other than that; but to *that* it stands in the boldest antithesis throughout the writings of St. Paul, the great expositor of the Gospel before

the Law, and in the Law, and after the Law.

But the covenant with Abraham, which is the starting-point of this great work, was not among the old things that passed away before the brightness of the appearance of the grace of God in Christ. Before Abraham was the father of the circumcision he was the father of the faithful. God, who "gave him the covenant of circumcision," had "before preached the Gospel to him." He was singled out from the race of Shem as the father of the seed, (as of one,) before he was singled out as the father of the many. (Gal. 3.) The first covenant transaction with him embraced the world, and the only condition on his part was faith. Abraham accepted the promise, and believed in the future Christ, and was the great representative of salvation by faith, both for Jews and Gentiles, before he entered into the covenant of circumcision on behalf of his seed according to the flesh. That covenant "was confirmed before of God in Christ;" confirmed in such a manner that the law, which was four hundred and thirty years after, could not disannul it. Abraham, the father of Christ, in whom all the nations should be blessed, and enter into the true Canaan, was before Abraham, the father of the seeds, as of many. His first covenant could never be *old* in any sense of antithesis to the new: and this is the only point we wish to guard.

The glorious history of the covenant people, who for nearly two millenniums were, notwithstanding all their rebellions, the depository of God's revealed will, whose great prerogative it was to be themselves the *Ark of the Covenant* among the nations, can be worthily written only in the form of a running commentary upon the Holy Scripture. There have been many histories of the Israelites attempted by Christians, infidels, and Jews. But all have been failures—many, very mischievous failures—which have been constructed on the plan of taking the Old Testament as merely a collection of archives and materials, to be interwoven with the archives of other nations, and reduced to consistency with any general historical system. The divine historian is jealous of his honor. He has written the history of the people; and all that other historians can do, is to follow with humble reverence in his track as

expositors of his words. Hence, we feel the consummate excellence of the plan which Dr. Kurtz has sketched out for himself. But that plan must be worked out to the end before his execution of it can be fairly criticised, or even fully appreciated. This much, however, we may say now, that as far as he has gone he has left very little to be desired. He follows the scriptural record closely; giving first the summary of its narrative, and then appending his own disquisitions, in which every topic of peculiar interest or difficulty is discussed with sound learning and conscientious candor. With deep reverence and fidelity he has, in these two volumes, pursued the traces of the guidance of Jehovah's hand, from the day when he led Abram out of Ur, to the day when he "called his Son out of Egypt."

But we feel it right to dwell for a while on the principles which regulate the author's researches in this great undertaking; and on that supreme one of them particularly, namely, that the primitive documents of revelation have a divine attestation stamped upon every sentence—an attestation which sacred learning, scientific criticism so called, will, in proportion as it disencumbers itself of its willful prejudices, perfectly confirm.

Speaking of the original materials which the author of the Pentateuch used in its formation, he says: "But a critical reply to these inquiries is of small importance to *us* in deciding as to the faithfulness, trustworthiness, or credibility of these legends themselves. For their highest authentication we depend not on the human origin of the biblical records, but on the divine coöperation which supported and assisted those who wrote them. Of this divine coöperation we are not only assured by certain express statements to that effect in the Scriptures, and by the testimonies of Moses, of Christ, and of the prophets and apostles, but also by the divine power which has wrought and still works by them, by Christianity itself, which is their ripe fruit, (for the tree is known by its fruits,) and by the history of the world, which, on its every page, bears testimony to the divine character of Christianity." In harmony with this avowal we find every where—making allowance for some wavering expressions here and there which err more in the phrase than in the sense—an absolute,

implicit reliance upon the divine authorship and inspiration of the Old Testament records. It is very refreshing to meet with this in a German divine, more especially in a German professor: a single instance of the kind would have been hard to find a few years ago; but now there are tokens which promise that the rule and the exception will ere long change places. At least we may comfort ourselves with the hope that our own generation will witness a great revolution tending that way; and, in this expectation, it is the wisdom of the evangelical public of Great Britain to give the reviving orthodoxy of Germany every encouragement in their power. Approbation on this side the Channel is more valued, and exerts more influence as an incentive, than many of our more rigid censors imagine.

The Christian critic can not pay much honor to the words of his Master, if he carries any doubt to the study of Moses in the law and the prophets. The true and faithful witness set his own eternal seal to the rolls which he held in his hand; which he opened when he commenced his ministry in Nazareth, and read and quoted from throughout the whole of its course; to which he made his constant appeal, and from which he drew all his arguments as a teacher; which he sprinkled anew with his own blood, and expounded still after his resurrection. The ancient Scriptures testified of him, and he gave his testimony in return to them. "The Scripture can not be broken;" it can not by the divine fidelity, it can not by any infidel researches of man. The Old Testament is not only irradiated and confirmed, it is defended and protected also by the New. It is one of the happiest signs of the times that biblical critics are beginning, in Germany as in England, to carry this axiom with them in all their investigations. Its good effect is seen, first, in the confidence with which they rely on the result of all sound research; and, secondly, in the dignified humility with which they are content to submit to leave for a while an obscurity which may seem hopelessly dark.

Many things there are, doubtless, in the primitive records which seem hopelessly dark; things in the Old Testament, as there are things even in the New, hard to be understood, and hard to be recon-

ciled with each other. That sacred learning will ever be so far prospered of God as to make all the difficulties of Scripture plain, even to simple faith, may be doubted. This has never seemed to be the divine purpose. There is no promise or pledge of it in Scripture itself. Ezra and Nehemiah did not give *all* the sense. Evangelists and Apostles passed away without solving problems which must have presented these difficulties to them as well as to us. The one only great connected exposition of the Old Testament doctrine of Christ, which our Lord gave on the way to Emmaus, has not been preserved to us, though we would give a vast Talmud of Jewish and Christian Christology in exchange for a tradition of it. And, generally speaking, it is as probable that the world will pass away without having understood *all* its Bible, as it is certain that the most sanctified and enlightened of its students are continually going safely hence with numberless difficulties unsolved.

Meanwhile, it is a pure satisfaction in reading books of this class to find that so many difficulties do retire, and that so many obscure places are illuminated, when the original text is searched into by men competently furnished with lights for the task. Our present author gives us a very noble example of the combination of implicit faith in the trustworthiness of the records, and resolution to give a good scientific account of his faith. He evades no difficulty which philology, ethnology, chronology—the three teraphim in the tents of modern rationalism—have evoked in such awful forms and countless numbers to harass the Christian's faith in the Pentateuch. Many of these difficulties he absolutely dispels; the reader will find among the disquisitions which accompany the text some very valuable summaries of all that may be defensively said as it respects the apparent fragmentary character of the books of Moses; the use and relative bearings of the *Elohim* and *Jehovah* names of the Deity; the angel of the covenant, (though this is not so entirely satisfactory in its issue as could be wished;) circumcision, the Sabbath, and other primitive institutions; the seeming reproductions in the histories of the patriarchs; with many other questions which Neology has borrowed from the Infidel Egyptians. Some of these difficulties he lessens, and reduces to their just proportions, bringing

them within reasonable compass, so that even a weak faith may more easily submit to endure them. Others, such as those connected with the chronology of the early part of the Old Testament, he admits in all their force; but pleads his rights to stand on the defensive, and wait till all the argument against the biblical archives is complete. For the witnesses do not agree among themselves; the chronological cycles which are worked up to confront or correct the only *Book of the Generations* may be suffered to demonstrate their own fabulousness, and explode their own theories, before the scriptural account of men's dispersion and spread through the earth is triumphantly vindicated.

It is wisdom not to be impatient in demanding, on many points, the final defense of the champions of revelation. There is a *standing still* before the *going forward*. Biblical criticism is as surely under the supervision and controlling providence of the Divine Spirit, as the holy book itself was the fruit of his inspiration. But biblical criticism has its probation. It has had its times of ignorance which God winked at; it has had its times of mad rebellion which God has borne with; but it has never been without its sanctified laborers, whose toils have been more or less blessed from on high. In its darkest and dreariest stages it has not been without its tokens of being owned of God; he has interposed, in his own time and in his own way, to give a right direction to its efforts, to open up new regions of investigation, and to provide, sometimes very suddenly, the materials for the settlement of long-disputed questions. When the time has come, and biblical learning has proved itself more worthy of the honor, he will make it still more abundantly triumphant over all its enemies. There are documents and evidences unknown as yet to men, which Divine Providence can easily open up and unseal when his purposes have ripened. Nineveh and Babylon waited long for the disentombment of their precious memorials and vouchers. Meanwhile, he will keep his servants humble, and let his enemies do their worst. When their schemes, and theories, and calculations have taken their final laborious shape, it will be a light thing for him to point his servants to some hidden facts which will upset them all. Biblical criticism has had its critical periods of

signal intervention. Excavations, inscriptions, disinterred manuscripts, discoveries and new generalizations in science, have always hitherto been in favor of the word of God, without one solitary exception. The student, therefore, who believes, may bide his time: he will never be made ashamed. Learned servants of revelation are working indefatigably, and God is working with them. Our own generation is destined to behold a great revolution in the relative position of believers and rationalists; and if for a season, the serpents of the wise men's and magicians' Egyptian enchantments are not all at once swallowed up by Aaron's rod, we must regard it as the trial of our faith. They will all disappear in due time, with every other vestige and relic of that old serpent, the father of the lie.

Before concluding this short notice, we would embrace the opportunity which these volumes fairly afford of urging the claims of Old Testament literature upon all students, and especially upon all young students, of the word of God. Old Testament literature is, undoubtedly, a very extensive term; and it would be easy to exhibit its comprehensiveness in such a manner as to overwhelm the imagination—in the manner of the programmes of the old Biblical Introductions—and thus defeat our own object. The consummate study of the ancient Scriptures involves, indeed, a tremendous curriculum of preliminary equipment, the application and use of which would task the unflagging energies of the longest life. In the nature of things this can be required as a duty, or permitted as a privilege, in the case only of a few men. In this sense, there must be a vicarious toil, the benefits of which the common mass of biblical students must be content gratuitously to enjoy. God sends some of his servants—and many who scarcely know that *he* sends them thither—into their closets, that they may carry on indefatigable processes of research, the results only of which the great bulk of us can enter into. For here the great rule holds good—“Other men labor, and we enter into their labors.”

Most of those who study the word of God—of those, at least, whom we have in view—are engaged in the absorbing work of expounding and preaching it: while, therefore on the one hand, there is every reason why they should reap the fruit of the learned labors of others, their time

and opportunity for doing so is of necessity restricted. To them it is of the utmost importance to know *how* to enter into other men's labors: this is a great art of itself; an humble one comparatively, yet ample in its compensation for toil: to have the keys of learned men's treasures, and to use them well; to know their *language*, and thus to understand their words. But, without any figure, it is *language* that is here concerned—the Hebrew, the sacred tongue preëminently; the Greek, the language of the Old Covenant made new; and the Latin, as the handmaid of both. With the first of these alone we have now to do.

Few young ministers go out into their great work—and fewer still will henceforward go out into it—without a fair grounding in the elements of the Hebrew. There is no study for the further prosecution of which, after the foundation is well laid, there are more facilities. In this, more than in most branches of learning, it is the good beginning that makes the heaviest tax. When a thorough working acquaintance with the structure of the language is once acquired, the highest and noblest career of sanctified study is thrown open. With a few well-chosen guides, the young divine may search the ancient Scriptures for himself, in a sense in which no one can search them who is altogether unacquainted with the original tongues. For, although he may never arrive at, or even aspire to, independent critical skill, he will be able to follow intelligently those who do possess it, and enter thoroughly into the spirit of investigations which he might not be able to conduct for himself. The best modern commentaries, moreover, whether on the Old or the New Testament, presuppose in the reader some familiarity with the originals: not only in Germany, but in England also, it is the original text which is expounded: and, consequently, much

of their value is lost to the reader who has suffered his Hebrew and Greek to fall into disuse. The work which suggests these reflections owes much of its excellence to disquisitions which can be only very partially understood by the mere English reader, but which, on the other hand, require a knowledge of Hebrew which may be very slight, provided it be accurate.

Much might be said—were these remarks more than mere closing suggestions—on the claims of Hebrew literature. We might dwell on its profound interest, as opening the Bible to the student in its own primitive unmatched simplicity, which no earthly translation can adequately re-produce; on its amazing exactitude, the result of that miracle of generations which preserved the Canon before the time of Christ, and the supervision of Providence over the dark labors of the Masorites afterwards; and on the absolute obligation which rests, in these golden days of opportunity, upon all young ministers to cultivate a study which, perhaps, was not made so obligatory upon many of their predecessors. But we must refrain; and close with one word of advice. Let the young man in whose hands God has placed the price to buy this wisdom, esteem it one of the most precious blessings of his early training. Let him give the first place in his studies to the *sacred letters* in which it pleased the Holy Ghost to enshrine the Old and New Covenants. Let him interweave these studies with all his devotional, practical, and professional communion with God's word. This will require unwearied diligence, and involve, perhaps, a large sacrifice of other literature; but any such sacrifice will be repaid a hundred fold; and, whatever other pursuits he may have to lay aside, let him never forget that the vows of the Bible are upon him.

## FUNERAL OBSEQUIES OF RUFUS CHOATE.

ACCOMPANYING the portrait of this eloquent and lamented man it is quite fitting to record the testimonials of public sorrow and respect which his demise called forth from the citizens of Boston. At noon, on the twenty-second of July, 1859, while the remains were hourly expected by steamer from St. John's, a public meeting was held in Faneuil Hall, to give expression to the sentiments of affectionate respect which were entertained by the community for the late Rufus Choate. The Mayor, Mr. Lincoln, presided.

The hall was richly decorated with emblems of mourning. From the center of the ceiling, lines of alternating black and white crape radiated to the cornices, which were festooned with black and white. From the beak of the eagle in the front gallery, lines of crape descended and festooned the entire fronts of the galleries. Over the gallery windows were similar emblems. The light of day was partially excluded from the hall by curtains of black crape, and the hall was lighted by gas.

The rostrum was covered with crape, and black and white crape was appropriately disposed in the rear of it. On the south side of the rostrum was elevated Ames' portrait of Choate, painted many years ago. The entire appearance of the hall was highly appropriate and solemn.

## REMARKS OF MAYOR LINCOLN.

We have assembled, fellow-citizens, to-day, under peculiar circumstances. Our busy occupations have been laid aside, and we have come together at the noon-tide hour to commune with each other upon a common loss.

That matchless orator, whose inspiring eloquence has so often thrilled the multitudes which have crowded this venerated hall, has finished his earthly career, and we are here not to unite in an idle pageant, but to give an utterance to such feelings as the proprieties of the occasion will allow.

The official position which it is my fortune to sustain to the city which he made

his home, which was the scene of his greatest intellectual triumphs, and where he was best known and loved, is the only reason why I should be called to preside over your deliberations. It does not become me at this time to enumerate the virtues of the illustrious dead, or to attempt to give an expression to the grief which has bowed down the hearts of the community.

Eloquent lips will discuss upon such themes—my duty is simply in your behalf to guide the order of proceedings, and to testify by my presence the sorrow which I believe all classes feel in the death of so distinguished a citizen of Boston as Rufus Choate.

The Mayor then said: I will invite the Hon. Edward Everett, the friend of Mr. Choate, to address you.

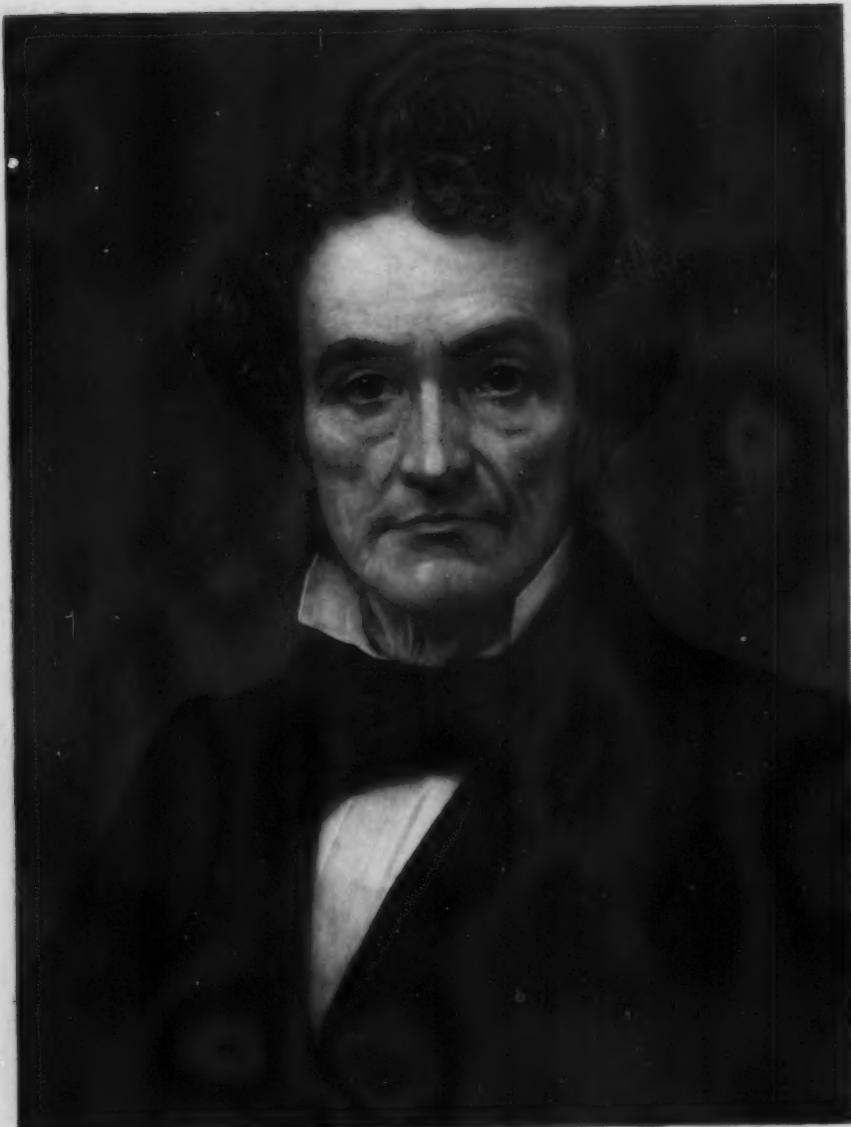
## ADDRESS OF MR. EVERETT.

*Mr. Mayor and Fellow-Citizens:* I obey the only call which could with propriety have drawn me at this time from my retirement in accepting your invitation to unite with you in the melancholy duties which we are assembled to perform. While I speak, sir, the lifeless remains of our dear departed friend are expected; it may be have already returned to his bereaved home. We sent him forth, but a few days since, in search of health; the exquisite bodily organization, overtaxed and shattered, but the master intellect still shining in unclouded strength. Anxious, but not desponding, we sent him forth, hopeful that the bracing air of the ocean, which he greatly loved, the respite from labor, the change of scene, the cheerful intercourse, which he was so well calculated to enjoy with congenial spirits abroad, would return him to us refreshed and renovated—but he has come back to us dust and ashes, a pilgrim already on his way to

“The undiscovered country, from whose bourne  
No traveler returns.”

How could I refuse to bear my humble part in the tribute of respect which you





ENGRAVED BY JOHN SARTAIN.—PHIL.

Ralph Waldo Emerson

Engraved for the Atlantic Magazine.





are assembled to pay to the memory of such a man ; a man not only honored by me, in common with the whole country, but tenderly cherished as a faithful friend, from the morning of his days, and almost from the morning of mine ; one with whom through life I was delighted to take sweet counsel ; for whom I felt an affection never chilled for a moment, during nearly forty years since it sprung up. I knew our dear friend, sir, from the time that he entered the law school at Cambridge ; I was associated with him as one of the Massachusetts delegation, in the House of Representatives of the United States, between whom and myself there was an entire community of feeling and opinion on all questions of men and measures ; and with whom, in these late years, as his near neighbor, and especially when illness confined him at home, I have enjoyed opportunities of the most intimate social intercourse. Now that he is gone, sir, I feel that one more is taken away of those most trusted and loved, and with whom I had most hoped to finish the journey ; nay, sir, one whom, in the course of nature, I should have preceded to its end, and who would have performed for me the last kindly office, which I, with drooping spirit, would fain perform for him.

But although with a willing heart I undertake the duty you have devolved upon me, I can not but feel how little remains to be said. It is but echoing the voice, which has been heard from every part of the country — from the Bar, from the Press, from every association from which it could with propriety be uttered, to say that he stood at the head of his profession in this country. If, in his own or any other part of the Union, there was his superior in any branch of legal knowledge, there was certainly no one who united, to the same extent, profound learning in the law, with a range almost boundless of miscellaneous reading, reasoning powers of the highest order, intuitive quickness of perception, a wariness and circumspection never taken by surprise, and an imagination, which rose on a bold and easy wing to the highest heaven of invention. These powers, trained by diligent cultivation, these attainments, combined and applied with sound judgment, consummate skill and exquisite taste, necessarily placed him at the head of the profession of his choice ; where,

since the death of Mr. Webster, he shone without a rival. With such endowments, formed at the best schools of professional education, exercised with unwearied assiduity, through a long professional life, under the spur of generous ambition, and the heavy responsibility of an ever growing reputation to be sustained—if possible to be raised—he *could* fill no second place.

But he did not, like most eminent jurists, content himself with the learning or the fame of his profession. He was more than most men in any profession, in the best sense of the word, a man of letters. He kept up his academical studies in after life. He did not think it the part either of wisdom or good taste to leave behind him at school, or at college, the noble languages of the great peoples of antiquity ; but he continued through life to read the Greek and Roman classics. He was also familiar with the whole range of English literature ; and he had a respectable acquaintance with the standard French authors. This wide and varied circle of reading not only gave a liberal expansion to his mind, in all directions, but it endowed him with a great wealth of choice but unstudied language, and enabled him to command a richness of illustration, whatever subject he had in hand, beyond most of our public speakers and writers. This taste for reading was formed in early life. While he was at the law school at Cambridge, I was accustomed to meet him more frequently than any other person of his standing, in the alcoves of the Library of the University. As he advanced in years, and acquired the means of gratifying his taste in this respect, he formed a miscellaneous collection, probably as valuable as any other in Boston ; and he was accustomed playfully to say, that every Saturday afternoon, after the labor of the week, he indulged himself in buying and bringing home a new book. Thus reading with a keen relish, as a relaxation from professional toil, and with a memory that nothing worth retaining escaped, he became a living storehouse of polite literature, out of which, with rare facility and grace, he brought forth treasures new and old, not deeming these last the least precious.

Though living mainly for his profession, Mr. Choate engaged to some extent in public life, and that at an early age, as a member of the Legislature of Massachu-

sets, and of the National House of Representatives, and in riper years as a Senator of the United States, as the successor of Mr. Webster, whose entire confidence he enjoyed, and whose place he, if any one, was not unworthy to fill. In these different positions he displayed consummate ability. His appearance, his silent demeanor in either house of Congress commanded respect. He was one of the few whose very presence in a public assembly was a call to order. In the daily routine of legislation he did not take an active part. He rather shunned clerical work, and consequently avoided, as much as duty permitted, the labor of the committee room ; but on every great question that came up while he was a member of either house of Congress, he made a great speech ; and when he had spoken there was very little left for any one else to say on the same side of the question. I remember, on one occasion, after he had been defending, on broad national grounds, the policy of affording a moderate protection to our native industry, showing that it was not merely a local but a national interest, and seeking to establish this point by a great variety of illustrations, equally novel and ingenious, a Western member, who had hitherto wholly dissented from this view of the subject, exclaimed that he "was the most persuasive speaker he had ever heard."

But though abundantly able to have filled a prominent place among the distinguished active statesmen of the day, he had little fondness for political life, and no aptitude whatever for the out-door's management ; for the electioneering legerdemain ; for the wearisome correspondence with local great men ; and the heart-breaking drudgery of franking cart-loads of speeches and public documents to the four winds, which are necessary at the present day to great success in a political career. Still less adroit was he in turning to some personal advantage whatever topic happens for the moment to attract public attention ; fishing with even freshly baited hook in the turbid waters of an ephemeral popularity. In reference to some of the arts by which political advancement is sought and obtained, he once said to me, with that well-known characteristic look, in which sadness and compassionate pleasantry were about equally mingled : "They did not do such things in Washington's day."

If ever there was a truly disinterested patriot Rufus Choate was that man. In his political career there was no shade of selfishness. Had he been willing to purchase advancement at the price often paid for it, there never was a moment, from the time he first made himself felt and known, that he could not have commanded any thing which any party could bestow. But he desired none of the rewards or honors of success. On the contrary he, not only for his individual self, regarded office as a burden—an obstacle in the way of cultivation of his professional and literary tastes—but he held that of necessity, and in consequence of the strong tendency of our parties to assume a sectional character, conservative opinions, seeking to moderate between the extremes which agitate the country, must of necessity be in the minority ; that it was the "mission" of men who hold such opinions, not to fill honorable and lucrative posts, which are unavoidably monopolized by active leaders, but to speak prudent words on great occasions, which would command the respect, if they do not enlist the sympathies, of both the conflicting parties, and insensibly influence the public mind. He comprehended and accepted the position ; he knew that it was one liable to be misunderstood, and sure to be misrepresented at the time ; but not less sure to be justified when the interests and passions of the day are buried beneath the clods of the valley.

But this ostracism to which his conservative opinions condemned him, produced not a shade of bitterness in his feelings. His patriotism was as cheerful as it was intense. He regarded our confederated Republic, with its wonderful adjustment of State and Federal organization—the States bearing the burden and descending to the details of local administration, the General Government molding the whole into one general nationality, and representing it in the family of nations—as the most wonderful phenomenon in the political history of the world. Too much of a statesman to join the unreflecting disparagement, with which other great forms of national polity are often spoken of in this country ; he yet considered the oldest, the wisest, and most successful of them, the British Constitution, as a far less wonderful political system than our confederated republic. "The territorial extent of the country ; the beautiful

play into each other of its great commercial, agricultural, and manufacturing interests; the material prosperity, the advancement in arts and letters and manners already made; the capacity for further indefinite progress in this vast theater of action, in which Providence has placed the Anglo-American race; stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Arctic circle to the tropics, were themes on which he dwelt, as none but he could dwell; and he believed that with patience, with mutual forbearance, with a willingness to think that our brethren, however widely we may differ from them, may be as honest and patriotic as ourselves, our common country would eventually reach a height of prosperity of which the world as yet has seen no example.

With such gifts, such attainments, and such a spirit, he placed himself, as a matter of course, not merely at the head of the jurists and advocates, but of the public speakers of the country. After listening to him at the bar, in the Senate, or upon the academic or popular platform, you felt that you had heard the best that could be said in either place. That mastery which he displayed at the forum and in the deliberative assembly was not less conspicuous in every other form of public address. As happens in most cases of eminent jurists and statesmen, possessing a brilliant imagination and able to adorn a severe course of reasoning with the charms of a glowing fancy or a sparkling style, it was sometimes said of him, as it was said before him of Burke and Erskine, of Ames and Pinkney—that he was more of a rhetorician than a logician, that he dealt in words and figures of speech more than in facts or arguments. These are the invidious comments by which dull or prejudiced men seek to disparage those gifts which are furthest from their own reach.

It is, perhaps, by his discourses on academical and popular occasions that he is most extensively known in the community, as it is these which were listened to with delighted admiration by the largest audiences. He loved to treat a purely literary theme; and he knew how to throw a magic freshness—like the cool morning dew on a cluster of purple grapes—over the most familiar topics at a patriotic celebration. Some of these occasional performances will ever be held among the brightest gems of our literature. The

eulogy on Daniel Webster at Dartmouth College, in which he mingled at once all the light of his genius and all the warmth of his heart, has, within my knowledge, never been equaled among the performances of its class in this country for sympathetic appreciation of a great man, discriminating analysis of character, fertility of illustration, weight of sentiment, and a style at once chaste, nervous, and brilliant. The long sentences which have been criticised in this as in his other performances, are like those which Dr. Channing admired and commended in Milton's prose—well compacted, full of meaning, fit vehicles for great thought.

But he does not deal exclusively in those ponderous sentences. There is nothing of the artificial Johnsonian balance in his style. It is as often marked by a pregnant brevity as by a sonorous amplitude. He is sometimes satisfied, in concise epigrammatic clauses, to skirmish with his light troops and drive in the enemy's outposts. It is only on fitting occasions, when great principles are to be vindicated and solemn truths told; when some moral or political Waterloo or Solferino is to be fought, that he puts on the entire panoply of his gorgeous rhetoric. It is then that his majestic sentences swell to the dimensions of his thought; that you hear afar off the awful roar of his rifled ordnance; and when he has stormed the heights, and broken the center, and trampled the squares, and turned the staggering wings of the adversary, that he sounds his imperial clarion along the whole line of battle, and moves forward with all his hosts, in one overwhelming charge.

Our friend was, in all the personal relations of life, the most unselfish and disinterested of men. Commanding from an early period a valuable clientelage, and rising rapidly to the summit of his profession, and to the best practice in the Courts of Massachusetts and in the Supreme Court of the United States, with no expensive tastes or habits, and a manner of life highly unostentatious and simple, advancing years overtook him with but slender provision for their decline. He reaped little but fame, where he ought to have reaped both fame and fortune. A career which in England would have been crowned with affluence, and probably with distinguished rank and office, found him at sixty chained to the treadmill of laborious practice.

He might, indeed, be regarded as a martyr to his profession. He gave to it his time, his strength, and, neglecting due care of regular bodily exercise and occasional entire relaxation, he might be said to have given to it his life. He assumed the racking anxieties and feverish excitements of his clients. From the courts, where he argued the causes intrusted to him, with all the energy of his intellect, rousing into corresponding action an over-tasked nervous system, these cares and anxieties followed him to the weariness of his midnight vigils, and the unrest of his sleepless pillow. In this way, he led a long professional career, worn and harassed with other men's cares, and sacrificed ten added years of professional usefulness to the intensity with which he threw himself into the discharge of his duties, in middle life.

There are other recollections of our friend's career, other phases of his character, on which I would gladly dwell; but the hour has elapsed, and it is not necessary. The gentlemen who have preceded me, his professional brethren, his pastor, the press of the country, generously allowing past differences of opinion to be buried in his grave, have more than made up for any deficiency in my remarks. His work is done — nobly, worthily done. Never more in the temples of justice — never more in the Senate Chamber — never more in the crowded assembly — never more in this consecrated hall where he so often held listening crowds in rapt admiration, shall we catch the unearthly glance of his eye, or listen to the strange sweet music of his voice. To-morrow we shall follow him — the pure patriot — the consummate jurist — the eloquent orator — the honored citizen — the beloved friend, to the last resting-place; and who will not feel, as we lay him there, that a brighter genius and a warmer heart are not left among living men?

#### REMARKS OF J. T. STEVENSON.

*Gentlemen:* The prevalence of a public sorrow, which seemed to be seeking an appropriate form of expression, has induced a number of our fellow-citizens to take the necessary steps for having this place opened for your meeting to-day.

Death, with its summons, which will not be unheeded, has called us here, to contemplate its victory over all that was mortal of a brilliant man — one of the most

brilliant of the age — not to recite his biography nor to pronounce his eulogy.

The impressive silence of this great assembly of men, who have laid aside their peculiar cares, at noon tide, in token of an affectionate respect, speaks more than any tongue, that is here, could give utterance to.

Mr. Choate was not a native of Boston; but here was the chosen seat of his study and his toil.

Here was the field over which he scattered the ripe fruits of his trained genius. It was this community which he adorned. It was here, in this chosen home, which no accident of birth had assigned to him, that he loved to labor and to rest.

Rarely in public office, he was still a public man in the largest sense, and all were proud of him. The old honored him, and the young loved him, and both old and young admired him.

It seldom comes to pass that such an accumulation of learning, practically applied without a tinge of pedantry, is laid low, by a single arrow, in the dust.

He exhibited a marvelous combination of powers, which seldom act together.

What in most men would have seemed to be inconsistencies, conspired in him to thoroughness.

Who, that has listened to him, has not been dazzled almost to dizziness by the vivid flashes of his imagination, at the same time that he has been carried steadily forward by the irresistible force of the logic of prose-poet and the imaginative logician?

Most men, with an imagination like his, are tempted to let all their thoughts run riot in its luxuries.

Most men, with logical powers to be compared with his, leave them unadorned in their exercise.

But the offspring of his brain had all the commanding strength of the one, and all the bewitching grace of the other.

He captivated while he convinced. Probably none, before whom he was called upon to hold up the protecting shield of the law, were unjustly convicted; while some, who needed mercy more than justice, may have found it through the seductive power of his eloquence.

A careful culture, deep research, accurate learning, a refined wit, an exuberant fancy, a brilliant imagination, quick perceptions, a cloudless intellect, a genial disposition, a full heart and magnetic man-

ners, each pressed, with its varied forces, into the active service of a passion for intellectual eminence, made Mr. Choate, what he certainly was, inimitable.

He stood out among men a genius; though he walked with them, a charming companion.

He will be remembered. The music of his voice will still play upon the chords of our memories, though the lips which gave tone to it are sealed.

The expressive eye will still beam upon us, though its lids is closed in the unbroken sleep.

The smile which lighted up his study-worn features into beauty, will not be soon forgotten, though it has ceased to play.

It seemed, therefore, proper that we, who may have been connected with him by no other ties than those of a common citizenship, should come together to acknowledge the void that is left, not only in the profession, which he courted and adorned, but in the larger circle of the whole community, in which he labored and shone.

## ORATION OF THE HON. EDWARD EVERETT.\*

[DELIVERED IN BOSTON, SEPT. 17, 1859, AT THE INAUGURATION OF THE STATUE OF DANIEL WEBSTER, IN THE STATE-HOUSE GROUNDS, ON THE TWO HUNDRED AND TWENTY-NINTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FOUNDING OF THE CITY OF BOSTON.]

### MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY:

On behalf of those by whose contributions this statue of Mr. Webster has been procured, and of the Committee intrusted with the care of its erection, it is my pleasing duty to return to you, and through you to the Legislature of the Commonwealth, our dutiful acknowledgments, for the permission kindly accorded to us, to place the Statue in the Public Grounds. We feel, sir, that in allowing this monumental work to be erected in front of the Capitol of the State, a distinguished honor has been paid to the memory of Mr. Webster.

To you, sir, in particular, whose influence was liberally employed to bring about this result, and whose personal attendance and participation have added so much to the interest of the day, we are under the highest obligations.

\* We depart from our usual rule in regard to Foreign Literature in this journal, in order to place before our readers in this permanent form, a great oration on a memorable occasion, rich in the eloquence and affluence of historic interest and thought, worthy of the theme, the character and the memory of the great American Statesman, whom his countrymen delight to honor. This discourse has been corrected by the Author, and published in this form by his permission.—ED. ECLEC.

To you, also, Mr. Mayor, and to the City Council, we return our cordial thanks for your kind consent to act on our behalf, in delivering this cherished Memorial of our honored fellow-citizen into the custody of the Commonwealth, and for your sympathy and assistance in the duties of the occasion.

To you, our distinguished Guests, and to you, Fellow-Citizens, of either sex, who come to unite with us in rendering these monumental honors, who adorn the occasion with your presence, and cheer us with your countenance and favor, we tender a respectful and grateful welcome.

The inclemency of the weather has, as you are well aware, made a change in our arrangements for your reception necessary, and compelled us to flee from the public grounds to this spacious hall. But we will not murmur at this slight inconvenience. We are not the only children for whom the Universal Parent cares. The rain, which has incommoded and disappointed us, is most welcome to the husbandman and the farmer. It will yield their last fullness to the maturing fruits and grains; it will clothe the parched fields with autumnal verdure, and revive the failing pasturage; it will replenish the

exhausted springs, and thus promote the comfort of beast and of man. We have no reason to lament, that, while, with these simple ceremonies, we dedicate the statue of Daniel Webster within these walls, the work of human hands, the genial skies are baptizing it with gentle showers, beneath the arch of Heaven.

It has been the custom, from the remotest antiquity, to preserve and to hand down to posterity, in bronze and in marble, the counterfeit presentment of illustrious men. Within the last few years, modern research has brought to light, on the banks of the Tigris, huge slabs of alabaster, buried for ages, which exhibit in relief the faces and the persons of men, who governed the primeval East in the gray dawn of History. Three thousand years have elapsed since they lived and reigned, and built palaces, and fortified cities, and waged war, and gained victories, of which the trophies are carved upon these monumental tablets—the triumphal procession, the chariots laden with spoil, the drooping captive, the conquered monarch in chains—but the legends inscribed upon the stone are imperfectly deciphered, and little beyond the names of the personages, and the most general tradition of their exploits is preserved. In like manner the obelisks and the temples of ancient Egypt are covered with the sculptured images of whole dynasties of Pharaohs—older than Moses, older than Joseph—whose titles are recorded in the hieroglyphics, with which the granite is charged, and which are gradually yielding up their long-concealed mysteries to the sagacity of modern criticism. The plastic arts, as they passed into Hellas, with all the other arts which give grace and dignity to our nature, reached a perfection unknown to Egypt or Assyria; and the heroes and sages of Greece and Rome, immortalized by the sculptor, still people the galleries and museums of the modern world. In every succeeding age and in every country, in which the fine arts have been cultivated, the respect and affection of survivors have found a pure and rational gratification, in the historical portrait and the monumental statue of the honored and loved in private life, and especially of the great and good who have deserved well of their country. Public esteem and confidence and private affection, the gratitude of the community and the fond memories of the fire-side, have ever sought, in

this way, to prolong the sensible existence of their beloved and respected objects. What though the dear and honored features and person, on which while living we never gazed without tenderness or veneration, have been taken from us; something of the loveliness, something of the majesty abides in the canvas, the bronze and the marble. The heart bereft of the living originals turns to them, and cold and silent as they are, they strengthen and animate the cherished recollections of the loved, the honored, and the lost.

The skill of the painter and sculptor which thus comes in aid of the memory and imagination, is, in its highest degree, one of the rarest, as it is one of the most exquisite accomplishments within our attainment, and in its perfection as seldom witnessed as the perfection of speech or of music. The plastic hand must be moved by the same ethereal instinct, as the eloquent lips or the recording pen. The number of those who, in the language of Michael Angelo, can discern the finished statue, in the heart of the shapeless block and bid it start into artistic life—who are endowed with the exquisite gift of molding the rigid bronze or the lifeless marble into graceful, majestic, and expressive forms, is not greater than the number of those, who are able, with equal majesty, grace, and expressiveness, to make the spiritual essence—the finest shades of thought and feeling—sensible to the mind, through the eye and the ear, in the mysterious embodiment of the written and the spoken word. If Athens in her palmiest days had but one Pericles, she had also but one Phidias.

Nor are these beautiful and noble arts, by which the face and the form of the departed are preserved to us—calling into the highest exercise as they do all the imitative and idealizing powers of the painter and the sculptor—the least instructive of our teachers. The portraits and the statues of the honored dead kindle the generous ambition of the youthful aspirant to fame. Themistocles could not sleep for the tropes of Miltiades in the Ceramicus; and when the living Demosthenes to whom you, sir, (Mr. Felton,) have alluded had ceased to speak, the stony lips remained to rebuke and exhort his degenerate countrymen. More than a hundred years have elapsed since the great Newton passed away; but from age to age his statue by Roubillac, in the ante-chapel

of Trinity College, will give distinctness to the conceptions formed of him by hundreds and thousands of ardent youthful spirits, filled with reverence for that transcendent intellect, which from the phenomena that fall within our limited vision, deduced the imperial law, by which the Sovereign Mind rules the entire universe. We can never look on the person of Washington, but his serene and noble countenance, perpetuated by the pencil and the chisel, is familiar to far greater multitudes than ever stood in his living presence, and will be thus familiar to the latest generation.

What parent as he conducts his son to Mount Auburn or to Bunker Hill, will not, as he pauses before their monumental statues, seek to heighten his reverence for virtue, for patriotism, for science, for learning, for devotion to the public good, as he bids him contemplate the form of that grave and venerable Winthrop, who left his pleasant home in England to come and found a new republic in this untrodden wilderness; of that ardent and intrepid Otis, who first struck out the spark of American independence; of that noble Adams, its most eloquent champion on the floor of Congress; of that martyr Warren, who laid down his life in its defense; of that self-taught Bowditch, who, without a guide, threaded the starry mazes of the Heavens; of that Story, honored at home and abroad as one of the brightest luminaries of the law, and by a felicity, of which I believe there is no other example, admirably portrayed in marble by his son? What citizen of Boston, as he accompanies the stranger around our streets, guiding him through our busy thoroughfares, to our wharves crowded with vessels which range every sea and gather the produce of every climate—up to the dome of this capitol, which commands as lovely a landscape as can delight the eye or gladden the heart, will not as he calls his attention at last to the statues of Franklin and Webster, exclaim—“Boston takes pride in her natural position, she rejoices in her beautiful environs, she is grateful for her material prosperity; but richer than the merchandise stored in palatial warehouses, greener than the slopes of seagirt islets, lovelier than this encircling panorama of land and sea, of field and hamlet, of lake and stream, of garden and grove, is the memory of her sons, native and adopted; the character and fame of

those, who have benefited and adorned their day and generation. Our children, and the schools at which they are trained, our citizens and the services they have rendered; these are our monuments, these are our jewels—these our abiding treasures.”

Yes, your long rows of quarried granite may crumble to the dust; the cornfields in yonder villages, ripening to the sickle, may, like the plains of stricken Lombardy, a few weeks ago, be kneaded into bloody clods by the madding wheels of artillery; this populous city, like the old cities of Etruria and the Campagna Romana, may be desolated by the pestilence which walketh in darkness, may decay with the lapse of time, and the busy mart, which now rings with the joyous din of trade, become as lonely and still as Carthage or Tyre, as Babylon and Nineveh, but the names of the great and good shall survive the desolation and the ruin; the memory of the wise, the brave, the patriotic shall never perish. Yes, Sparta is a wheat-field; a Bavarian prince holds court at the foot of the Acropolis; the traveling virtuoso digs for broken marbles in the Roman Forum and beneath the ruins of the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus; but Lycurgus and Leonidas, and Miltiades and Demosthenes, and Cato and Tully “still live;” and he still lives, and all the great and good shall live in the heart of ages, while marble and bronze shall endure; and when marble and bronze have perished, they shall “still live” in memory, so long as men shall reverence Law, and honor Patriotism, and love Liberty!

#### EULOGIES AT THE TIME OF MR. WEBSTER'S DECEASE.

Seven years within a few weeks, have passed since he, whose statue we inaugurate to-day, was taken from us. The voice of respectful and affectionate eulogy, which was uttered in this vicinity and city at the time, was promptly echoed throughout the country. The tribute paid to his memory, by friends, neighbors, and fellow-citizens was responded to, from the remotest corners of the Republic, by those who never gazed on his noble countenance, or listened to the melody of his voice. This city, which in early manhood he chose for his home; his associates in the honorable profession of which he rose to be the acknowledged head; the law school of the neighboring university

speaking by the lips of one so well able to do justice to his legal preéminence; the college at which he was educated and whose chartered privileges he had successfully maintained before the highest tribunal of the country; with other bodies and other eulogists, at the bar, in the pulpit, and on the platform, throughout the Union, in numbers greater I believe than have ever spoken on any other similar occasion, except that of the death of Washington, joined with the almost unanimous Press of the country, in one chorus of admiration of his talents, recognition of his patriotic services, and respect and affection for his memory.

Nor have these offerings been made at his tomb alone. Twice or thrice since his death, once within a few months—the anniversary of his birthday, has called forth, at the table of patriotic festivity, the voice of fervid eulogy and affectionate commemoration. In this way and on these occasions, his character has been delineated by those best able to do justice to his powers and attainments, to appreciate his services, to take the measure, if I may so say, of his colossal mental stature. Without going beyond this immediate neighborhood, and in no degree ungrateful for the liberality or insensible to the ability with which he has been eulogized in other parts of the country, what need be said, what can be said in the hearing of those who have listened to Hillard, to Chief-Justice Parker, to Cushing, and to our lamented Choate, whose discourse on Mr. Webster at Dartmouth College appears to me as magnificent a eulogium as was ever pronounced?

What can be said that has not been better said before; what need be said now that seven added years in the political progress of the country, seven years of respectful and affectionate recollection on the part of those who now occupy the stage, have confirmed his title to the large place, which, while he lived, he filled in the public mind? While he yet bore a part in the councils of the Union, he shared the fate which, in all countries, and especially in all free countries, awaits commanding talent and eminent position; which no great man in our history—not Washington himself—has ever escaped; which none can escape, but those who are too feeble to provoke opposition, too obscure for jealousy. But now that he has rested for years in his honored grave,

what generous nature is not pleased to strew flowers on the sod? What honorable opponent, still faithful to principle, is not willing that all in which he differed from him should be referred, without bitterness, to the impartial arbitrament of time; and that all that he respected and loved should be cordially remembered? What public man, especially who, with whatever differences of judgment of men or measures, has borne on his own shoulders the heavy burden of responsibility—who has felt how hard it is, in the larger complication of affairs, at all times, to meet the expectations of an intelligent and watchful, but impulsive and not always thoroughly instructed public; how difficult sometimes to satisfy his own judgment—is not willing that the noble qualities and patriotic services of Webster should be honorably recorded in the book of the country's remembrance, and his statue set up in the Pantheon of her illustrious sons?

#### POSTHUMOUS HONORS.

These posthumous honors lovingly paid to departed worth, are among the compensations which a kind Providence vouchsafes for the unavoidable conflicts of judgment and stern collisions of party, which make the political career always arduous, even when pursued with the greatest success, generally precarious, sometimes destructive of health and even life. It is impossible under free governments to prevent the existence of party; not less impossible that parties should be conducted with spirit and vigor without more or less injustice done and suffered, more or less gross uncharitableness and bitter denunciation. Besides, with the utmost effort at impartiality, it is not within the competence of our frail capacities to do full justice at the time to a character of varied and towering greatness, engaged in an active and responsible political career. The truth of his principles, the wisdom of his counsels, the value of his services must be seen in their fruits, and the richest fruits are not those of the most rapid growth. The wisdom of antiquity pronounced that no one was to be deemed happy until after death; not merely because he was then first placed beyond the vicissitudes of human fortune, but because then only the rival interests, the discordant judgments, the hostile passions of contemporaries are, in ordinary cases, no

longer concerned to question his merits. Horace, with gross adulation, sung to his imperial master, Augustus, that he alone of the great of the earth ever received while living the full meed of praise. All the other great benefactors of mankind, the inventors of arts, the destroyers of monsters, the civilizers of states, found by experience that unpopularity was appeased by death alone.\*

That solemn event, which terminates the material existence, becomes by the sober revisions of contemporary judgment, aided by offices of respectful and affectionate commemoration, the commencement of a nobler life on earth. The wakeful eyes are closed, the feverish pulse is still, the tired and trembling limbs are relieved from their labors, and the aching head is laid to rest on the lap of our mother earth, but all that we honored and loved in the living man begins to live again, in a new and higher being of influence and fame. It was given but to a limited number to listen to the living voice, and they can never listen to it again, but the wise teachings, the grave admonitions, the patriotic exhortations which fell from his tongue, will be gathered together and garnered up in the memory of millions. The cares, the toils, the sorrows; the conflicts with others, the conflicts of the fervent spirit with itself; the sad accidents of humanity, the fears of the brave, the follies of the wise, the errors of the learned; all that dashed the cup of enjoyment with bitter drops and strewed sorrowful ashes over the beauty of expectation and promise; the treacherous friend, the ungenerous rival, the mean and malignant foe; the uncharitable prejudice which withheld the just tribute of praise, the human frailty which wove sharp thorns into the wreath of solid merit;—all these in ordinary cases are buried in the grave of the illustrious dead; while their brilliant talents, their deeds of benevolence and public spirit, their wise and eloquent words, their healing counsels, their generous affections, the whole man, in short, whom we revered and loved and would fain imitate, especially when his image is impressed upon our recollections by the pencil or the chisel, goes forth to the admiration of the latest posterity.

*Extinctus amabitur idem.*

\* *Comperit invidiam supremo fine domari.*

#### THE OBSEQUIES OF MR. CHOATE.

Our city has lately witnessed a most beautiful instance of this reanimating power of death. A few weeks since, we followed toward the tomb the lifeless remains of our lamented Choate. Well may we consecrate a moment even of this hour, to him who, in that admirable discourse to which I have already alluded, did such noble justice to himself and the great subject of his eulogy. A short time before the decease of our much honored friend, I had seen him shattered by disease, his all persuasive voice faint and languid, his most spiritual eye quenched, and as he left us in search of health in a foreign clime, a painful image and a sad foreboding too soon fulfilled dwelt upon my mind. But on the morning of the day when we were to pay the last offices to our friend, the twenty-third of July, with a sad, let me not say repining, thought, that so much talent, so much learning, so much eloquence, so much wit, so much wisdom, so much force of intellect, so much kindness of heart were taken from us, an engraved likeness of him was brought to me, in which he seemed to live again. The shadows of disease and suffering had passed from the brow, the well-remembered countenance was clothed with its wonted serenity, a cheerful smile lighted up the features, genius kindled in the eye, persuasion hovered over the lips, and I felt as if I was going not to his funeral but his triumph. "Weep not for me," it seemed to say, "but weep for yourselves." And never while he dwelt among us in the feeble tabernacle of the flesh; never while the overtired spirit seemed to exhaust the delicate frame; never as I had listened to the melody of his living voice, did he speak to my imagination and heart with such a touching though silent eloquence, as when we followed his hearse along these streets, that bright mid-summer's noon, up the *via sacra* in front of this capitol, slowly moving to the solemn beat of grand dead marches, as they rose and swelled from wailing clarion and muffled drum, while the minute guns from yonder lawn responded to the passing bell from yonder steeple. I then understood the sublime significance of the words, which Cicero puts in the mouth of Cato, that the mind, elevated to the foresight of posterity, when departing from this life,

begins at length to live; yea, the sublimer words of a greater than Cicero, "O death, where is thy sting; O grave, where is thy victory!" And then, as we passed the abodes of those whom he knew, and honored and loved, and who had gone before; of Lawrence here on the left; of Prescott yonder on the right; this house where Hancock lived and Washington was received; this where Lafayette sojourned; this capitol where his own political course began, and on which so many patriotic memories are concentrated, I felt, not as if we were conducting another frail and weary body to the tomb, but as if we were escorting a noble brother to the congenial company of the departed; and I was ready myself to exclaim: "*O praeclarum diem, cum ad illud divinum animorum concilium contumque profisciscar, cumque ex hac turba et colluvione, discedam.*"

#### THE PERIOD IN WHICH MR. WEBSTER LIVED.

It will not, I think, be expected of me to undertake the superfluous task of narrating in great detail the well-known events of Mr. Webster's life, or of attempting an elaborate delineation of that character to which such ample justice has already been done by master hands. I deem it sufficient to say in general, that, referred to all the standards by which public character can be estimated, he exhibited in a rare degree the qualities of a truly great man.

The period at which Mr. Webster came forward in life, and during which he played so distinguished a part, was not one in which small men, dependent upon their own exertions, are likely to rise to a high place in public estimation. The present generation of young men are hardly aware of the vehemence of the storms that shook the world, at the time when Mr. Webster became old enough to form the first childish conceptions of the nature of the events in progress at home and abroad. His recollections, he tells us in an autobiographical sketch, went back to the year 1790—a year when the political system of continental Europe was about to plunge into a state of frightful disintegration, while, under the new constitution, the United States were commencing an unexampled career of prosperity; Washington just entering upon the first Presidency of the new-born republic; the reins of the oldest monarchy

in Europe slipping, besmeared with blood, from the hands of the descendant of thirty generations of kings. The fearful struggle between France and the allied powers succeeded, which strained the resources of the European governments to their utmost tension. Armies and navies were arrayed against each other such as the civilized world had never seen before, and wars waged beyond all former experience. The storm passed over the continent as a tornado passes through a forest, when it comes rolling and roaring from the clouds, and prostrates the growth of centuries in its path. England, in virtue of her insular position, her naval power, and her free institutions, had more than any other foreign country, weathered the storm; but Russia saw the Arctic sky lighted with the flames of her old Muscovite capital; the shadowy Kaisers of the House of Hapsburg were compelled to abdicate the crown of the Holy Roman Empire and accept as a substitute that of Austria; Prussia, staggering from Jena, trembled on the verge of political annihilation; the other German States, Italy, Switzerland, Holland, and the Spanish Peninsula were convulsed; Egypt overrun; Constantinople and the East threatened; and in many of these states, institutions, laws, ideas and manners were changed as effectually as dynasties. With the downfall of Napoleon a partial reconstruction of the old forms took place; but the political genius of the continent of Europe was revolutionized.

On this side of the Atlantic, the United States, though studying an impartial neutrality, were drawn at first to some extent into the outer circles of the terrific maelstrom; but soon escaping, they started upon a career of national growth and development, of which the world has witnessed no other example. Meantime, the Spanish and the Portuguese Vice-royalties south of us, from Mexico to Cape Horn, asserted their independence, that Castilian empire on which the sun never set was dismembered, and the golden chain was forever sundered, by which Columbus had linked half his new-found world to the throne of Ferdinand and Isabella.

Such was the crowd and the importance of the events, in which, from his childhood up, the life of Mr. Webster, and of the generation to which he belonged, was passed, and I can with all sincerity say,

that it has never been my fortune, in Europe or America, to hold intercourse with any person, who seemed to me to penetrate further than he had done into the spirit of the age, under its successive phases of dissolution, chaos, reconstruction and progress. Born and bred on the verge of the wilderness, (his father a veteran of those old French and Indian wars, in which, in the middle of the eighteenth century, wild men came out of the woods, to wage war with the tomahawk and the scalping knife, against the fire-side and the cradle,) with the slenderest opportunities for early education, entering life with scarce the usual facilities for reading the riddle of foreign statecraft, remote from the scene of action, relying upon sources of information equally open to all the world, he seemed to me nevertheless, by the instinct of a great capacity, to have comprehended in all its aspects the march of events in Europe and this country. He surveyed the agitations of the age with calmness, deprecated its excesses, sympathized with its progressive tendencies, rejoiced in its triumphs. His first words in Congress, when he came unannounced from his native hills in 1813, proclaimed his mastery of the perplexed web of European politics, in which the United States were then but too deeply entangled; and from that time till his death I think we all felt, those who differed from him as well as those who agreed with him, that he was in no degree below the standard of his time; that if Providence had cast his lot in the field where the great destinies of Europe are decided, this poor New-Hampshire youth would have carried his head as high among the Metternichs, the Nesselrodes, the Hardenbergs, the Talleyrands, the Castlereaghs of the day, and surely among their successors, who now occupy the stage, as he did among his contemporaries at home.

#### HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

Let me not be thought, however, in this remark, to intimate that these contemporaries at home were second-rate men; far otherwise. It has sometimes seemed to me that, owing to the natural reverence in which we hold the leaders of the revolutionary period — the heroic age of the country — and those of the constitutional age who brought out of chaos this grand system of confederate repub-

licanism, we hardly do full justice to the third period in our political history, which may be dated from about the time when Mr. Webster came into political life, and continued through the first part of his career. The heroes and sages of the revolutionary and constitutional period, were indeed gone. Washington, Franklin, Greene, Hamilton, Morris, Jay, slept in their honored graves. John Adams, Jefferson, Carroll, though surviving, were withdrawn from affairs. But Madison, who contributed so much to the formation and adoption of the Constitution, was at the helm; Monroe in the cabinet; John Quincy Adams, Gallatin and Bayard negotiating in Europe; in the Senate were Rufus King, Christopher Gore, Jeremiah Mason, Giles, Otis; in the House of Representatives, Pickering, Clay, Lowndes, Cheves, Calhoun, Gaston, Forsyth, Randolph, Oakley, Pitkin, Grosvenor; on the bench of the Supreme Court, Marshall, Livingston, Story; at the bar, Dexter, Emmet, Pinkney and Wirt; with many distinguished men not at that time in the general government, of whom it is enough to name Dewitt Clinton and Chancellor Kent. It was my privilege to see Mr. Webster, associated and mingling with nearly all these eminent men, and their successors, not only in later years, but in my own youth, and when he first came forward, unknown as yet to the country at large, scarcely known to himself, not arrogant nor yet unconscious of his mighty powers, tied to a laborious profession in a narrow range of practice, but glowing with a generous ambition, and not afraid to grapple with the strongest and boldest in the land. The opinion pronounced of him, at the commencement of his career by Mr. Lowndes, that "the South had not in Congress his superior nor the North his equal," savors in the form of expression of sectional partiality. If it had been said, that neither at the South or the North had any public man risen more rapidly to a brilliant reputation, no one I think would have denied the justice of the remark. He stood from the first the acknowledged equal of the most distinguished of his associates. In later years he acted with the successors of those I have named, with Benton, Burges, Edward Livingston, Hayne, Poinsett, McDuffie, McLean, Sergeant, Clayton, Wilde, Storrs, our own Bates, Davis, Gorham, Choate, and

others who still survive; but it will readily be admitted that he never sunk from the position which he assumed at the outset of his career, or stood second to any man in any part of the country.

THE QUESTIONS DISCUSSED IN HIS TIME.

If we now look for a moment at the public questions, with which he was called to deal in the course of his career, and with which he did deal, in the most masterly manner, as they successively came up, we shall find new proofs of his great ability. When he first came forward in life, the two great belligerent powers of Europe, contending with each other for the mastery of the world, despising our youthful weakness and impatient of our painful neutrality, in violation now admitted of the Law of Nations, emulated each other in the war waged upon our commerce and the insults offered to our flag. To engage in a contest with both would have been madness; the choice of the antagonist was a question of difficulty, and well calculated to furnish topics of reproach and recrimination. Whichever side you adopted, your opponent regarded you as being, in a great national struggle, the apologist of an unfriendly foreign power. In 1798 the United States chose France for their enemy; in 1812 Great Britain. War was declared against the latter country on the eighteenth of June, 1812;—the orders in Council, which were the immediate cause of the war, were rescinded five days afterwards. Such are the narrow chances on which the fortunes of States depend!

Great questions of domestic and foreign policy followed the close of war. Of the former class were the restoration of a currency, which should truly represent the values which it nominally circulated; a result mainly brought about by a resolution moved by Mr. Webster;—the fiscal system of the Union and the best mode of connecting the collection, safe-keeping, and disbursement of the public funds, with the commercial wants, and especially with the exchanges of the country;—the stability of the manufactures, which had been called into existence during the war; what can constitutionally be done, ought any thing as a matter of policy to be done by Congress to protect them from the competition of foreign skill, and the glut of foreign markets; the internal communications of the Union, a question of

paramount interest before the introduction of railroads;—can the central power do any thing;—what can it do—by roads and canals, to bind the distant parts of the continent together;—the enlargement of the judicial system of the country to meet the wants of the greatly increased number of the States; the revision of the criminal code of the United States, which was almost exclusively his work;—the administration of the public lands and the best mode of filling with civilized and Christian homes this immense domain, the amplest heritage which was ever subjected to the control of a free government; connected with the public domain the relations of the civilized and dominant race to the aboriginal children of the soil; and lastly the constitutional questions on the nature of the government itself, which were raised in that gigantic controversy on the interpretation of the fundamental law itself. These were some of the most important domestic questions, which occupied the attention of Congress and the country, while Mr. Webster was on the stage.

Of questions connected with foreign affairs were those growing out of the war, which was in progress when he first became a member of Congress—then the various questions of International Law, some of them as novel as they were important, which had reference to the entrance or the attempted entrance of so many new states into the family of nations; in Europe—Greece, Belgium, Hungary;—on this continent, twelve or fourteen new republics, great and small, bursting from the ruins of the Spanish colonial empire—like a group of asteroids from the wreck of an exploded planet; the invitation of the infant American Republics to meet them in Congress at Panama; our commercial relations with the British Colonies in the West-Indies and on this continent;—demands on several European States for spoliations on our commerce during the wars of the French Revolution; our secular controversy with England relative to the boundary of the United States on the North-eastern and Pacific frontiers;—our relations with Mexico, previous to the war; the immunity of the American flag upon the common jurisdiction of the ocean;—and more important than all other questions, foreign or domestic, in its influence upon the general polities of the country, the great sectional controversy—not

then first commenced, but greatly increased in warmth and urgency, which connected itself with the organization of the newly acquired Mexican territories.

Such were the chief questions on which it was Mr. Webster's duty to form opinions; as an influential member of Congress and a political leader to speak and to vote; as a member of the executive government to exercise a powerful, over some of them, a decisive control. Besides these there was another class of questions of great public importance, which came up for adjudication in the Courts of the United States, which he was called professionally to discuss. Many of the questions of each class now referred to, divided and still divide opinion; excited and still excite the feelings of individuals, of parties, of sections of the country. There are some of them, which in the course of a long life, under changing circumstances, are likely to be differently viewed at different periods by the same individual. I am not here to-day to rake off the warm ashes from the embers of controversies, which have spent their fury and are dying away, or to fan the fires of those which still burn. But no one, I think, whether he agreed with Mr. Webster, or differed from him, as to any of these questions, will deny that he treated them each and all as they came up in the Senate, in the Courts, or in negotiation with foreign powers, in a broad, statesman-like and masterly way. There are few who would not confess, when they agreed with him, that he had expressed their opinions better than they could do it themselves; few when they differed from him, who would not admit that he had maintained his own views manfully, powerfully, and liberally.

#### HIS CAREER AS A STATESMAN.

Such was the period in which Mr. Webster lived, such were the associates with whom he acted, the questions with which he had to deal as statesman, jurist, the head of an administration of the government, and a public speaker. Let us contemplate him for a moment in either capacity.

Without passing through the preliminary stage of the State Legislature, and elected to Congress in six years from the time of his admission to the Superior Court of New-Hampshire, he was on his

first entrance into the House of Representatives placed by Mr. Speaker Clay on the Committee of Foreign Affairs, and took rank forthwith as one of the leading statesmen of the day. His first speech had reference to those famous Berlin and Milan decrees and orders in Council, to which I have already alluded, and the impression produced by it was such as to lead the venerable Chief-Justice Marshall eighteen years afterwards, in writing to Mr. Justice Story, to say: "At the time when this speech was delivered I did not know Mr. Webster, but I was so much struck with it that I did not hesitate then to state, that he was a very able man, and would become one of the very first statesmen in America, perhaps the very first." His mind at the very outset of his career had by a kind of instinct soared from the principles, which govern the municipal relations of individuals, to those great rules which dictate the Law of Nations to Independent States. He tells us, in the fragment of a diary kept while he was a law-student in Mr. Gore's office, that he then read Vattel through for the third time. Accordingly in after life, there was no subject which he discussed with greater pleasure, and I may add with greater power, than questions of the Law of Nations. The Revolution of Greece had from its outbreak attracted much of the attention of the civilized world. A people, whose ancestors had originally taught letters and arts to mankind, struggling to regain a place in the great family of independent States; the convulsive efforts of a Christian people, the foundation of whose churches by the apostles in person is recorded in the New Testament, to shake off the yoke of Mohammedan despotism, possessed a strange interest for the friends of Christian Liberty throughout Europe and America. President Monroe had called the attention of Congress to this most interesting struggle in December, 1823, and Mr. Webster returning to Congress after a retirement of eight years, as the Representative of Boston, made the Greek Revolution the subject of a motion and a speech. In this speech he treated what he called "the great question of the day—the question between absolute and regulated governments." He engaged in searching criticism of the doctrines of the "Holy Alliance," and maintained the duty of the United States as a great free power to

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protest against them. That speech remains in my judgment to this day the ablest and most effective remonstrance against the principles of the allied military powers of continental Europe. Mr. Jeremiah Mason pronounced it "the best sample of parliamentary eloquence and statesman-like reasoning which our country had seen." His indignant protest against the spirit of absolutism and his words of sympathy with an infant people struggling for independence were borne on the wings of the wind throughout Christendom. They were read in every language, at every court, in every cabinet, in every reading-room, on every market-place, by the Republicans of Mexico and Spanish South-America, by the reformers of Italy, the patriots of Poland; on the Tagus, on the Danube, as well as at the head of the little armies of revolutionary Greece. The practical impression which it made on the American mind was seen in the liberality with which cargoes of food and clothing, a year or two afterwards, were dispatched to the relief of the Greeks. No legislative or executive measure was adopted at that time in consequence of Mr. Webster's motion and speech; probably none was anticipated by him, but no one who considers how much the march of events in such cases is influenced by the moral sentiments, will doubt that a great word like this, spoken in the American Congress, must have had no slight effect in cheering the heart of Greece, to persevere in their unequal but finally successful struggle.

It was by these masterly parliamentary efforts that Mr. Webster left his mark on the age in which he lived. His fidelity to his convictions kept him for the greater part of his life in a minority—a position which he regarded not as a proscription but as a post of honor and duty. He felt that in free governments and in a normal state of parties, an opposition is a political necessity, and that it has its duties not less responsible than those which attach to office. Before the importance of Mr. Webster's political services is disparaged for want of positive results, which can only be brought about, by those who are clothed with power, it must be shown that to raise a persuasive and convincing voice in the vindication of truth and right; to uphold and assert the true principles of the government under which we live, and bring them home to the

hearts of the people—to do this from a sense of patriotic duty and without hope of the honors and emoluments of office, to do it so as to instruct the public conscience and warm the public heart, is a less meritorious service to society than to touch with skillful hand the springs of party politics, and to hold together the often discordant elements of ill-compacted majorities.

The greatest parliamentary effort made by Mr. Webster was his second speech on Foot's resolution; the question at issue being nothing less than this: is the Constitution of the United States a compact without a common umpire between confederated sovereignties, or is it a government of the people of the United States, sovereign within the sphere of its delegated powers, but reserving a great mass of undelegated rights to the separate State governments and the people? With those who embrace the opinions which Mr. Webster combated in this speech, this is not the time nor the place to engage in an argument; but those, who believe that he maintained the true principles of the Constitution, will probably agree, that since that instrument was communicated to the Continental Congress seventy-two years ago this day, by George Washington as President of the Federal Convention, no greater service has been rendered to the country than in the delivery of this speech. Well do I recollect the occasion and the scene. It was truly what Wellington called the battle of Waterloo, a conflict of Giants. I passed an hour and a half with Mr. Webster, at his request, the evening before this great effort; and he went over to me, from a very concise brief, the main topics of the speech, which he had prepared for the following day. So calm and unimpassioned was the memorandum, so entirely was he at ease himself, that I was tempted to think, absurdly enough, that he was not sufficiently aware of the magnitude of the occasion. But I soon perceived that his calmness was the repose of conscious power. He was not only at ease but sportive and full of anecdote; and as he told the Senate playfully the next day, he slept soundly that night on the formidable assault of his gallant and accomplished adversary. So the great Condé slept on the eve of the battle of Roeroy; so Alexander slept on the eve of the battle of Arbela; and so they awoke to deeds of immortal fame. As I saw him in the evening, (if I may borrow an illustration

from his favorite amusement,) he was as unconcerned and as free of spirit, as some here have often seen him, while floating in his fishing-boat, along a hazy shore, gently rocking on the tranquil tide, dropping his line here and there, with the varying fortune of the sport. The next morning he was like some mighty Admiral, dark and terrible, casting the long shadow of his frowning tiers, far over the sea, that seemed to sink beneath him; his broad pendant streaming at the main, the stars and the stripes at the fore, the mizzen, and the peak; and bearing down like a tempest upon his antagonist, with all his canvas strained to the wind, and all his thunders roaring from his broadsides.

#### AS A JURIST.

Mr. Webster's career was not less brilliant as a jurist than as a statesman. In fact he possessed in an eminent degree a judicial mind. While performing an amount of congressional and official labor sufficient to fill the busiest day and to task the strongest powers, he yet sustained with a giant's strength the Herculean toils of his profession. At the very commencement of his legal studies, resisting the fascination of a more liberal course of reading, he laid his foundations deep in the common law; grappled as well as he might with the weary subtleties and obsolete technicalities of Coke Littleton, and abstracted and translated volumes of reports from the Norman French and Latin. A few years of practice follow in the Courts of New-Hampshire, interrupted by his service in Congress for two political terms, and we find him at the bar of the Supreme Court of the United States at Washington, inaugurating in the Dartmouth College case what may be called a new school of constitutional jurisprudence.

It would be a waste of time to speak of that great case, or of Mr. Webster's connection with it. It is too freshly remembered in our tribunals. So novel at that time were the principles involved in it, that a member of the Court, after a cursory inspection of the record of the case, expressed the opinion that little of importance could be urged in behalf of the plaintiff in error; but so firm is the basis on which in that and subsequent cases of a similar character those principles were established, that they form one of the best settled, as they are one of the most

important, portions of the constitutional law of the Union.

Not less important, and, at the time, not less novel were the principles involved in the celebrated case of Gibbons and Ogden. This case grew out of a grant by the State of New-York to the signees of Fulton of the exclusive right to navigate by steam the rivers, harbors and bays of the Empire State. Twenty-five years afterwards, Mr. Justice Wayne gave to Mr. Webster the credit of having laid down the broad constitutional ground on which the navigable waters of the United States, "every creek and river and lake and bay and harbor in the country," were forever rescued from the grasp of State monopoly. So failed the intention of the Legislature of New-York to secure a rich pecuniary reward to the great perfecter of steam navigation; so must have failed any attempt to compensate by money the inestimable achievement. Monopolies could not reward it; silver and gold could not weigh down its value. Small services are paid with money and office; large ones with fame. Fulton had his reward when, after twenty years of unsuccessful experiment and hope deferred, he made the passage to Albany by steam; as Franklin had his reward when he saw the fibers of the cord which held his kite stiffening with the electricity they had drawn from the thunder-cloud; as Galileo had his when he pointed his little tube to the heavens and discovered the Medicean stars; as Columbus had his when he beheld from the deck of his vessel a moving light on the shores of his new-found world. That one glowing unutterable thrill of conscious success is too exquisite to be alloyed with baser metal. The midnight vigils, the aching eyes, the fainting hopes turned at last into one bewildering ecstasy of triumph, can not be repaid with gold. The great discoveries, improvements, and inventions which benefit mankind can only be rewarded by opposition, obloquy, poverty and an undying name!

Time would fail me, were I otherwise equal to the task, to dwell on the other great constitutional cases argued by Mr. Webster; those on State insolvent laws, the Bank of the United States, the Sailor's Snug Harbor, the Charlestown Bridge Franchise, or those other great cases on the validity of Mr. Girard's will, in which Mr. Webster's argument drew forth an

emphatic acknowledgment from the citizens of Washington, of all denominations, for its great value "in demonstrating the vital importance of Christianity to the success of our free institutions, and that the general diffusion of that argument among the people of the United States is a matter of deep public interest;" or the argument of the Rhode Island charter case in 1848, which attracted no little public notice in Europe at that anxious period, as a masterly discussion of the true principles of constitutional obligation.

It would be superfluous, I might almost say impertinent to remark, that if Mr. Webster stood at the head of the constitutional lawyers of the country, he was not less distinguished in early and middle life in the ordinary walks of the profession. From a very early period he shared the best practice with the most eminent of his profession. The trial of Goodridge in 1817, and of Knapp in 1829, are still recollected as specimens of the highest professional skill, the latter, in fact, as a case of historical importance in the criminal jurisprudence of the country.

But, however distinguished his reputation in the other departments of his profession, his fame as a jurist is mainly associated with the tribunals of the United States. The relation of the Federal Government to that of the States is peculiar to this country, and gives rise to a class of cases in the Supreme Court of the United States, to which there is nothing analogous in the jurisprudence of England. In that country nothing, not even the express words of a treaty, can be pleaded against an act of Parliament. The Supreme Court of the United States entertains questions which involve the constitutionality of the laws of State legislatures, the validity of the decrees of State Courts, nay, of the constitutionality of acts of Congress itself. Every one feels that this range and elevation of jurisdiction must tend greatly to the respectability of practice at that forum, and give a breadth and liberality to the tone with which questions are there discussed, not so much to be looked for in the ordinary litigation of the common law. No one needs to be reminded how fully Mr. Webster felt, and in his own relations to it, sustained the dignity of this tribunal. He regarded it as the great mediating power of the Constitution. He believed that while it commanded the confidence of the country, no serious de-

rangements of any of the other great functions of the government was to be apprehended; if it should ever fail to do so, he feared the worst. For the memory of Marshall, the great and honored magistrate, who presided in this Court for the third part of a century, and did so much to raise its reputation and establish its influence, he cherished feelings of veneration, second only to those which he bore to the memory of Washington.

#### AS A DIPLOMATIST.

In his political career Mr. Webster owed almost everything to popular choice, or the favor of the Legislature of Massachusetts. He was, however, twice clothed with executive power, as the head of an Administration, and in that capacity achieved a diplomatic success of the highest order. Among the victories of peace not less renowned than those of war which Milton celebrates, the first place is surely due to those friendly arrangements between great powers, by which war is averted. Such an arrangement was effected by Mr. Webster in 1842, in reference to more than one highly irritating question, between this country and Great Britain, and especially the North-Eastern Boundary of the United States. I allude to the subject, not for the sake of reopening obsolete controversies, but for the purpose of vindicating his memory from the charges of disingenuousness and even fraud, which were brought against him at the time in England, and which have very lately been revived in that country. I do it the rather as the facts of the case have never been fully stated.

The North-Eastern Boundary of the United States, which was described by the treaty of 1783, had never been surveyed and run. It was still unsettled in 1842, and had become the subject of a controversy, which had resisted the ability of several successive administrations, on both sides of the water, and had nearly exhausted the resources of arbitration and diplomacy. Border collisions, though happily no bloodshed, had taken place; seventeen regiments had been thrown into the British Provinces; General Scott had been dispatched to the frontier of Maine; and our Minister in London (Mr. Stevenson) had written to the commander of the American squadron in the Mediterranean, that a rupture, in his opinion, was inevitable.

Such was the state of things when Mr. Webster came into the Department of State in the spring of 1841. He immediately gave an intimation to the British government that he was desirous of renewing the interrupted negotiation. A change of ministry took place in England, in the course of a few months, and a resolution was soon taken by Sir Robert Peel and Lord Aberdeen, to send a special Envoy to the United States, to make a last attempt to settle this dangerous dispute by negotiation. Lord Ashburton was selected for this honorable errand, and his known friendly relations with Mr. Webster were among the motives that prompted his appointment. It may be observed that the intrinsic difficulties of the negotiation were increased by the circumstance, that, as the disputed territory lay in the State of Maine, and the property of the soil was in Maine and Massachusetts, it was deemed necessary to obtain the consent of those States to any arrangement that might be entered into by the general government.

The length of time, for which the question had been controverted, had, as usually happens in such cases, had the effect of fixing both parties more firmly in their opposite views of the subject. It was a pledge at least of the good faith with which the United States had conducted the discussion, that every thing in our archives bearing on the subject had been voluntarily spread before the world. On the other side, no part of the correspondence of the ministers who negotiated the treaty had ever been published, and whenever Americans were permitted for literary purposes to institute historical inquiries in the public offices in London, precautions were taken to prevent any thing from being brought to light, which might bear unfavorably on the British interpretation of the treaty.

The American interpretation of the treaty had been maintained, in its fullest extent, as far as I am aware, by every statesman in the country, of whatever party, to whom the question had ever been submitted. It had been thus maintained in good faith by an entire generation of public men of the highest intelligence and most unquestioned probity. The British government had, with equal confidence, maintained their interpretation. The attempt to settle the controversy by a reference to the King of the

Netherlands had failed. In this state of things, as the boundary had remained unsettled for fifty-nine years, and had been controverted for more than twenty; as negotiation and arbitration had shown that neither party was likely to convince the other; and as in cases of this kind it is more important that a public controversy should be settled than how it should be settled, (of course within reasonable limits,) Mr. Webster had from the first contemplated a conventional line. Such a line, and for the same reasons, was anticipated in Lord Ashburton's instructions, and was accordingly agreed upon by the two negotiators; a line convenient and advantageous to both parties.

Such an adjustment, however, like that which had been proposed by the King of the Netherlands, was extremely distasteful to the people of Maine, who, standing on their rights, adhered with the greatest tenacity to the boundary described by the treaty of 1783, as the United States had always claimed it. As the opposition of Maine had prevented that arrangement from taking effect, there is great reason to suppose that it would have prevented the adoption of the conventional line agreed to by Mr. Webster and Lord Ashburton, but for the following circumstance.

This was the discovery, the year before, by President Sparks, in the archives of the Bureau of Foreign Affairs, at Paris, of a copy of a small map of North-America, by D'Anville, published in 1746, on which a red line was drawn, indicating a boundary between the United States and Great Britain more favorable to the latter than she herself had claimed it. By whom it was marked, or for what purpose, did not appear, from any indication on the map itself. There was also found, in the Bureau of Foreign Affairs, in a bound volume of official correspondence, a letter from Dr. Franklin to the Count de Vergennes, dated on the sixth of December, (six days after the signature of the provisional articles,) stating that, in compliance with the Count's request, and on a map sent him for the purpose, he had marked, "with a strong red line, the limits of the United States, as settled in the preliminaries."

The French archives had been searched by Mr. Canning's agents as long ago as 1827, but this map either escaped their notice, or had not been deemed by them of im-

portance. The English and French maps of this region differ from each other, and it is known that the map used by the negotiators of the treaty of 1783 was Mitchell's large map of America, published under the official sanction of the Board of Trade in 1754. D'Anville's map was but eighteen inches square; and on so small a scale the difference of the two boundaries would be but slight, and consequently open to mistake. The letter of the Count de Vergennes, transmitting a map to be marked, is not preserved, nor is there any indorsement on the red-line map to show that it is the map sent by the Count and marked by Franklin. D'Anville's map was published in 1746, and it would surely be unwarrantable to take for granted, in a case of such importance, that, in the course of thirty years, it could not have been marked with a red line, for some other purpose, and by some other person. It would be equally rash to assume as certain, either that the map marked by Franklin for the Count de Vergennes was necessarily deposited by him in the public archives; or, if so deposited, may not be still hid away among the sixty thousand maps contained in that depository. The official correspondence of Mr. Oswald, the British negotiator, was retained by the British minister in his own possession, and does not appear to have gone into the public archives.

In the absence of all evidence to connect Dr. Franklin's letter with the map, it could not, in a court of justice, have been received for a moment as a map marked by him; and any presumption that it was so marked was resisted by the language of the treaty. This point was urged in debate, with great force, by Lord Brougham, who, as well as Sir Robert Peel, liberally defended Mr. Webster from the charges which the opposition journals in London had brought against him.

Information of this map was, in the progress of the negotiation, very properly communicated to Mr. Webster by Mr. Sparks. For the reasons stated, it could not be admitted as *proving* any thing. It was another piece of evidence of uncertain character, and Mr. Webster could have no assurance that the next day might not produce some other map equally strong or stronger on the American side; which, as I shall presently state, was soon done in London.

In this state of things, he made the only use of it which could be legitimately made, in communicating it to the commissioners of the State of Maine and Massachusetts, and to the Senate, as a piece of conflicting evidence, entitled to consideration, likely to be urged as of great importance by the opposite party, if the discussion should be renewed, increasing the difficulties which already surrounded the question, and thus furnishing new grounds for agreeing to the proposed conventional line. No one, I think, acquainted with the history of the controversy, and the state of public opinion and feeling, can doubt that, but for this communication, it would have been difficult, if not impossible, to procure the assent either of Maine or of the Senate to the treaty.

This would seem to be going as far as reason or honor required, in reference to an unauthenticated document, having none of the properties of legal evidence, not exhibited by the opposite party, and of a nature to be outweighed by contradictory evidence of the same kind, which was very soon done. But Mr. Webster was, at the time, severely censured by the opposition press in England, and was accused of "perfidy and want of good faith," (and this charge has lately been revived in an elaborate and circumstantial manner,) for not going with this map to Lord Ashburton; entirely abandoning the American claim, and ceding the whole of the disputed territory, more even than she asked, to Great Britain, on the strength of this single piece of doubtful evidence.

Such a charge scarcely deserves an answer;—but two things will occur to all impartial persons—one, that the red-line map, even had it been proved to have been marked by Franklin, (which it is not,) would be but one piece of evidence, to be weighed, with the words of the treaty, with all the other evidence in the case, and especially with the other maps; and, secondly, that such a course, as it is pretended that Mr. Webster ought to have pursued, could only be reasonably required of him, on condition that the British government had also produced, or would undertake to produce, all the evidence, and especially all the maps in its possession, favorable to the American claim.

Now, not to urge against the red-line

map, that, as was vigorously argued by Lord Brougham, it was at variance with the express words of the treaty, there were according to Mr. Gallatin, the commissioner for preparing the claim of the United States, to be submitted to the arbiter in 1827, at least twelve maps, published in London in the course of two years after the signature of the provisional articles in 1782, all of which give the boundary line precisely as claimed by the United States; and no map was published in London, favoring the British claim, till the third year. The earliest of these maps were prepared to illustrate the debates in Parliament on the treaty; or to illustrate the treaty in anticipation of the debate. None of the speakers on either side intimated that these maps are inaccurate, though some of the opposition speakers attacked the treaty as giving a disadvantageous boundary. One of these maps, that of Faden, the royal geographer, was stated on the face of it to be "drawn according to the treaty." Mr. Sparks is of opinion that Mr. Oswald, the British envoy by whom the treaty was negotiated, and who was in London when the earliest of the maps were engraved, was consulted by the map-makers on the subject of the boundary. At any rate, had they been inaccurate in this respect, either Mr. Oswald, or the minister, "who was vehemently assailed on account of the large concession of the boundaries," would have exposed the error. But neither by Mr. Oswald nor by any of the ministers was any complaint made of the inaccuracy of the maps.

One of these maps was that contained in "Bew's Political Magazine," a respectable journal, for which it was prepared, to illustrate the debate on the provisional articles of 1782. It happened that Lord Ashburton was calling upon me, about the time of the debate in the House of Commons on the merits of the Treaty, on the 21st of March, 1843. On my expressing to him the opinion, with the freedom warranted by our intimate friendly relations, that his government ought to be much obliged to him, for obtaining so much of a territory, of which I conscientiously believed the whole belonged to us, "What," asked he, "have you to oppose to the red-line map?" I replied that, in addition to the other objections already mentioned, I considered it to be outweighed by the numerous other maps

which were published at London at the time, some of them to illustrate the treaty; and, among them, I added, "the map in the volume which happens to lie on my table at this moment," which was the volume of "Bew's Political Magazine," to which I called his attention. He told me that he was unacquainted with that map, and desired that I would lend him the volume to show to Sir Robert Peel. This I did, and in his reply to Lord Palmerston, in the House of Commons, Sir Robert Peel, holding this volume of mine in his hand, referred to the map contained in it, and "which follows," said he, "exactly the American line," as an offset to the red-line map, of which great use had been made by the opposition in England, for the purpose of showing that Lord Ashburton had been overreached by Mr. Webster. In the course of his speech he defended Mr. Webster in the handsomest manner, from the charges brought against him in reference to this map, by the opposition press, and said that in his judgment "the reflections cast upon that most worthy and honorable man are unjust."

Nor was this all. The more effectually to remove the impression attempted to be raised, in consequence of the red-line map, that Lord Ashburton had been overreached, Sir Robert Peel stated—and the disclosure was now for the first time made—that there was, in the library of King George the Third, (which had been given to the British Museum by George the Fourth,) a copy of Mitchell's map, in which the boundary as delineated "follows exactly the line claimed by the United States." On four places upon this line are written the words, in a strong, bold hand: "The boundary as described by Mr. Oswald." There is documentary proof that Mr. Oswald sent the map used by him in negotiating the treaty to King George the Third, for his information; and Lord Brougham stated in his place, in the House of Peers, that the words, four times repeated in different parts of the line, were, in his opinion, written by the King himself! Having listened, and of course with the deepest interest, to the debate in the House of Commons, I sought the earliest opportunity of inspecting the map, which was readily granted to me by Lord Aberdeen. The boundary is marked, in the most distinct and skillful manner, from the St. Croix all round to the St. Mary's, and is precisely that which has

been always claimed by us. There is every reason to believe that this is the identical copy of Mitchell's map officially used by the negotiators, and sent by Mr. Oswald, as we learn from Dr. Franklin, to England. Sir Robert Peel informed me that it was unknown to him till after the treaty; and Lord Aberdeen and Lord Ashburton gave me the same assurance. It was well known, however, to the agent employed under Lord Melbourne's administration in maintaining the British claim, and who was foremost in vilifying Mr. Webster for concealing the red-line map! \*

AS A PUBLIC SPEAKER.

I had intended to say a few words on Mr. Webster's transcendent ability as a public speaker on the great national anniversaries, and the patriotic celebrations of the country. But it would be impossible, within the limits of a few paragraphs, to do any kind of justice to such efforts as the discourse on the twenty-second December, at Plymouth; the speeches on the laying the corner-stone and the completion of the Bunker Hill Monument; the eulogy on Adams and Jefferson; the character of Washington; the discourse on laying the foundation of the extension of the Capitol. What gravity and significance in the topics; what richness of illustration, what soundness of principle, what elevation of sentiment, what fervor in the patriotic appeals, what purity, vigor, and clearness in the style!

With reference to the first-named of these admirable discourses, the Elder President Adams declared that "Burke is no longer entitled to the praise—the most consummate orator of modern times." And it will, I think, be admitted by any one who shall attentively study them, that if Mr. Webster, with all his powers and all his attainments, had

done nothing else but enrich the literature of the country with these performances, he would be allowed to have lived not unworthily, nor in vain. When we consider that they were produced under the severe pressure of professional and official engagements, numerous and arduous enough to task even his intellect, we are lost in admiration of the affluence of his mental resources.

GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS OF STYLE AND MANNER.

In all the speeches, arguments, discourses, and compositions of every kind proceeding from Mr. Webster's lips or pen, there were certain general characteristics which I am unwilling to dismiss without a passing allusion. Each, of course, had its peculiar merits, according to the nature and importance of the subject, and the degree of pains bestowed by Mr. Webster on the discussion; but I find some general qualities pervading them all. One of them is the extreme sobriety of the tone, the pervading common-sense, the entire absence of that extravagance and over-statement which are so apt to creep into political harangues, and the discourses on patriotic anniversaries. His positions are taken strongly, clearly, and boldly, but without wordy amplification, or one-sided vehemence. You feel that your understanding is addressed on behalf of a reasonable proposition, which rests neither on sentimental refinement or rhetorical exaggeration. This is the case even in speeches like that on the Greek Revolution, where in enlisting the aid of classical memories and Christian sympathies, it was so difficult to rest within the bounds of moderation.

This moderation not only characterizes Mr. Webster's parliamentary efforts, but is equally conspicuous in his discourses on popular and patriotic occasions, which, amidst all the inducements to barren declamation, are equally and always marked by the treatment of really important topics in a manly and instructive strain of argument and reflection.

Let it not be thought, however, that I would represent Mr. Webster's speeches in Congress or elsewhere as destitute on proper occasions, of the most glowing appeals to the moral sentiments, or wanting, when the topic invites it, in any of the adornments of a magnificent rhetoric. Who that heard it, or has read it, will ever

\* Sir Robert Peel, with reference to the line on Oswald's map, observes: "I do not say that that was the boundary, ultimately settled by the negotiators." Such, however, is certainly the case. Mr. Jay's copy of Mitchell's map (which was also discovered after the negotiation of the treaty) exhibits a line running down the St. John's to its mouth, and called "Mr. Oswald's line." This is the line which Mr. O. offered to the American negotiators on the eighth of October. It was, however, not approved by the British government, and the line indicated in the map of King George the Third, as the "Boundary as described by Mr. Oswald," was finally agreed to.

forget the desolating energy of his denunciation of the African Slave Trade, in the discourse at Plymouth ; or the splendor of the apostrophe to Warren, in the first discourse on Bunker Hill ; or that to the monumental shaft and the survivors of the Revolution in the second ; or the trumpet-tones of the speech placed in the lips of John Adams, in the eulogy on Adams and Jefferson ; or the sublime peroration of the speech on Foot's resolution ; or the lyric fire of the imagery by which he illustrates the extent of the British empire ; or the almost supernatural terror of his description of the force of conscience in the argument in Knapp's trial. Then, how bright and fresh the description of Niagara ! how beautiful the picture of the Morning in his private correspondence, which, as well his familiar conversation, were enlivened by the perpetual play of a joyous and fertile imagination ! In a word, what tone in all the grand and melting music of our language is there which is not heard in some portion of his speeches or writings ; while reason, sense, and truth compose the basis of the strain ? Like the sky above us, it is sometimes serene and cloudless, and peace and love shine out from its starry depths. At other times the gallant streamers, in wild fantastic play—emerald, and rose, and orange, and fleecy white—shoot upward from the horizon, mingle in a fiery canopy at the zenith, and throw out their flickering curtains over the heavens and the earth ; while at other times the mustering tempest piles his lowering battlements on the sides of the north, a furious storm-wind rushes forth from their blazing loop-holes, and vollied thunders give the signal of the elemental war !

Another quality, which appears to me to be very conspicuous in all Mr. Webster's speeches, is the fairness and candor with which he treats the argument of his opponent, and the total absence of offensive personality. He was accustomed, in preparing to argue a question at the bar, or to debate it in the Senate, first to state his opponent's case or argument in his own mind, with as much force and skill as if it were his own view of the subject, not deeming it worthy of a statesman discussing the great issues of the public weal to assail and prostrate a man of straw, and call it a victory over his antagonist. True to his party associations, there was the

least possible mingling of the partisan in his parliamentary efforts. No one, I think, ever truly said of him that he had either misrepresented or failed to grapple fairly with the argument which he undertook to confute. That he possessed the power of invective in the highest degree is well known, from the display of it on a few occasions, when great provocation justified and required it ; but he habitually abstained from offensive personality, regarding it as an indication always of a bad temper, and generally of a weak cause.

I notice, lastly, a sort of judicial dignity in Mr. Webster's mode of treating public questions, which may be ascribed to the high degree in which he united, in the range of his studies and the habits of his life, the jurist with the statesman. There were occasions, and these not a few, when, but for the locality from which he spoke, you might have been at a loss, whether you were listening to the accomplished senator unfolding the principles of the Constitution as a system of government, or the consummate jurist applying its legislative provisions to the practical interests of life. In the Dartmouth College case, and that of Gibbons and Osgood, the dryness of a professional argument is forgotten in the breadth and elevation of the constitutional principles shown to be involved in the issue. While in the great speeches on the interpretation of the Constitution, a severe judicial logic darts its sunbeams into the deepest recesses of a written compact of government, intended to work out a harmonious adjustment of the antagonistic principles of federal and state sovereignty. None, I think, but a great statesman could have performed Mr. Webster's part before the highest tribunals of the land ; none but a great lawyer could have sustained himself as he did on the floor of the Senate. In fact, he rose to that elevation at which the Law, in its highest conception, and in its versatile functions and agencies, as the great mediator between the state and the individual ; the shield by which the weakness of the single man is protected from the violence and craft of his fellows, and clothed for the defense of his rights with the mighty power of the mass ; which watches, faithful guardian, over the life and property of the orphan in the cradle ; spreads the aegis of the public peace alike over the crowded streets of great cities

and the solitary pathways of the wilderness; which convoys the merchant and his cargo in safety, to and from the ends of the earth; prescribes the gentle humanities of civilization to contending armies; sits serene umpire of the clashing interests of confederated states, and molds them all into one grand union—I say, Mr. Webster rose to an elevation at which all these attributes and functions of universal law—in action alternately executive, legislative, and judicial; in form successively constitution, statute, and decree—are mingled into one harmonious, protecting, strengthening, vitalizing, sublime system; brightest image on earth of that ineffable Sovereign Energy, which, with mingled power, wisdom, and love, upholds and governs the universe.

THE CENTRAL IDEA OF HIS POLITICAL SYSTEM.

Led equally by his professional occupations and his political duties to make the Constitution the object of his profoundest study and meditation, he regarded it, with peculiar reverence, as a Covenant of Union between the members of this great and increasing family of States; and in that respect he considered it as the most important document ever penned by the hand of uninspired man. I need not tell you that this reverence for the Constitution as the Covenant of union between the States was the central idea of his political system, which, however, in this, as in all other respects, aimed at a wise and safe balance of extreme opinions. He valued, as much as any man can possibly value it, the principle of state sovereignty. He looked upon the organization of these separate independent republics—of different sizes, different ages, and histories, different geographical positions, and local interests—as furnishing a security of inappreciable value for a wise and beneficent administration of local affairs, and the protection of individual and local rights. But he regarded as an approach to the perfection of political wisdom, the molding of these separate and independent sovereignties, with all their pride of individual right and all their jealousy of individual consequence, into a harmonious whole. He never weighed the two principles against each other; he held them complementary to each other, equally and supremely vital and essential.

I happened one bright starry night, to

be walking home with him, at a late hour, from the Capitol at Washington, after a skirmishing debate, in which he had been speaking, at no great length, but with much earnestness and warmth, on the subject of the Constitution as forming a united government. The planet Jupiter, shining with unusual brilliancy, was in full view. He paused as we descended Capitol Hill, and unconsciously pursuing the train of thought which he had been enforcing in the Senate, pointed to the planet and said: “Night unto night sheweth knowledge; take away the independent force, emanating from the hand of the Supreme, which impels that planet onward, and it would plunge in hideous ruin from those beautiful skies unto the sun; take away the central attraction of the sun, and the attendant planet would shoot madly from its sphere; urged and restrained by the balanced forces, it wheels its eternal circles through the heavens.”

HE CONTEMPLATES A WORK ON THE CONSTITUTION.

His reverence for the Constitution led him to meditate a work in which the history of its formation and adoption should be traced, its principles unfolded and explained, its analogies with other governments investigated, its expansive fitness to promote the prosperity of the country for ages yet to come developed and maintained. His thoughts had long flowed in this channel. The subject was not only the one on which he had bestowed his most earnest parliamentary efforts; but it formed the point of reference of much of his historical and miscellaneous reading. He was anxious to learn what the experience of mankind taught on the subject of governments, in any degree resembling our own. As our fathers, in forming the Confederation, and still more the members of the Convention which framed the Constitution—and especially Washington—studied with diligence the organization of all the former compacts of government—those of the Netherlands, of Switzerland, and ancient Greece—so Mr. Webster directed special attention to all the former leagues and confederacies of modern and ancient times, for lessons and analogies of encouragement and warning to his countrymen. He dwelt much on Amphiktytonic league of Greece, one of the confederacies to which the framers of the Constitution often referred, and which

is frequently spoken of as a species of federal government. Unhappily for Greece, it had little claim to that character. Founded originally on confraternity of religious rites, it was expanded in the lapse of time into a loose political association, but was destitute of all the powers of an organized efficient government. On this subject Mr. Webster found a remark in Grote's History of Greece, which struck him as being of extreme significance to the people of the United States. Occasionally, says Grote, "there was a partial pretense for the imposing title bestowed upon the Amphiktyonic league by Cicero, 'Commune Graeciae Concilium,' but we should completely misinterpret Grecian History, if we regarded it as a federal council habitually directing, or habitually obeyed." "And now," said Mr. Webster, "comes a passage which ought to be written in letters of gold over the door of the Capitol and of every State Legislature: 'Had there existed any such "Commune Concilium," of tolerable wisdom and patriotism, and had the tendencies of the Hellenic mind been capable of adapting themselves to it, the whole course of later Grecian History would probably have been altered; the Macedonian kings would have remained only as respectable neighbors, borrowing their civilization from Greece, and exercising their military energies upon Thracians and Illyrians; while united Hellas might have maintained her own territory against the conquering legions of Rome.'"<sup>\*\*</sup> A wise and patriotic federal government would have preserved Greece from the Macedonian phalanx and the Roman legions!

Professional and official labors engrossed Mr. Webster's time and left him no leisure for the execution of his meditated work on the Constitution—a theme which, as he would have treated it, tracing it back to its historical fountains and forward to its prophetic issues, seems to me, in the wide range of its topics, to embrace higher and richer elements of thought, for the American statesman and patriot, than any other not directly connected with the spiritual welfare of man.

#### MAGNITUDE OF THE THEME—THE FUTURE OF THE UNION.

What else is there, in the material system of the world, so wonderful as this

concealment of the Western Hemisphere for ages behind the mighty vail of waters? How could such a secret be kept from the foundation of the world till the end of the fifteenth century? What so astonishing as the concurrence, within less than a century, of the invention of printing, the demonstration of the true system of the Heavens, and this great world discovery? What so mysterious as the dissociation of the native tribes of this continent from the civilized and civilizable races of man? What so remarkable, in political history, as the operation of the influences, now in conflict, now in harmony, under which the various nations of the Old World sent their children to occupy the New—great populations silently stealing into existence; the wilderness of one century swarming in the next with millions; ascending streams, crossing the mountains, struggling with a wild hard nature, with savage foes, with rival settlements of foreign powers, but ever onward, onward? What so propitious, however unwelcome at the time, as this long colonial training in the school of chartered government? and then, when the fullness of time had come, what so majestic, amidst all its vicissitudes and all its trials, as the Grand Separation—mutually beneficial in its final result to both parties—the dread appeal to arms, that venerable Continental Congress, the august Declaration, the strange alliance of the oldest monarchy of Europe with the Infant Republic? And, lastly, what so worthy the admiration of men and angels as the appearance of him the expected—him the Hero, raised up to conduct the momentous conflict to its auspicious issue in the Confederation, the Union, the Constitution!

Is this a theme not unworthy of the pen and the mind of Webster? Then consider the growth of the country, thus politically ushered into existence and organized under that Constitution, as delineated in his address on the laying the cornerstone of the extension of the Capitol; the thirteen colonies that accomplished the revolution multiplied to thirty-two independent States, a single one of them exceeding in population the old thirteen; the narrow border of settlement along the coast, fenced in by France and the native tribes, expanded to the dimensions of the continent; Louisiana, Florida, Texas, New-Mexico, California, Oregon—territories equal to the great monarchies of Eu-

\* Grote's *History of Greece*. Vol. ii. p. 336.

rope—added to the Union; and the two millions of population which fired the imagination of Burke, swelled to twenty-four millions, during the lifetime of Mr. Webster, and in seven short years, which have since elapsed, increased to thirty!

With these stupendous results in his own time as the unit of calculation; beholding under Providence with each decade of years a new people, millions strong, emigrants in part from the Old World, but mainly bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh, the children of the soil, growing up to inhabit the waste places of the continent, to inherit and transmit the rights and blessings which we have received from our fathers; recognizing in the Constitution and in the Union established by it the creative influence which, as far as human agencies go, has wrought these miracles of growth and progress, and which wraps up in sacred reserve the expansive energy with which the work is to be carried on and perfected—he looked forward with patriotic aspiration to the time, when, beneath its aegis, the whole wealth of our civilization would be poured out, not only to fill up the broad interstices of settlement, if I may so express myself, in the old thirteen and their young and thriving sister States, already organized in the West, but, in the lapse of time, to found a hundred new republics in the valley of the Missouri and beyond the Rocky Mountains, till our letters and our arts, our schools and our churches, our laws and our liberties, shall be carried from the Arctic circle to the tropics; “from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof.”

#### VIEW OF THE PRESENT.

This prophetic glance, not merely at the impending, but the distant future, this reliance on the fulfillment of the great design of Providence, illustrated through our whole history, to lavish upon the people of this country the accumulated blessings of all former stages of human progress, made him more tolerant of the tardy and irregular advances and temporary wanderings from the path of what he deemed a wise and sound policy, than those fervid spirits, who dwell exclusively in the present, and make less allowance for the gradual operation of moral influences. This was the case in reference to the great sectional controversy, which now so sharply divides and so violently

agitates the country. He not only confidently anticipated, what the lapse of seven years since his decease has witnessed and is witnessing, that the newly acquired and the newly organized territories of the Union would grow up into free States; but, in common with all, or nearly all, the statesmen of the last generation, he believed that free labor would ultimately prevail throughout the country. He thought he saw that, in the operation of the same causes, which have produced this result in the Middle and Eastern States, it was visibly taking place in the States north of the cotton-growing region; and he inclined to the opinion that there also, under the influence of physical and economical causes, free labor would eventually be found most productive, and would, therefore, be ultimately established.

For these reasons, bearing in mind, what all admit, that the complete solution of the mighty problem, which now so greatly tasks the prudence and patriotism of the wisest and best in the land, is beyond the delegated powers of the general government; that it depends, as far as the States are concerned, on their independent legislation, and that it is of all others a subject, in reference to which public opinion and public sentiment will most powerfully influence the law; that much in the lapse of time, without law, is likely to be brought about by degrees, and gradually done and permitted, as in Missouri, at the present day, while nothing is to be hoped from external interference whether of exhortation or rebuke; that in all human affairs controlled by self-governing communities, extreme opinions and extreme courses, on the one hand, generally lead to extreme opinions and extreme courses on the other; and that nothing will more contribute to the earliest practicable relief of the country from this most prolific source of conflict and estrangement, than to prevent its being introduced into our party organizations—he deprecated its being allowed to find a place among the political issues of the day, North or South, and seeking a platform on which honest and patriotic men might meet and stand, he thought he had found it, where our fathers did, in the Constitution.

It is true that, in interpreting the fundamental law, on this subject, a diversity of opinion between the two sections of the Union presents itself. This has ever been

the case, first or last, in relation to every great question which has divided the country. It is the unfailing incident of constitutions, written or unwritten; an evil to be dealt with in good faith, by prudent and enlightened men, in both sections of the Union, seeking, as Washington sought, the public good, and giving expression to the patriotic common-sense of the people.

Such, I have reason to believe, were the principles entertained by Mr. Webster; not certainly those best calculated to win a temporary popularity in any part of the Union, in times of passionate sectional agitation, which, between the extremes of opinion, leaves no middle ground for moderate counsels. If any one could have found, and could have trodden, such ground with success, he would seem to have been qualified to do it, by his transcendent talent, his mature experience, his approved temper and calmness, and his tried patriotism. If he failed of finding such a path for himself or the country—while we thoughtfully await what time and an all-wise Providence has in store for ourselves and our children—let us remember that his attempt was the highest and the purest which can engage the thoughts of a Statesman and a Patriot—peace on earth, good will toward men; harmony and brotherly love among the children of our common country.

And O my friends! if among those, who, differing from him on this or any other subject, have yet, with generous forgetfulness of that which separated you, and kindly remembrance of all you held in common, come up this day to do honor to his memory, there are any who suppose that he cherished less tenderly than yourselves the great ideas of Liberty, Humanity, and Brotherhood; that, because he was faithful to the duties which he inferred from the Constitution and the Law, to which he looked for the government of Civil Society, he was less sensible than yourselves to the broader relations and deeper sympathies which unite us to our fellow-creatures, as brethren of one family and children of one Heavenly Father—believe me, you do his memory a grievous wrong.

#### PERSONAL CHARACTER.

This is not the occasion to dwell upon the personal character of Mr. Webster, on the fascination of his social intercourse,

or the charm of his domestic life. Something I could have said on his companionable dispositions and habits, his genial temper, the resources and attractions of his conversation, his love of nature, alike in her wild and cultivated aspects, and his keen perception of the beauties of this fair world in which we live; something of his devotion to agricultural pursuits, which, next to his professional and public duties, formed the occupation of his life; something of his fondness for athletic and manly sports and exercises; something of his friendships, and of his attachments warmer than friendships—the son, the brother, the husband, and the father; something of the joys and sorrows of his home—of the strength of his religious convictions, his testimony to the truth of the Christian Revelation; the tenderness and sublimity of the parting scene. Something on these topics I have elsewhere said, and may not here repeat.

Some other things, my friends, with your indulgence, I would say, standing here as I do to pay these last honors to his memory, thoughts, memories, which crowd upon me—too vivid to be repressed, too personal almost to be uttered.

On the seventeenth of July, 1804, a young man from New-Hampshire arrived in Boston, all but penniless, and all but friendless. He was twenty-two years of age, and had come to take the first steps in the career of life at the capital of New-England. Three days after arriving in Boston, he presented himself, without letters of recommendation, to Mr. Christopher Gore, then just returned from England, after an official residence of some years, and solicited a place in his office, as a clerk. His only introduction was by a young man as little known to Mr. Gore as himself, and who went to pronounce his name, which he did so indistinctly as not to be heard. His slender figure, striking countenance, large dark eye, and massy brow, his general appearance indicating a delicate organization,\* his manly carriage and modest demeanor arrested attention and inspired confidence. His humble suit was granted, he was received into the office, and had been there a week before Mr. Gore learned that his name was DANIEL WEBSTER! His older brother—older in years, but later in entering life—(for

\* Description by Mrs. Eliza Buckminster Lee, *Webster's Private Correspondence*, i. 438.

[November,

whose education Daniel, while teacher of the Academy at Fryeburg, had drudged till midnight in the office of the Register of Deeds,) at that time taught a small school in Short street, (now Kingston street,) in Boston; and while he was in attendance at the commencement at Dartmouth, in 1804, to receive his degree, Daniel supplied his place. At that school, at the age of ten, I was then a pupil, and there commenced a friendship, which lasted, without interruption or chill, while his life lasted; of which, while mine lasts, the grateful recollection will never perish. From that time forward I knew, I honored, I loved him. I saw him at all seasons and on all occasions, in the flush of public triumph—in the intimacy of the fireside—in the most unreserved interchange of personal confidence; in health and in sickness, in sorrow and in joy; when early honors began to wreath his brow, and in after-life through most of the important scenes of his public career. I saw him on occasions that show the manly strength, and, what is better, the manly weakness of the human heart; and I declare this day, in the presence of Heaven and of men, that I never heard from him the expression of a wish unbecoming a good citizen and a patriot—the utterance of a word unworthy a gentleman and a Christian; that I never knew a more generous spirit, a safer adviser, a warmer friend.

Do you ask me if he had faults? I answer, he was a man. Do you again ask me the question? Look in your own breast, and get the answer there. Do you still insist on explicit information? Let me give it to you, my immaculate friend, in the words which were spoken eighteen hundred years ago to certain who trusted in themselves that they were righteous, and despised others:

“Two men went up into the temple to pray; one a Pharisee and the other a publican.

“The Pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself, God, I thank thee, that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican.

“I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all that I possess.

“And the publican standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God, be merciful to me a sinner.

“I tell you, This man went down to his house justified rather than the other.” . . .

He had some of the faults of a lofty

spirit, a genial temperament, an open hand and a warm heart; he had none of the faults of a groveling, mean, and malignant nature. He had especially the “last infirmity of noble mind,” and had no doubt raised an aspiring eye to the highest object of political ambition. But he did it in the honest pride of a capacity equal to the station, and with a consciousness that he should reflect back the honor which it conferred. He might say, with Burke, that “he had no arts but honest arts;” and if he sought the highest honors of the state, he did it by transcendent talent, laborious service, and patriotic devotion to the public good.

It was not given to him, any more than to the other members of the great triumvirate with whom his name is habitually associated, to attain the object of their ambition; but posterity will do them justice, and begins already to discharge the debt of respect and gratitude. A noble mausoleum in honor of Clay, and his statue by Hart, are in progress; the statue of Calhoun, by Powers, adorns the Court House in Charleston, and a magnificent monument to his memory is in preparation; and we present you this day, fellow-citizens, the statue of Webster, in enduring bronze, on a pedestal of granite from his native State, the noble countenance modeled from life, at the meridian of his days and his fame, and his person reproduced, from faithful recollection, by the oldest and most distinguished of the living artists of the country. He sleeps by the multitudinous ocean, which he himself so much resembled, in its mighty movement and its mighty repose; but his monumental form shall henceforward stand sentry at the portals of the Capitol—the right hand pointing to that symbol of the Union on which the left reposes, and his imperial gaze directed, with the Hopes of the country, to the boundless West. In a few short years, we, whose eyes have rested on his majestic person, whose ears have drunk in the music of his clarion voice, shall have gone to our rest; but our children, for ages to come, as they dwell with awe-struck gaze upon the monumental bronze, shall say, Oh! that we could have seen, oh! that we could have heard, the great original!

Two hundred and twenty-nine years ago, this day, our beloved city received, from the General Court of the Colony, the honored name of Boston. On the

long roll of those whom she has welcomed to her nurturing bosom, is there a name which shines with a brighter lustre than his? Seventy-two years ago, this day, the Constitution of the United States was tendered to the acceptance of the people by George Washington. Who of all the gifted and patriotic of the land, that have adorned the interval, has done more to unfold its principles, maintain its purity, and to promote its duration?

Here, then, under the cope of heaven; here, on this lovely eminence; here, beneath the walls of the Capitol of Old Massachusetts; here, within the sight of those fair New-England villages; here, in the near vicinity of the graves of those who planted the germs of all this palmy

growth; here, within the sound of sacred bells; here, in the presence of this uncounted multitude—we raise this monument, with loving hearts, to the Statesman, the Patriot, the Fellow-Citizen, the neighbor, the friend. Long may it guard the approach to these halls of council! long may it look out upon a prosperous, a happy, and a united country! and, if days of trial and disaster should come, and the arm of flesh should fail, doubt not that the monumental form would descend from its pedestal, to stand in the front rank of the peril, and the bronze lips repeat the cry of the living voice—“Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!”

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## THE HAUNTED AND THE HAUNTERS; OR, THE HOUSE AND THE BRAIN.

A FRIEND of mine, who is a man of letters and a philosopher, said to me one day, as if between jest and earnest: “Fancy! since we last met, I have discovered a haunted house in the midst of London.”

“Really haunted?—and by what?—ghosts?”

“Well, I can't answer these questions; all I know is this—six weeks ago I and my wife were in search of a furnished apartment. Passing a quiet street, we saw on the window of one of the houses a bill, ‘Apartments Furnished.’ The situation suited us: we entered the house—liked the rooms—engaged them by the week—and left them the third day. No power on earth could have reconciled my wife to stay longer; and I don't wonder at it.”

“What did you see?”

“Excuse me—I have no desire to be ridiculed as a superstitious dreamer—nor, on the other hand, could I ask you to ac-

cept on my affirmation what you would hold to be incredible without the evidence of your own senses. Let me only say this, it was not so much what we saw or heard (in which we might fairly suppose that we were the dupes of our own excited fancy, or the victims of imposture in others) that drove us away, as it was an undefinable terror which seized both of us whenever we passed by the door of a certain unfurnished room, in which we neither saw nor heard any thing. And the strangest marvel of all was, that for once in my life I agreed with my wife, silly woman though she be—and allowed, after the third night, that it was impossible to stay a fourth in that house. Accordingly, on the fourth morning I summoned the woman who kept the house and attended on us, and told her that the rooms did not quite suit us, and we would not stay out our week. She said dryly: ‘I know why; you have staid longer than any other lodger. Few ever staid a second

night; none before you a third. But I take it they have been very kind to you.'

"They—who?" I asked, affecting a smile.

"Why, they who haunt the house, whoever they are. I don't mind them; I remember them many years ago, when I lived in this house, not as a servant; but I know they will be the death of me some day. I don't care—I'm old, and must die soon anyhow; and then I shall be with them, and in this house still." The woman spoke with so dreary a calmness, that really it was a sort of awe that prevented my conversing with her farther. I paid for my week, and too happy were I and my wife to get off so cheaply."

"You excite my curiosity," said I; "nothing I should like better than to sleep in a haunted house. Pray give me the address of the one which you left so ignominiously."

My friend gave me the address; and when we parted, I walked straight towards the house thus indicated.

It is situated on the north side of Oxford street, in a dull but respectable thoroughfare. I found the house shut up—no bill at the window, and no response to my knock. As I was turning away, a beer-boy, collecting pewter pots at the neighboring areas, said to me: "Do you want any one at that house sir?"

"Yes, I heard it was to be let."

"Let!—why, the woman who kept it is dead—has been dead these three weeks, and no one can be found to stay there, though Mr. J—— offered ever so much. He offered mother, who chars for him, £1 a week just to open and shut the windows, and she would not."

"Would not!—and why?"

"The house is haunted; and the old woman who kept it was found dead in her bed, with her eyes wide open. They say the devil strangled her."

"Pooh!—you speak of Mr. J——. Is he the owner of the house?"

"Yes."

"Where does he live?"

"In G—— street, No. —."

"What is he?—in any business?"

"No, sir—nothing particular; a single gentleman."

I gave the pot-boy the gratuity earned by his liberal information, and proceeded to Mr. J——, in G—— street, which was close by the street that boasted the haunted house. I was lucky enough to

find Mr. J—— at home—an elderly man, with intelligent countenance and prepossessing manners.

I communicated my name and my business frankly. I said I heard the house was considered to be haunted—that I had a strong desire to examine a house with so equivocal a reputation—that I should be greatly obliged if he would allow me to hire it, though only for a night. I was willing to pay for that privilege whatever he might be inclined to ask. "Sir," said Mr. J——, with great courtesy, "the house is at your service, for as short or as long a time as you please. Rent is out of the question—the obligation will be on my side should you be able to discover the cause of the strange phenomena which at present deprive it of all value. I can not let it, for I can not even get a servant to keep it in order or answer the door. Unluckily the house is haunted, if I may use that expression, not only by night, but by day; though at night the disturbances are of a more unpleasant and sometimes of a more alarming character. The poor old woman who died in it three weeks ago was a pauper whom I took out of a workhouse, for in her childhood she had been known to some of my family, and had once been in such good circumstances that she rented that house of my uncle. She was a woman of superior education and strong mind, and was the only person I could ever induce to remain in the house. Indeed, since her death, which was sudden, and the coroner's inquest, which gave it a notoriety in the neighborhood, I have so despaired of finding any person to take charge of it, much more a tenant, that I would willingly let it rent free for a year to any one who would pay its rates and taxes."

"How long is it since the house acquired this sinister character?"

"That I can scarcely tell you, but very many years since. The old woman I spoke of said it was haunted when she rented it between thirty and forty years ago. The fact is, that my life has been spent in the East-Indies, and in the civil service of the Company. I returned to England last year, on inheriting the fortune of an uncle, amongst whose possessions was the house in question. I found it shut up and uninhabited. I was told that it was haunted, that no one would inhabit it. I smiled at what seemed to me so idle a story. I spent some money

in repainting and roofing it—added to its old-fashioned furniture a few modern articles—advertised it, and obtained a lodger for a year. He was a colonel retired on half-pay. He came in with his family, a son and a daughter, and four or five servants: they all left the house the next day, and although they deposed that they had all seen something different, that something was equally terrible to all. I really could not in conscience sue, or even blame the colonel for breach of agreement. Then I put in the old woman I have spoken of, and she was empowered to let the house in apartments. I never had one lodger who staid more than three days. I do not tell you their stories—to no two lodgers have there been exactly the same phenomena repeated. It is better that you should judge for yourself, than enter the house with an imagination influenced by previous narratives; only be prepared to see and to hear something or other, and take whatever precautions you yourself please."

"Have you never had a curiosity yourself to pass a night in that house?"

"Yes. I passed not a night, but three hours in broad daylight alone in that house. My curiosity is not satisfied, but it is quenched. I have no desire to renew the experiment. You can not complain, you see, sir, that I am not sufficiently candid; and unless your interest be exceedingly eager, and your nerves unusually strong, I honestly add, that I advise you *not* to pass a night in that house."

"My interest *is* exceedingly keen," said I, "and though only a coward will boast of his nerves in situations wholly unfamiliar to him, yet my nerves have been seasoned in such variety of danger that I have the right to rely on them—even in a haunted house."

Mr. J— said very little more; he took the keys of the house out of his bureau, gave them to me—and thanking him cordially for his frankness, and his urbane concession to my wish, I carried off my prize.

Impatient for the experiment, as soon as I reached home, I summoned my confidential servant—a young man of gay spirits, fearless temper, and as free from superstitious prejudice as any one I could think of.

"F—," said I, "you remember in Germany how disappointed we were at not finding a ghost in that old castle,

which was said to be haunted by a headless apparition?—well, I have heard of a house in London which, I have reason to hope, is decidedly haunted. I mean to sleep there to-night. From what I hear, there is no doubt that something will allow itself to be seen or to be heard—something, perhaps, excessively horrible. Do you think, if I take you with me, I may rely on your presence of mind, whatever may happen?"

"O sir! pray trust me," answered F—, grinning with delight.

"Very well,—then here are the keys of the house—this is the address. Go now—select for me any bedroom you please; and since the house has not been inhabited for weeks, make up a good fire—air the bed well—see, of course, that there are candles as well as fuel. Take with you my revolver and my dagger—so much for my weapons—arm yourself equally well; and if we are not a match for a dozen ghosts, we shall be but a sorry couple of Englishmen."

I was engaged for the rest of the day on business so urgent that I had not leisure to think much on the nocturnal adventure to which I had plighted my honor. I dined alone, and very late, and while dining, read, as is my habit. The volume I selected was one of Macaulay's Essays. I thought to myself that I would take the book with me; there was so much of healthfulness in the style, and practical life in the subjects, that it would serve as an antidote against the influences of superstitious fancy.

Accordingly, about half-past nine, I put the book into my pocket, and strolled leisurely towards the haunted house. I took with me a favorite dog—an exceedingly sharp, bold, and vigilant bull-terrier—a dog fond of prowling about strange ghostly corners and passages at night in search of rats—a dog of dogs for a ghost.

It was a summer night, but chilly, the sky somewhat gloomy and overcast. Still there was a moon—faint and sickly, but still a moon—and if the clouds permitted, after midnight it would be brighter.

I reached the house, knocked, and my servant opened with a cheerful smile.

"All right, sir, and very comfortable."

"Oh!" said I, rather disappointed; "have you not seen nor heard any thing remarkable?"

"Well, sir, I must own I have heard something queer."

"What?—what?"

"The sound of feet pattering behind me; and once or twice small noises like whispers close at my ear—nothing more."

"You are not at all frightened?"

"I! not a bit of it, sir;" and the man's bold look reassured me on one point—namely, that, happen what might, he would not desert me.

We were in the hall, the street-door closed, and my attention was now drawn to my dog. He had at first ran in eagerly enough, but had sneaked back to the door, and was scratching and whining to get out. After patting him on the head, and encouraging him gently, the dog seemed to reconcile himself to the situation, and followed me and F——through the house, but keeping close at my heels instead of hurrying inquisitively in advance, which was his usual and normal habit in all strange places. We first visited the subterranean apartments, the kitchen and other offices, and especially the cellars, in which last there were two or three bottles of wine still left in a bin, covered with cobwebs, and evidently, by their appearance, undisturbed for many years. It was clear that the ghosts were not wine-bibbers. For the rest we discovered nothing of interest. There was a gloomy little back-yard, with very high walls. The stones of this yard were very damp—and what with the damp, and what with the dust and smoke-grime on the pavement, our feet left a slight impression where we passed. And now appeared the first strange phenomenon witnessed by myself in this strange abode. I saw, just before me, the print of a foot suddenly form itself, as it were. I stopped, caught hold of my servant, and pointed to it. In advance of that footprint as suddenly dropped another. We both saw it. I advanced quickly to the place; the footprint kept advancing before me, a small footprint—the foot of a child: the impression was too faint thoroughly to distinguish the shape, but it seemed to us both that it was the print of a naked foot. This phenomenon ceased when we arrived at the opposite wall, nor did it repeat itself on returning. We remounted the stairs, and entered the rooms on the ground-floor, a dining-parlor, a small back-parlor, and a still smaller third room that had been probably appropriated to a footman—all still as death. We then visited the drawing-rooms, which

seemed fresh and new. In the front-room I seated myself in an arm-chair. F——placed on the table the candlestick with which he had lighted us. I told him to shut the door. As he turned to do so, a chair opposite to me moved from the wall quickly and noiselessly, and dropped itself about a yard from my own chair immediately fronting it.

"Why, this is better than the turning-tables," said I, with a half-laugh—and as I laughed, my dog put back his head and howled.

F——, coming back, had not observed the movement of the chair. He employed himself now in stilling the dog. I continued to gaze on the chair, and fancied I saw on it a pale blue misty outline of a human figure, but an outline so indistinct that I could only distrust my own vision. The dog now was quiet. "Put back that chair opposite to me," said I to F——; "put it back to the wall."

F——obeyed. "Was that you, sir?" said he, turning abruptly.

"I—what?"

"Why, something struck me. I felt it sharply on the shoulder—just here."

"No," said I. "But we have jugglers present, and though we may not discover their tricks, we shall catch *them* before they frighten *us*."

We did not stay long in the drawing-rooms—in fact, they felt so damp and so chilly that I was glad to get to the fire up-stairs. We locked the doors of the drawing-rooms—a precaution which, I should observe, we had taken with all the rooms we had searched below. The bedroom my servant had selected for me was the best on the floor—a large one, with two windows fronting the street. The four-posted bed, which took up no inconsiderable space, was opposite to the fire, which burned clear and bright; a door in the wall to the left, between the bed and the window, communicated with the room which my servant appropriated to himself. This last was a small room with a sofa-bed, and had no communication with the landing-place—no other door but that which conducted to the bed-room I was to occupy. On either side of my fire-place was a cupboard, without locks, flushed with the wall, and covered with the same dull-brown paper. We examined these cupboards—only hooks to suspend female dresses—nothing else; we sounded the walls—evidently solid—the outer walls of

the building. Having finished the survey of these apartments, warmed myself a few moments, and lighted my cigar, I then, still accompanied by F—, went forth to complete my reconnoiter. In the landing-place there was another door; it was closed firmly. "Sir," said my servant in surprise, "I unlocked this door with all the others when I first came; it can not have got locked from the inside, for it is a ——,"

Before he had finished his sentence, the door, which neither of us then was touching, opened quietly of itself. We looked at each other a single instant. The same thought seized both—some human agency might be detected here. I rushed in first, my servant followed. A small blank dreary room without furniture—a few empty boxes and hampers in a corner—a small window—the shutters closed—not even a fire-place—no other door but that by which we had entered—no carpet on the floor, and the floor seemed very old, uneven, worm-eaten, mended here and there, as was shown by the whiter patches on the wood; but no living being, and no visible place in which a living being could have hidden. As we stood gazing round, the door by which we had entered closed as quietly as it had before opened: we were imprisoned.

For the first time I felt a creep of undefinable horror. Not so my servant. "Why, they don't think to trap us, sir; I could break that trumpery door with a kick of my foot."

"Try first if it will open to your hand," said I, shaking off the vague apprehension that had seized me, "while I open the shutters and see what is without."

I unbarred the shutters—the window looked on the little back-yard I have before described; there was no ledge without—nothing but sheer descent. No man getting out of that window would have found any footing till he had fallen on the stones below.

F—, meanwhile, was vainly attempting to open the door. He now turned round to me, and asked my permission to use force. And I should here state, in justice to the servant, that, far from evincing any superstitious terrors, his nerve, composure, and even gayety amidst circumstances so extraordinary compelled my admiration, and made me congratulate myself on having secured a companion in every way fitted to the occasion.

I willingly gave him the permission he required. But though he was a remarkably strong man, his force was as idle as his milder efforts; the door did not even shake to his stoutest kick. Breathless and panting he desisted. I then tried the door myself, equally in vain. As I ceased from the effort, again that creep of horror came over me; but this time it was more cold and stubborn. I felt as if some strange and ghastly exhalation were rising up from the chinks of that rugged floor, and filling the atmosphere with a venomous influence hostile to human life. The door now very slowly and quietly opened as of its own accord. We precipitated ourselves into the landing-place. We both saw a large pale light—as large as the human figure, but shapeless and unsubstantial—move before us, and ascend the stairs that led from the landing into the attics. I followed the light, and my servant followed me. It entered, to the right of the landing, a small garret, of which the door stood open. I entered in the same instant. The light then collapsed into a small globule, exceedingly brilliant and vivid; rested a moment on a bed in the corner, quivered, and vanished. We approached the bed and examined it—a half-tester, such as is commonly found in attics devoted to servants. On the drawers that stood near it we perceived an old faded silk kerchief, with the needle still left in the rent half-repaired. The kerchief was covered with dust; probably it had belonged to the old woman who had last died in that house, and this might have been her sleeping-room. I had sufficient curiosity to open the drawers: there were a few odds and ends of female dress, and two letters tied round with a narrow ribbon of faded yellow. I took the liberty to possess myself of the letters. We found nothing else in the room worth noticing—nor did the light reappear; but we distinctly heard, as we turned to go, a patterning footfall on the floor—just before us. We went through the other attics, (in all four,) the foot-fall still preceding us. Nothing to be seen—nothing but the footfall heard. I had the letters in my hand: just as I was descending the stairs I distinctly felt my wrist seized, and a faint, soft effort made to draw the letters from my clasp. I only held them the more tightly, and the effort ceased.

We regained the bed-chamber appropriated to myself, and I then remarked that

my dog had not followed us when we had left it. He was thrusting himself close to the fire, and trembling. I was impatient to examine the letters; and while I read them, my servant opened a little box in which he had deposited the weapons I had ordered him to bring; took them out, placed them on a table close at my bed-head, and then occupied himself in soothing the dog, who, however, seemed to heed him very little.

The letters were short—they were dated; the dates exactly thirty-five years ago. They were evidently from a lover to his mistress, or a husband to some young wife. Not only the terms of expression, but a distinct reference to a former voyage indicated the writer to have been a sea-farer. The spelling and handwriting were those of a man imperfectly educated, but still the language itself was forcible. In the expressions of endearment there was a kind of rough wild love; but here and there were dark unintelligible hints at some secret not of love—some secret that seemed of crime. “We ought to love each other,” was one of the sentences I remember, “for how every one else would execrate us if all was known.” Again: “Don’t let any one be in the same room with you at night—you talk in your sleep.” And again: “What’s done can’t be undone; and I tell you there’s nothing against us unless the dead could come to life.” Here there was underlined in a better handwriting, (a female’s,) “They do!” At the end of the letter latest in date the same female hand had written these words: “Lost at sea the fourth of June, the same day as —”

I put down the letters, and began to muse over their contents.

Fearing, however, that the train of thought into which I fell might unsteady my nerves, I fully determined to keep my mind in a fit state to cope with whatever of marvelous the advancing night might bring forth. I roused myself—laid the letters on the table—stirred up the fire, which was still bright and cheering—and opened my volume of Macaulay. I read quietly enough till about half-past eleven. I then threw myself dressed upon the bed, and told my servant he might retire to his own room, but must keep himself awake. I bade him leave open the doors between the two rooms. Thus, alone, I kept two candles burning on the table by my bed-head. I placed my watch beside

the weapons, and calmly resumed my Macaulay. Opposite to me the fire burned clear; and on the hearth-rug, seemingly asleep, lay the dog. In about twenty minutes I felt an exceedingly cold air pass by my cheek, like a sudden draught. I fancied the door to my right, communicating with the landing-place, must have got open; but no—it was closed. I then turned my glance to my left, and saw the flame of the candles violently swayed as by a wind. At the same moment the watch beside the revolver softly slid from the table—softly, softly—no visible hand—it was gone. I sprang up, seizing the revolver with the one hand, the dagger with the other: I was not willing that my weapons should share the fate of the watch. Thus armed, I looked round the floor—no sign of the watch. Three slow, loud, distinct knocks were now heard at the bed-head; my servant called out: “Is that you, sir?”

“No; be on your guard.”

The dog now roused himself and sat on his haunches, his ears moving quickly backwards and forwards. He kept his eyes fixed on me with a look so strange that he concentrated all my attention on himself. Slowly he rose up, all his hair bristling, and stood perfectly rigid, and with the same wild stare. I had no time, however, to examine the dog. Presently my servant emerged from his room; and if I ever saw horror in the human face, it was then. I should not have recognized him had we met in the streets, so altered was every lineament. He passed by me quickly, saying in a whisper that seemed scarcely to come from his lips: “Run—run! it is after me!” He gained the door to the landing, pulled it open, and rushed forth. I followed him into the landing involuntarily, calling to him to stop; but, without heeding me, he bounded down the stairs, clinging to the balusters, and taking several steps at a time. I heard, where I stood, the street-door open—heard it again clap to. I was left alone in the haunted house.

It was but for a moment that I remained undecided whether or not to follow my servant; pride and curiosity alike forbade so dastardly a flight. I reentered my room, closing the door after me, and proceeded cautiously into the interior chamber. I encountered nothing to justify my servant’s terror. I again carefully examined the walls, to see if there were any

concealed door. I could find no trace of one—not even a seam in the dull-brown paper with which the room was hung. How, then, had the *THING*, whatever it was, which had so scared him, obtained ingress except through my own chamber?

I returned to my room, shut and locked the door that opened upon the interior one, and stood on the hearth, expectant and prepared. I now perceived that the dog had slunk into an angle of the wall, and was pressing himself close against it, as if literally striving to force his way into it. I approached the animal and spoke to it; the poor brute was evidently beside itself with terror. It showed all its teeth, the slaver dropping from its jaws, and would certainly have bitten me if I had touched it. It did not seem to recognize me. Whoever has seen at the Zoological Gardens a rabbit fascinated by a serpent, cowering in a corner, may form some idea of the anguish which the dog exhibited. Finding all efforts to soothe the animal in vain, and fearing that his bite might be as venomous in that state as if in the madness of hydrophobia, I left him alone, placed my weapons on the table beside the fire, seated myself, and recommenced my Macaulay.

Perhaps, in order not to appear seeking credit for a courage, or rather a coolness, which the reader may conceive I exaggerate, I may be pardoned if I pause to indulge in one or two egotistical remarks.

As I hold presence of mind, or what is called courage, to be precisely proportioned to familiarity with the circumstances that lead to it, so I should say that I had been long sufficiently familiar with all experiments that appertain to the Marvelous. I had witnessed many very extraordinary phenomena in various parts of the world—phenomena that would be either totally disbelieved if I stated them, or ascribed to supernatural agencies. Now, my theory is, that the Supernatural is the Impossible, and that what is called supernatural is only a something in the laws of nature of which we have been hitherto ignorant. Therefore, if a ghost rise before me, I have not the right to say, "So, then, the supernatural is possible," but rather, "So, then the apparition of a ghost is, contrary to received opinion, within the laws of nature—that is, not supernatural."

Now, in all that I had hitherto witness-

ed, and indeed in all the wonders which the amateurs of mystery in our age record as facts, a material living agency is always required. On the Continent you will find still magicians who assert that they can raise spirits. Assume for the moment that they assert truly, still the living material form of the magician is present; and he is the material agency by which, from some constitutional peculiarities, certain strange phenomena are represented to your natural senses.

Accept, again, as truthful, the tales of Spirit Manifestation in America—musical or other sounds—writings on paper, produced by no discernible hand—articles of furniture moved without apparent human agency—or the actual sight and touch of hands, to which no bodies seem to belong—still there must be found the MEDIUM or living being, with constitutional peculiarities capable of obtaining these signs. In fine, in all such marvels, supposing even that there is no imposture, there must be a human being like ourselves, by whom, or through whom, the effects presented to human beings are produced. It is so with the now familiar phenomena of mesmerism or electro-biology; the mind of the person operated on is affected through a material living agent. Nor, supposing it true that a mesmerized patient can respond to the will or passes of a mesmerizer a hundred miles distant, is the response less occasioned by a material being; it may be through a material fluid—call it Electric, call it Odic, call it what you will—which has the power of traversing space and passing obstacles, that the material effect is communicated from one to the other. Hence all that I had hitherto witnessed, or expected to witness, in this strange house, I believed to be occasioned through some agency or medium as mortal as myself; and this idea necessarily prevented the awe with which those who regard as supernatural things that are not within the ordinary operations of nature, might have been impressed by the adventures of that memorable night.

As, then, it was my conjecture that all that was presented, or would be presented, to my senses, must originate in some human being gifted by constitution with the power so to present them, and having some motive so to do, I felt an interest in my theory which, in its way, was rather philosophical than superstitious. And I can sincerely say that I was in as tranquil

a temper for observation as any practical experimentalist could be in awaiting the effects of some rare though perhaps perilous chemical combination. Of course, the more I kept my mind detached from fancy, the more the temper fitted for observation would be obtained; and I therefore riveted eye and thought on the strong daylight sense in the page of my Macaulay.

I now became aware that something interposed between the page and the light—the page was overshadowed: I looked up, and I saw what I shall find it very difficult, perhaps impossible, to describe.

It was a Darkness shaping itself out of the air in very undefined outline. I can not say it was of a human form, and yet it had more resemblance to a human form, or rather shadow, than any thing else. As it stood, wholly apart and distinct from the air and the light around it, its dimensions seemed gigantic, the summit nearly touched the ceiling. While I gazed, a feeling of intense cold seized me. An iceberg before me could not more have chilled me; nor could the cold of an iceberg have been more purely physical. I feel convinced that it was not the cold caused by fear. As I continued to gaze, I thought—but this I can not say with precision—that I distinguished two eyes looking down on me from the height. One moment I seemed to distinguish them clearly, the next they seemed gone; but still two rays of a pale-blue light frequently shot through the darkness, as from the height on which I half-believed, half-doubted, that I had encountered the eyes.

I strove to speak—my voice utterly failed me; I could only think to myself: “Is this fear? it is not fear!” I strove to rise—in vain; I felt as if weighed down by an irresistible force. Indeed, my impression was that of an immense and overwhelming Power opposed to my volition; that sense of utter inadequacy to cope with a force beyond men’s, which one may feel *physically* in a storm at sea, in a conflagration, or when confronting some terrible wild beast, or rather, perhaps, the shark of the ocean, I felt *morally*. Opposed to my will was another will, as far superior to its strength as storm, fire, and shark are superior in material force to the force of men.

And now, as this impression grew on me, now came, at last, horror—horror to a degree that no words can convey. Still

I retained pride, if not courage; and in my own mind I said, “This is horror, but it is not fear; unless I fear, I can not be harmed; my reason rejects this thing; it is an illusion—I do not fear.” With a violent effort I succeeded at last in stretching out my hand towards the weapon on the table: as I did so, on the arm and shoulder I received a strange shock, and my arm fell to my side powerless. And now, to add to my horror, the light began slowly to wane from the candles—they were not as it were, extinguished, but their flame seemed very gradually withdrawn: it was the same with the fire—the light was extracted from the fuel; in a few minutes the room was in utter darkness. The dread that came over me, to be thus in the dark with that dark Thing, whose power was so intensely felt, brought a reaction of nerve. In fact, terror had reached that climax, that either my senses must have deserted me, or I must have burst through the spell. I did burst through it. I found voice, though the voice was a shriek. I remember that I broke forth with words like these—“I do not fear, my soul does not fear;” and at the same time I found the strength to rise. Still in that profound gloom I rushed to one of the windows—tore aside the curtain—flung open the shutters; my first thought was—LIGHT. And when I saw the moon high, clear, and calm, I felt a joy that almost compensated for the previous terror. There was the moon, there was also the light from the gas-lamps in the deserted slumberous street. I turned to look back into the room; the moon penetrated its shadow very palely and partially—but still there was light. The dark Thing, whatever it might be, was gone—except that I could yet see a dim shadow, which seemed the shadow of that shade, against the opposite wall.

My eye now rested on the table, and from under the table (which was without cloth or cover—an old mahogany round table) there rose a hand, visible as far as the wrist. It was a hand, seemingly, as much of flesh and blood as my own, but the hand of an aged person—lean, wrinkled, small too—a woman’s hand. That hand very softly closed on the two letters that lay on the table: hand and letters both vanished. There then came the same three loud measured knocks I had heard at the bed-head before this extraordinary drama had commenced.

As those sounds slowly ceased, I felt the whole room vibrate sensibly ; and at the far end there rose, as from the floor, sparks or globules like bubbles of light, many-colored—green, yellow, fire-red, azure. Up and down, to and fro, hither, thither, as tiny Will-o'-the-wisps, the sparks moved, slow or swift, each at its own caprice. A chair (as in the drawing-room below) was now advanced from the wall without apparent agency, and placed at the opposite side of the table. Suddenly as forth from the chair, there grew a Shape—a woman's shape. It was distinct as a shape of life—ghastly as a shape of death. The face was that of youth, with a strange mournful beauty ; the throat and shoulders were bare, the rest of the form in a loose robe of cloudy white. It began sleeking its long yellow hair, which fell over its shoulders ; its eyes were not turned towards me, but to the door ; it seemed listening, watching, waiting. The shadow of the shade in the background grew darker ; and again I thought I beheld the eyes gleaming out from the summit of the shadow—eyes fixed upon that shape.

As if from the door, though it did not open, there grew out another shape, equally distinct, equally ghastly—a man's shape—a young man's. It was in the dress of the last century, or rather in a likeness of such dress ; for both the male shape and the female, though defined, were evidently unsubstantial, impalpable—simulacra—phantasms ; and there was something incongruous, grotesque, yet fearful, in the contrast between the elaborate finery, the courtly precision of that old-fashioned garb, with its ruffles and lace and buckles, and the corpse-like aspect and ghost-like stillness of the flitting wearer. Just as the male shape approached the female, the dark Shadow started from the wall, all three for a moment wrapped in darkness. When the pale light returned, the two phantoms were as if in the grasp of the Shadow that towered between them ; and there was a blood-stain on the breast of the female ; and the phantom-male was leaning on its phantom sword, and blood seemed trickling fast from the ruffles, from the lace ; and the darkness of the intermediate Shadow swallowed them up—they were gone. And again the bubbles of light shot, and sailed, and undulated, growing thicker

and thicker and more wildly confused in their movements.

The closet door to the right of the fireplace now opened, and from the aperture there came the form of a woman, aged. In her hand she held letters—the very letters over which I had seen *the Hand* close ; and behind her I heard a footstep. She turned round as if to listen, and then she opened the letters and seemed to read ; and over her shoulder I saw a livid face, the face as of a man long drowned—bloating, bleached—sea-weed tangled in its dripping hair ; and at her feet lay a form as of a corpse, and beside the corpse there cowered a child, a miserable squalid child, with famine in its cheeks and fear in its eyes. And as I looked in the old woman's face, the wrinkles and lines vanished, and it became a face of youth—hard-eyed, stony, but still youth ; and the Shadow darted forth, and darkened over these phantoms as it had darkened over the last.

Nothing now was left but the Shadow, and on that my eyes were intently fixed, till again eyes grew out of the shadow—malignant, serpent eyes. And the bubbles of light again rose and fell, and in their disordered, irregular, turbulent maze, mingled with the wan moonlight. And now from these globules themselves, as from the shell of an egg, monstrous things burst out ; the air grew filled with them ; larvæ so bloodless and so hideous that I can in no way describe them except to remind the reader of the swarming life which the solar microscope brings before his eyes in a drop of water—things transparent, supple, agile, chasing each other, devouring each other—forms like naught ever beheld by the naked eye. As the shapes were without symmetry, so their movements were without order. In their very vagrancies there was no sport ; they came round me and round, thicker and faster and swifter, swarming over my head, crawling over my right arm, which was outstretched in involuntary command against all evil beings. Sometimes I felt myself touched, but not by them ; invisible hands touched me. Once I felt the clutch as of cold soft fingers at my throat. I was still equally conscious that if I gave way to fear I should be in bodily peril ; and I concentrated all my faculties in the single focus of resisting, stubborn will. And I turned my sight from the Shadow

—above, all from those strange serpent eyes—eyes that had now become distinctly visible. For there, though in naught else around me, I was aware that there was a *WILL*, and a will of intense, creative, working evil, which might crush down my own.

The pale atmosphere in the room began now to redden as if in the air of some near conflagration. The larvæ grew lurid as things that live in fire. Again the room vibrated; again were heard the three measured knocks; and again all things were swallowed up in the darkness of the dark shadow, as if out of that darkness all had come, into that darkness all returned.

As the gloom receded, the Shadow was wholly gone. Slowly as it had been withdrawn, the flame grew again into the candles on the table, again into the fuel in the grate. The whole room came once more calmly, healthfully into sight.

The two doors were still closed, the door communicating with the servant's room still locked. In the corner of the wall, into which he had so convulsively niched himself, lay the dog. I called to him—no movement; I approached—the animal was dead; his eyes protruded; his tongue out of his mouth; the froth gathered round his jaws. I took him in my arms; I brought him to the fire; I felt acute grief for the loss of my poor favorite—acute self-reproach; I accused myself of his death; I imagined he had died of fright. But what was my surprise on finding that his neck was actually broken—actually twisted out of the vertebrae. Had this been done in the dark?—must it not have been by a hand human as mine?—must there not have been a human agency all the while in that room? Good cause to suspect it. I can not tell. I can not do more than state the fact fairly; the reader may draw his own inference.

Another surprising circumstance—my watch was restored to the table from which it had been so mysteriously withdrawn; but it had stopped at the very moment it was so withdrawn; nor, despite all the skill of the watchmaker, has it ever gone since—that is, it will go in a strange erratic way for a few hours, and then comes to a dead stop—it is worthless.

Nothing more chanced for the rest of the night. Nor, indeed, had I long to wait before the dawn broke. Not till it

was broad daylight did I quit the haunted house. Before I did so, I revisited the little blind room in which my servant and myself had been for a time imprisoned. I had a strong impression—for which I could not account—that from that room had originated the mechanism of the phenomena—if I may use the term—which had been experienced in my chamber. And though I entered it now in the clear day, with the sun peering through the filmy window, I still felt, as I stood on its floor, the creep of the horror which I had first there experienced the night before, and which had been so much aggravated by what had passed in my own chamber. I could not, indeed, bear to stay more than half a minute within those walls. I descended the stairs, and again I heard the footfall before me; and when I opened the street-door, I thought I could distinguish a very low laugh. I gained my own home, expecting to find my runaway servant there. But he had not presented himself; nor did I hear more of him for three days, when I received a letter from him, dated from Liverpool, to this effect:

“HONORED SIR: I humbly entreat your pardon, though I can scarcely hope that you will think I deserve it, unless—which Heaven forbid!—you saw what I did. I feel that it will be years before I can recover myself; and as to being fit for service, it is out of the question. I am therefore going to my brother-in-law at Melbourne. The ship sails to-morrow. Perhaps the long voyage may set me up. I do nothing now but start and tremble, and fancy it is behind me. I humbly beg you, honored sir, to order my clothes, and whatever wages are due to me, to be sent to my mother's, at Walworth—John knows her address.”

The letter ended with additional apologies, somewhat incoherent, and explanatory details as to effects that had been under the writer's charge.

This flight may perhaps warrant a suspicion that the man wished to go to Australia, and had been somehow or other fraudulently mixed up with the events of the night. I say nothing in refutation of that conjecture; rather, I suggest it as one that would seem to many persons the most probable solution of improbable occurrences. My own theory remained unshaken. I returned in the evening to the house, to bring away in a hack cab the

things I had left there, with my poor dog's body. In this task I was not disturbed, nor did any incident worth note befall me, except that still, on ascending and descending the stairs, I heard the same footfall in advance. On leaving the house, I went to Mr. J——'s. He was at home. I returned him the keys, told him that my curiosity was sufficiently gratified, and was about to relate quickly what had passed, when he stopped me, and said, though with much politeness, that he had no longer any interest in a mystery which none had ever solved.

I determined at least to tell him of the two letters I had read, as well as of the extraordinary manner in which they had disappeared, and I then inquired if he thought they had been addressed to the woman who had died in the house, and if there were any thing in her early history which could possibly confirm the dark suspicions to which the letters gave rise. Mr. J—— seemed startled, and, after musing a few moments, answered: "I know but little of the woman's earlier history, except, as I before told you, that her family were known to mine. But you revive some vague reminiscences to her prejudice. I will make inquiries and inform you of their result. Still, even if we could admit the popular superstition that a person who had been either the perpetrator or the victim of dark crimes in life could revisit, as a restless spirit, the scene in which those crimes had been committed, I should observe that the house was infested by strange sights and sounds before the old woman died—you smile—what would you say?"

"I would say this, that I am convinced, if we could get to the bottom of these mysteries, we should find a living human agency."

"What! you believe it is all an imposture? for what object?"

"Not an imposture in the ordinary sense of the word. If suddenly I were to sink into a deep sleep, from which you could not awake me, but in that sleep could answer questions with an accuracy which I could not pretend to when awake—tell you what money you had in your pocket—nay, describe your very thoughts—it is not necessarily an imposture, any more than it is necessarily supernatural. I should be, unconsciously to myself, under a mesmeric influence, conveyed to me from a distance by a human being who

had acquired power over me by previous *rapport*."

"Granting mesmerism, so far carried, to be a fact, you are right. And you would infer from this that a mesmerizer might produce the extraordinary effects you and others have witnessed over inanimate objects—fill the air with sights and sounds?"

"Or impress our senses with the belief in them—we never having been *en rapport* with the person ~~acting~~ on us? No. What is commonly called mesmerism could not do this; but there may be a power akin to mesmerism, and superior to it—the power that in the old days was called Magie. That such a power may extend to all inanimate objects of matter, I do not say; but if so, it would not be against nature, only a rare power in nature which might be given to constitutions with certain peculiarities, and cultivated by practice to an extraordinary degree. That such a power might extend over the dead—that is, over certain thoughts and memories that the dead may still retain—and compel, not that which ought properly to be called the SOUL, and which is far beyond human reach, but rather a phantom of what has been most earth-stained on earth, to make itself apparent to our senses—is a very ancient though obsolete theory, upon which I will hazard no opinion. But I do not conceive the power would be supernatural. Let me illustrate what I mean from an experiment which Paracelsus describes as not difficult, and which the author of the *Curiosities of Literature* cites as credible: A flower perishes; you burn it. Whatever were the elements of that flower while it lived are gone, dispersed, you know not whither; you can never discover nor re-collect them. But you can, by chemistry, out of the burnt dust of that flower, raise a spectrum of the flower, just as it seemed in life. It may be the same with a human being. The soul has as much escaped you as the essence or elements of the flower. Still you may make a spectrum of it. And this phantom, though in the popular superstition it is held to be the soul of the departed, must not be confounded with the true soul; it is but the eidolon of the dead form. Hence, like the best-attested stories of ghosts or spirits, the thing that most strikes us is the absence of what we hold to be soul—that is, of superior eman-

cipated intelligence. They come for little or no object; they seldom speak, if they do come; they utter no ideas above that of an ordinary person on earth. These American spirit-sayers have published volumes of communications in prose and verse, which they assert to be given in the names of the most illustrious dead—Shakspeare, Bacon—Heaven knows whom. Those communications, taking the best, are certainly not a whit of higher order than would be communications from living persons of fair talent and education; they are wondrously inferior to what Bacon, Shakspeare, and Plato said and wrote when on earth. Nor, what is more notable, do they ever contain an idea that was not on the earth before. Wonderful, therefore, as such phenomena may be, (granting them to be truthful,) I see much that philosophy may question, nothing that it is incumbent on philosophy to deny—namely, nothing supernatural. They are but ideas conveyed somehow or other (we have not yet discovered the means) from one mortal brain to another. Whether in so doing, tables walk of their own accord, or fiend-like shapes appear in a magic circle, or bodiless hands rise and remove material objects, or a Thing of Darkness, such as presented itself to me, freeze our blood—still am I persuaded that these are but agencies conveyed, as by electric wires, to my own brain from the brain of another. In some constitutions there is a natural chemistry, and those may produce chemic wonders—in others a natural fluid, call it electricity, and these produce electric wonders. But they differ in this from Normal Science—they are alike objectless, purposeless, puerile, frivolous. They lead on to no grand results; and therefore the world does not heed, and true sages have not cultivated them. But sure I am, that of all I saw or heard, a man, human as myself, was the remote originator; and I believe unconsciously to himself as to the exact effects produced, for this reason: No two persons, you say, have ever told you that they experienced exactly the same thing. Well, observe, no two persons ever experience exactly the same dream. If this were an ordinary imposture, the machinery would be arranged for results that would but little vary; if it were a supernatural agency permitted by the Almighty, it would surely be for some definite end. These phenomena be-

long to neither class; my persuasion is, that they originate in some brain now far distant; that that brain had no distinct volition in any thing that occurred; that what does occur reflects but its devious, motley, ever-shifting, half-formed thoughts; in short, that it has been but the dreams of such a brain put into action and invested with a semi-substance. That this brain is of immense power, that it can set matter into movement, that it is malignant and destructive, I believe; some material force must have killed my dog; it might, for aught I know, have sufficed to kill myself, had I been as subjugated by terror as the dog—had my intellect or my spirit given me no countervailing resistance in my will."

"It killed your dog! that is fearful! indeed it is strange that no animal can be induced to stay in that house; not even a cat. Rats and mice are never found in it."

"The instincts of the brute creation detect influences deadly to their existence. Man's reason has a sense less subtle, because it has a resisting power more supreme. But enough; do you comprehend my theory?"

"Yes, though imperfectly—and I accept any crotchet, (pardon the word,) however odd, rather than embrace at once the notion of ghosts and hobgoblins we imbibed in our nurseries. Still, to my unfortunate house the evil is the same. What on earth can I do with the house?"

"I will tell you what I would do. I am convinced from my own internal feelings, that the small unfurnished room at right angles to the door of the bed-room, which I occupied, forms a starting-point or receptacle for the influences which haunt the house; and I strongly advise you to have the walls opened, the floor removed—nay, the whole room pulled down. I observe that it is detached from the body of the house, built over the small back-yard, and could be removed without injury to the rest of the building."

"And you think, if I did that—"

"You would cut off the telegraph wires. Try it. I am so persuaded that I am right, that I will pay half the expense if you will allow me to direct the operations."

"Nay, I am well able to afford the cost; for the rest, allow me to write to you."

About ten days afterwards I received a letter from Mr. J——, telling me that he

had visited the house since I had seen him ; that he had found the two letters I had described, replaced in the drawer from which I had taken them ; that he had read them with misgivings like my own ; that he had instituted a cautious inquiry about the woman to whom I rightly conjectured they had been written. It seemed that thirty-six years ago, (a year before the date of the letters,) she had married, against the wish of her relatives, an American of very suspicious character ; in fact, he was generally believed to have been a pirate. She herself was the daughter of very respectable tradespeople, and had served in the capacity of a nursery governess before her marriage. She had a brother, a widower, who was considered wealthy, and who had one child of about six years old. A month after the marriage, the body of this brother was found in the Thames, near London Bridge ; there seemed some marks of violence about his throat, but they were not deemed sufficient to warrant the inquest in any other verdict than that of "found drowned."

The American and his wife took charge of the little boy, the deceased brother having by his will left his sister the guardian of his only child — and in event of the child's death, the sister inherited. The child died about six months afterwards — it was supposed to have been neglected and ill-treated. The neighbors deposed to have heard it shriek at night. The surgeon who had examined it after death, said that it was emaciated as if from want of nourishment, and the body was covered with livid bruises. It seemed that one winter night the child had sought to escape — crept out into the back-yard — tried to scale the wall — fallen back exhausted, and been found at morning on the stones in a dying state. But though there was some evidence of cruelty, there was none of murder ; and the aunt and her husband had sought to palliate cruelty by alleging the exceeding stubbornness and perversity of the child, who was declared to be half-witted. Be that as it may, at the orphan's death the aunt inherited her brother's fortune. Before the first wedded year was out, the American quitted England abruptly, and never returned to it. He obtained a cruising vessel, which was lost in the Atlantic two years afterwards. The widow was left in affluence ; but reverses of various kinds

had befallen her : a bank broke — an investment failed — she went into a small business and became insolvent — then she entered into service, sinking lower and lower, from housekeeper down to maid-of-all-work — never long retaining a place, though nothing peculiar against her character was ever alleged. She was considered sober, honest, and peculiarly quiet in her ways ; still nothing prospered with her. And so she had dropped into the workhouse, from which Mr. J—— had taken her, to be placed in charge of the very house which she had rented as mistress in the first year of her wedded life.

Mr. J—— added that he had passed an hour alone in the unfurnished room which I had urged him to destroy, and that his impressions of dread while there were so great, though he had neither heard nor seen any thing, that he was eager to have the walls bared and the floors removed as I had suggested. He had engaged persons for the work, and would commence any day I would name.

The day was accordingly fixed. I repaired to the haunted house — we went into the blind dreary room, took up the skirting, and then the floors. Under the rafters, covered with rubbish, was found a trap-door, quite large enough to admit a man. It was closely nailed down, with clamps and rivets of iron. On removing these we descended into a room below, the existence of which had never been suspected. In this room there had been a window and a flue, but they had been bricked over, evidently for many years. By the help of candles we examined this place ; it still retained some moldering furniture — three chairs, an oak settle, a table — all of the fashion of about eighty years ago. There was a chest of drawers against the wall, in which we found, half-rotted away, old-fashioned articles of a man's dress, such as might have been worn eighty or a hundred years ago by a gentleman of some rank — costly steel buckles and buttons, like those yet worn in court-dresses — a handsome court sword — in a waistcoat which had once been rich with gold-lace, but which was now blackened and foul with damp, we found five guineas, a few silver coins, and an ivory ticket, probably for some place of entertainment long since passed away. But our main discovery was in a kind of iron safe fixed to the wall, the lock of

which it cost us much trouble to get picked.

In this safe were three shelves and two small drawers. Ranged on the shelves were several small bottles of crystal, hermetically stopped. They contained colorless volatile essences, of what nature I shall say no more than that they were not poisons—phosphor and ammonia entered into some of them. There were also some very curious glass tubes, and a small pointed rod of iron, with a large lump of rock-crystal, and another of amber—also a loadstone of great power.

In one of the drawers we found a miniature portrait set in gold, and retaining the freshness of its colors most remarkably, considering the length of time it had probably been there. The portrait was that of a man who might be somewhat advanced in middle life, perhaps forty-seven or forty-eight.

It was a most peculiar face—a most impressive face. If you could fancy some mighty serpent transformed into man, preserving in the human lineaments the old serpent type, you would have a better idea of that countenance than long descriptions can convey: the width and flatness of frontal—the tapering elegance of contour disguising the strength of the deadly jaw—the long, large, terrible eye, glittering and green as the emerald—and withal a certain ruthless calm, as if from the consciousness of an immense power. The strange thing was this—the instant I saw the miniature I recognized a startling likeness to one of the rarest portraits in the world—the portrait of a man of rank only below that of royalty, who in his own day had made a considerable noise. History says little or nothing of him; but search the correspondence of his contemporaries, and you find reference to his wild daring, his bold profligacy, his restless spirit, his taste for the occult sciences. While still in the meridian of life he died and was buried, so say the chronicles, in a foreign land. He died in time to escape the grasp of the law, for he was accused of crimes which would have given him to the headsman. After his death, the portraits of him, which had been numerous, for he had been a munificent encourager of art, were bought up and destroyed—it was supposed by his heirs, who might have been glad could they have razed his very name from their splendid line. He had enjoyed a vast wealth; a large por-

tion of this was believed to have been embezzled by a favorite astrologer or soothsayer—at all events, it had unaccountably vanished at the time of his death. One portrait alone of him was supposed to have escaped the general destruction; I had seen it in the house of a collector some months before. It had made on me a wonderful impression, as it does on all who behold it—a face never to be forgotten; and there was that face in the miniature that lay within my hand. True, that in the miniature the man was a few years older than in the portrait I had seen, or than the original was even at the time of his death. But a few years! why, between the date in which flourished that direful noble and the date in which the miniature was evidently painted, there was an interval of more than two centuries. While I was thus gazing, silent and wondering, Mr. J— said:

“But is it possible? I have known this man.”

“How—where?” cried I.

“In India. He was high in the confidence of the Rajah of —, and well-nigh drew him into a revolt which would have lost the Rajah his dominions. The man was a Frenchman—his name de V—, clever, bold, lawless. We insisted on his dismissal and banishment: it must be the same man—no two faces like his—yet this miniature seems nearly a hundred years old.”

Mechanically I turned round the miniature to examine the back of it, and on the back was engraved a pentacle; in the middle of the pentacle a ladder, and the third step of the ladder was formed by the date 1765. Examining still more minutely, I detected a spring: this, on being pressed, opened the back of the miniature as a lid. Within-side the lid was engraved “Mariana to thee—Be faithful in life and in death to —.” Here follows a name that I will not mention, but it was not unfamiliar to me. I had heard it spoken of by old men in my childhood as the name borne by a dazzling charlatan, who had made a great sensation in London for a year or so, and had fled the country on the charge of a double murder within his own house—that of his mistress and his rival. I said nothing of this to Mr. J—, to whom reluctantly I resigned the miniature.

We had found no difficulty in opening the first drawer within the iron safe; we

found great difficulty in opening the second : it was not locked, but it resisted all efforts, till we inserted in the chinks the edge of a chisel. When we had thus drawn it forth, we found a very singular apparatus in the nicest order. Upon a small thin book, or rather tablet, was placed a saucer of crystal ; this saucer was filled with a clear liquid — on that liquid floated a kind of compass, with a needle shifting rapidly round, but instead of the usual points of a compass were seven strange characters, not very unlike those used by astrologers to denote the planets. A very peculiar, but not strong nor displeasing odor, came from this drawer, which was lined with a wood that we afterwards discovered to be hazel. Whatever the cause of this odor, it produced a material effect on the nerves. We all felt it, even the two workmen who were in the room — a creeping tingling sensation from the tips of the fingers to the roots of the hair. Impatient to examine the tablet, I removed the saucer. As I did so the needle of the compass went round and round with exceeding swiftness, and I felt a shock that ran through my whole frame, so that I dropped the saucer on the floor. The liquid was spilt — the saucer was broken — the compass rolled to the end of the room — and at that instant the walls shook to and fro, as if a giant had swayed and rocked them.

The two workmen were so frightened that they ran up the ladder by which we had descended from the trap-door ; but seeing that nothing more happened, they were easily induced to return.

Meanwhile I had opened the tablet : it was bound in a plain red leather, with a silver clasp ; it contained but one sheet of thick vellum, and on that sheet were inscribed, within a double pentacle, words in old monkish Latin, which are literally to be translated thus : " On all that it can reach within these walls — sentient or inanimate, living or dead — as moves the needle, so work my will ! Accursed be the house, and restless the dwellers therein."

We found no more. Mr. J—— burnt the tablet and its anathema. He razed to the foundations the part of the building containing the secret room with the chamber over it. He had then the courage to inhabit the house himself for a month, and a quieter, better-conditioned house could not be found in all London.

Subsequently he let it to advantage, and his tenant has made no complaints.

But my story is not yet done. A few days after Mr. J—— had removed into the house, I paid him a visit. We were standing by the open window and conversing. A van containing some articles of furniture which he was moving from his former house was at the door. I had just urged on him my theory, that all those phenomena regarded as supermundane had emanated from a human brain ; adducing the charm or rather curse we had found and destroyed in support of my philosophy. Mr. J—— was observing in reply, " That even if mesmerism, or whatever analogous power it might be called, could really thus work in the absence of the operator, and produce effects so extraordinary, still could those effects continue when the operator himself was dead ? and if the spell had been wrought, and, indeed, the room walled up, more than seventy years ago, the probability was, that the operator had long since departed this life ;" Mr. J——, I say, was thus answering, when I caught hold of his arm and pointed to the street below.

A well-dressed man had crossed from the opposite side, and was accosting the carrier in charge of the van. His face, as he stood, was exactly fronting our window. It was the face of the miniature we had discovered ; it was the face of the portrait of the noble three centuries ago.

" Good heavens ! " cried Mr. J——, " that is the face of de V——, and scarcely a day older than when I saw it in the Rajah's court in my youth ! "

Seized by the same thought, we both hastened down-stairs. I was first in the street ; but the man had already gone. I caught sight of him, however, not many yards in advance, and in another moment I was by his side.

I had resolved to speak to him, but when I looked into his face I felt as if it were impossible to do so. That eye — the eye of the serpent — fixed and held me spell-bound. And withal, about the man's whole person there was a dignity, an air of pride and station, and superiority, that would have made any one, habituated to the usages of the world, hesitate long before venturing upon a liberty or impertinence. And what could I say ? what was it I would ask ? Thus ashamed of my first impulse, I fell a few paces back, still,

however, following the stranger, undecided what else to do. Meanwhile he turned the corner of the street; a plain carriage was in waiting with a servant out of livery dressed like a *valet-de-place* at the carriage-door. In another moment he had stepped into the carriage, and it drove off. I returned to the house. Mr. J—— was still at the street-door. He had asked the carrier what the stranger had said to him.

"Merely asked, whom that house now belonged to."

The same evening I happened to go with a friend to a place in town called the Cosmopolitan Club, a place open to men of all countries, all opinions, all degrees. One orders one's coffee, smokes one's cigar. One is always sure to meet agreeable, sometimes remarkable persons.

I had not been two minutes in the room before I beheld at table, conversing with an acquaintance of mine, whom I will designate by the initial G——, the man—the Original of the Miniature. He was now without his hat, and the likeness was yet more startling, only I observed that while he was conversing there was less severity in the countenance; there was even a smile, though a very quiet and very cold one. The dignity of mien I had acknowledged in the street was also more striking; a dignity akin to that which invests some prince of the East—conveying the idea of supreme indifference and habitual, indisputable, indolent, but resistless power.

G—— soon after left the stranger, who then took up a scientific journal, which seemed to absorb his attention.

I drew G—— aside—"Who and what is that gentleman?"

"That? Oh! a very remarkable man, indeed. I met him last year amidst the caves of Petra—the scriptural Edom. He is the best Oriental scholar I know. We joined company, had an adventure with robbers, in which he showed a coolness that saved our lives; afterwards he invited me to spend a day with him in a house he had bought at Damascus—a house buried amongst almond-blossoms and roses—the most beautiful thing! He had lived there for some years, quite as an Oriental, in grand style. I half suspect he is a renegade, immensely rich, very odd; by the by, agree at mesmerizer; I have seen him with my own eyes produce

an effect on inanimate things. If you take a letter from your pocket and throw it to the other end of the room, he will order it to come to his feet, and you will see the letter wriggle itself along the floor till it has obeyed his command. 'Pon my honor 'tis true: I have seen him affect even the weather, disperse or collect clouds, by means of a glass tube or wand. But he does not like talking of these matters to strangers. He has only just arrived in England; says he has not been here for a great many years; let me introduce him to you."

"Certainly! He is English then? What is his name?"

"Oh!—a very homely one—Richards."

"And what is his birth—his family?"

"How do I know? What does it signify? no doubt some parvenu, but rich—so infernally rich!"

G—— drew me up to the stranger, and the introduction was effected. The manners of Mr. Richards were not those of an adventurous traveler. Travelers are in general constitutionally gifted with high animal spirits; they are talkative, eager, imperious. Mr. Richards was calm and subdued in tone, with manners which were made distant by the loftiness of punctilious courtesy—the manners of a former age. I observed that the English he spoke was not exactly of our day. I should even have said that the accent was slightly foreign. But then Mr. Richards remarked that he had been little in the habit for many years of speaking in his native tongue. The conversation fell upon the changes in the aspect of London since he had last visited our metropolis. G—— then glanced off to the moral changes—literary, social, political—the great men who were removed from the stage within the last twenty years—the new great men who were coming on. In all this Mr. Richards evinced no interest. He had evidently read none of our living authors, and seemed scarcely acquainted by name with our younger statesmen. Once and only once he laughed; it was when G—— asked him whether he had any thoughts of getting into Parliament. And the laugh was inward—sarcastic—sinister—a sneer raised into a laugh. After a few minutes G—— left us, to talk to some other acquaintances who had just lounged into the room, and I then said quietly,

"I have seen a miniature of you, Mr.

Richards, in the house you once inhabited, and perhaps built, if not wholly, at least in part, in — street. You passed by that house this morning."

"Not till I had finished did I raise my eyes to his, and then his fixed my gaze so steadfastly that I could not withdraw it—those fascinating serpent eyes. But involuntarily, and as if the words that translated my thought were dragged from me, I added in a low whisper: 'I have been a student in the mysteries of life and nature; of those mysteries I have known the occult professor. I have the right to speak to you thus.' And I uttered a certain pass-word.

"Well," said he dryly, "I concede the right—what would you ask?"

"To that extent human will in certain temperaments can extend?"

"To what extent can thought extend? Think, and before you draw breath you are in China!"

"True. But my thought has no power in China!"

"Give it expression, and it may have: you may write down a thought which, sooner or later, may alter the whole condition of China. What is a law but a thought? Therefore thought is infinite—therefore thought has power; not in proportion to its value—a bad thought may make a bad law as potent as a good thought can make a good one."

"Yes, what you say confirms my own theory. Through invisible currents one human brain may transmit its ideas to other human brains with the same rapidity as a thought promulgated by visible means. And as thought is imperishable—as it leaves its stamp behind it in the natural world even when the thinker has passed out of this world—so the thought of the living may have power to rouse up and revive the thoughts of the dead—such as those thoughts *were in life*—though the thought of the living can not reach the thoughts which the dead *now* may entertain. Is it not so?"

"I decline to answer, if in my judgment, thought has the limit you would fix to it; but proceed. You have a special question you wish to put."

"Intense malignity in an intense will, engendered in a peculiar temperament, and aided by natural means within the reach of science, may produce effects like those ascribed of old to evil magic. It might thus haunt the walls of a human

habitation with spectral revivals of all guilty thoughts and guilty deeds once conceived and done within those walls; all, in short, with which the evil will claims *rapport* and affinity—imperfect, incoherent, fragmentary snatches at the old dramas acted therein years ago. Thoughts thus crossing each other haphazard, as in the nightmare of a vision, growing up into phantom sights and sounds, and all serving to create horror, not because those sights and sounds are really visitations from a world without, but that they are ghastly monstrous renewals of what have been in this world itself, set into malignant play by a malignant mortal. And it is through the material agency of that human brain that these things would acquire even a human power—would strike as with the shock of electricity, and might kill, if the thought of the person assailed did not rise superior to the dignity of the original assailer—might kill the most powerful animal if unnerved by fear, but not injure the feeblest man, if, while his flesh crept, his mind stood out fearless. Thus, when in old stories we read of a magician rent to pieces by the fiends he had evoked—or still more, in Eastern legends, that one magician succeeds by arts in destroying another—there may be so far truth, that a material being has clothed, from his own evil propensities, certain elements and fluids, usually quiescent or harmless, with awful shape and terrific force; just as the lightning that had lain hidden and innocent in the cloud becomes by natural law suddenly visible, takes a distinct shape to the eye, and can strike destruction on the object to which it is attracted."

"You are not without glimpses of a very mighty secret," said Mr. Richards, composedly. "According to your view, could a mortal obtain the power you speak of, he would necessarily be a malignant and evil being."

"If the power were exercised as I have said, most malignant and most evil—though I believe in the ancient traditions that he could not injure the good. His will could only injure those with whom it has established an affinity, or over whom it forces unresisted sway. I will now imagine an example that may be within the laws of nature, yet seem wild as the fables of a bewildered monk."

"You will remember that Albertus Magnus, after describing minutely the

process by which spirits may be invoked and commanded, adds emphatically, that the process will instruct and avail only to the few—that a *man must be born a magician!* that is, born with a peculiar physical temperament, as a man is born a poet. Rarely are men with whose constitution lurks this occult power of the highest order of intellect; usually in the intellect there is some twist, perversity, or disease. But, on the other hand, they must possess, to an astonishing degree, the faculty to concentrate thought on a single object—the energetic faculty that we call *WILL*. Therefore, though their intellect be not sound, it is exceedingly forcible for the attainment of what it desires. I will imagine such a person, preëminently gifted with this constitution and its concomitant forces. I will place him in the loftier grades of society. I will suppose his desires emphatically those of the sensualist—he has, therefore, a strong love of life. He is an absolute egotist—his will is centred in himself—he has fierce passions—he knows no enduring, no holy affections, but he can covet eagerly what for the moment he desires—he can hate implacably what opposes itself to his objects—he can commit fearful crimes, yet feel small remorse—he resorts rather to curses upon others, than to penitence for his misdeeds. Circumstances, to which his constitution guides him, lead him to a rare knowledge of the natural secrets which may serve his egotism. He is a close observer where his passions encourage observation, he is a minute calculator, not from love of truth, but where love of self sharpens his faculties—therefore he can be a man of science. I suppose such a being, having by experience learned the power of his arts over others, trying what may be the power of will over his own frame, and studying all that in natural philosophy may increase that power. He loves life, he dreads death; *he wills to live on*. He can not restore himself to youth, he can not entirely stay the progress of death, he can not make himself immortal in the flesh and blood; but he may arrest for a time so prolonged as to appear incredible, if I said it—that hardening of the parts which constitutes old age. A year may age him no more than an hour ages another. His intense will, scientifically trained into system, operates, in short, over the wear and tear of his own frame. He lives on. That he may

not seem a portent and a miracle, he *dies* from time to time, seemingly, to certain persons. Having schemed the transfer of a wealth that suffices to his wants, he disappears from one corner of the world, and contrives that his obsequies shall be celebrated. He reappears at another corner of the world, where he resides undetected, and does not visit the scenes of his former career till all who could remember his features are no more. He would be profoundly miserable if he had affections—he has none but for himself. No good man would accept his longevity, and to no men, good or bad, would he or could he communicate its true secret. Such a man might exist; such a man as I have described I see now before me! Duke of —, in the court of —, dividing time between lust and brawl, alchemists and wizards; again, in the last century, charlatan and criminal, with name less noble, domiciled in the house at which you gazed to-day, and flying from the law you had outraged, none knew whither; traveler once more revisiting London, with the same earthly passions which filled your heart when races now no more walked through yonder streets; outlaw from the school of all the nobler and diviner mystics; execrable Image of Life in Death and Death in Life. I warn you back from the cities and homes of healthful men; back to the ruins of departed empires; back to the deserts of nature unredeemed!'

There answered me a whisper so musical, so potently musical, that it seemed to enter into my whole being, and subdue me despite myself. Thus it said:

"I have sought one like you for the last hundred years. Now I have found you, we part not till I know what I desire. The vision that sees through the Past, and cleaves through the veil of the Future, is in you at this hour; never before, never to come again. This vision of no puling fantastic girl, of no sick-bed somnambule, but of a strong man, with a vigorous brain. Soar and look forth!"

As he spoke I felt as if I rose out of myself upon eagle wings. All the weight seemed gone from air—roofless the room, roofless the dome of space. I was not in the body—where, I knew not—but aloft over time, over earth.

Again I heard the melodious whisper—"You say right. I have mastered great secrets by the power of Will; true, by

Will and by Science I can retard the process of years: but death comes not by age alone. Can I frustrate the accidents which bring death upon the young?"

"No; every accident is a providence. Before a providence snaps every human will."

"Shall I die at last, ages and ages hence, by the slow, though inevitable, growth of time, or by the cause that I call accident?"

"By a cause you call accident."

"Is not the end still remote?" asked the whisper, with a slight tremor.

"Regarded as my life regards time, it is still remote."

"And shall I, before then, mix with the world of men as I did ere I learned these secrets, resume eager interest in their strife and their trouble—battle with ambition, and use the power of the sage to win the power that belongs to kings?"

"You will yet play a part on the earth that will fill earth with commotion and amaze. For wondrous designs have you, a wonder yourself, been permitted to live on through the centuries. All the secrets you have stored will then have their uses—all that now makes you a stranger amidst the generations will contribute then to make you their lord. As the trees and the straws are drawn into a whirlpool—as they spin round, are sucked to the deep, and again tossed aloft by the eddies, so shall races and thrones be plucked into the charm of your vortex. Awful Destroyer—but in destroying, made, against your own will, a Constructor!"

"And that date, too, is far off?"

"Far off; when it comes, think your end in this world is at hand!"

"How and what is the end? Look east, west, south, and north."

"In the north, where you never yet trod—towards the point whence your instincts have warned you, there a spectre will seize you. 'Tis Death! I see a ship—it is haunted—'tis chased—it sails on. Baffled navies sail after that ship. It enters the region of ice. It passes a sky red with meteors. Two moons stand on high, over ice-reefs. I see the ship locked between white defiles—they are ice-rocks. I see the dead strew the decks—stark and livid, green mould on their limbs. All are dead but one man—it is you! But years, though so slowly they come, have then seathed you. There is the

coming of age on your brow, and the will is relaxed in the cells of the brain. Still that will, though enfeebled, exceeds all that man knew before you, through the will you live on, gnawed with famine: And nature no longer obeys you in that death-spreading region; the sky is a sky of iron, and the air has iron clamps, and the ice-rocks wedge in the ship. Hark how it cracks and groans. Ice will imbed it as amber imbeds a straw. And a man has gone forth, living yet, from the ship and its dead; and he has clambered up the spikes of an iceberg, and the two moons gaze down on his form. That man is yourself; and terror is on you—terror; and terror has swallowed your will. And I see swarming up the steep ice-rock, gray grizzly things. The bears of the north have scented their quarry—they come near you and nearer, shambling and rolling their bulk. And in that day every moment shall seem to you longer than the centuries through which you have passed. And heed this—after life, moments continued make the bliss or the hell of eternity."

"Hush," said the whisper; "but the day, you assure me, is far off—very far! I go back to the almond and rose of Damascus! sleep!"

The room swam before my eyes. I became insensible. When I recovered, I found G—— holding my hand and smiling. He said: "You who have always declared yourself proof against mesmerism, have succumbed at last to my friend Richards."

"Where is Mr. Richards?"

"Gone, when you passed into a trance—saying quietly to me: 'Your friend will not wake for an hour.'"

I asked, as collectedly as I could, where Mr. Richards lodged.

"At the Trafalgar Hotel."

"Give me your arm," said I to G——, "let us call on him; I have something to say."

When we arrived at the hotel, we were told that Mr. Richards had returned twenty minutes before, paid his bill, left directions with his servant (a Greek) to pack his effects, and proceed to Malta by the steamer that should leave Southampton the next day. Mr. Richards had merely said of his own movements, that he had visits to pay in the neighborhood of London, and it was uncertain whether he should be able to reach Southampton

in time for that steamer ; if not, he should follow in the next one.

The waiter asked me my name. On my informing him, he gave me a note that Mr. Richards had left for me, in case I called.

The note was as follows : " I wished you to utter what was in your mind. You obeyed. I have therefore established power over you : For three months from this day you can communicate to no living man what has passed between us—you can not even show this note to the friend by your side. During three months,

silence complete as to me and mine. Do you doubt my power to lay on you this command ? try to disobey me. At the end of the third month, the spell is raised. For the rest I spare you. I shall visit your grave a year and a day after it has received you."

So ends this strange story, which I ask no one to believe. I write it down exactly three months after I received the above note. I could not write it before, nor could I show it to G—, in spite of his urgent request, the note which I read under the gas-lamp by his side.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

## THE POET'S BELFRY.

BY JAMES ORTON, AUTHOR OF "THE THREE PALACES," ETC.

Up, high up in the Poet's mind  
The Belfry bells are ringing,  
The bells are ever swinging,  
Swinging rhymes,  
In silver chimes,  
Telling of past or future times ;  
But ever the bells are ringing !

But the sound of a deadly tolling  
Comes down in muffled rolling ;  
There's something dark in the shadowy air—  
Something shading the Belfry there—  
And thick, and slow,  
The black notes flow,  
Down o'er the vaulted heart below.

The bells are dumb in the Belfry tower,  
No sounds float down in a silver shower ;  
The bells are eaten with rust,  
The wheels, and the ropes, are whitened  
with must ;  
But over the sepulchred heart a flower—  
A flower of Hope—floats up to the light,  
Its whitened umbels gleam through the  
night ;

And now the joyous singing  
Of the Seraphs of Hope is ringing,  
And vibrates, till a swinging  
Is seen in the Belfry tower.

How high hath grown the Belfry tower !  
Far up and away from the realms of sense ;  
Its notes now faintly seem to shower  
From the gossamer chords of somnolence.  
But, this is the song the Poet sings,  
When Woe unteaches the self-taught song ;  
When Faith comes down from Heaven and  
brings  
The still small voice, for the iron tongue :

The bells hang high,  
Far up in the sky,  
But grand though faint is their minstrelsy !

Up, high up in the Poet's mind  
The Belfry bells are ringing,  
The bells are ever swinging,  
Swinging rhymes,  
In silver chimes,  
Telling of past or future times,  
But ever they tell of the golden climes,  
Where, ever the bells are ringing.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

## THE LEGEND OF THE GOLDEN PRAYERS, AND OTHER POEMS.\*

THE reason of a woman's poetry being generally true to nature and humanity, so far as she touches it, is, that she is throughout tender; for tenderness is a deep characteristic of truth. For example: a woman writing of a child or a sufferer is almost invariably happy in her expressions. No learning, no peculiarity of life, can divest her of this. Few women have had so decided an education as Mrs. Browning; yet how perfect, how delicately close to human nature is the scene with Marion's child in Aurora Leigh. And so, though a woman may not suggest to us strong or metaphysical thought, yet within her own limits she is true. This is the cause why female poetry is always worth reading once.

But when a woman has gone beyond this, and not content with educating her heart, trains her intellect, and by its help cultivates her imagination, then her poetry becomes, like that of Mrs. Hemans, a household word. This is the excellence of Mrs. Alexander. She has ennobled imagination, whose source is in the heart, with the culture of reason. She has pruned that luxuriance of images, that wild growth of unchosen words which produce want of dignity and weight of thought, are the great and common faults of Poetasters. She has studied expression, and added a metrical training to her natural power of rhythm, and the result is a volume of poems which the world will welcome.

It is always difficult to review a number of detached poems. The critic has no settled foundation to build his thoughts upon. No sooner has he erected a little edifice of praise or censure on one subject, than he is obliged to begin another. Therefore to concentrate a review on a book of this class, we must lay a foundation of our own; and the first which has

occurred to us is to investigate the general characteristics of Mrs. Alexander's genius. These we will illustrate from her poems, and thus we may hope to give the public a fair conception of her book.

We begin with womanliness. These poems are womanly in the highest and truest sense. There is no false sentiment; there is no morbid perversion of feminine powers. Her idea of self-sacrifice is not wrought into a false image of the virtue, as the French authors have attempted. Her idea of justice is not pushed beyond the limits of human infirmity. Her tenderness is not degraded into a weak excuse of wrong. Her sympathy does not degenerate into mere philanthropy. In a word—her feelings are not the guide either of her reason or her conscience. With this preface we proceed to the poems.

It is womanliness which sees in "Southey's" grave no lonely spot, but a hallowed hillock haunted by the love of winds and sunbeams. It is womanlike to feel that he was not dead, but only sleeping, while nature led all her handmaids forth to soothe his slumber: she could not but feel that all around was sympathizing with the poet's heart; that all the lights, and clouds, and waters were beautiful for him. It was womanlike to make the poet in his grave the center, the heart, of the landscape—to feel that round it rose the religion of nature—

"By that green grave where daisies grew,  
In Nature's own cathedral laid."

But Mrs. Alexander rises to a far higher strain of poetry in the poem on Mrs. Hemans' grave. These lines, some of the best in the book, are full of true and noble thinking. Escaping from the girlish sentiment, beautiful as it always is, however common, of the poet finding fittest rest in the shade of gentle trees, and with the violet on his tomb, she turns and contemplates the grave of Mrs. Hemans,

\* *The Legend of the Golden Prayers, and other Poems.* By C. F. ALEXANDER. Bell and Daldy, London. 1859.

lying amid the city's roar and surge of men, as a higher and a truer thought. For the loftiest singers have interpreted men rather than nature. So with our authoress :

"Let the poet lie among his brothers,  
Where great words of Christian truth shall  
be;  
He that hath most fellowship with others  
Is most Christ-like in his sympathy."

"And all Nature's charms, the bright, the real  
Are but shadows, though they live and  
move;  
Of his own more beautiful ideal,  
Of his dream of purity and love."

Womanlike, too, is her dislike of conceiving any thing as utterly alone. The Dutch seaman's skeleton found by Lord Dufferin, lying open to the air on a little tongue of icy land, suggests to her a happy subject for a poem; and she paints around him the everlasting ice, and coruscating skies, as he slumbered where

— "Only the shy reindeer made  
In the black moss a trace,  
Or the white bears came out and played  
In sunshine by the place."

But, in her pity, she can not leave him there, but weaves around him, in imaginative fancy, the dreams of home and the love of women.

Womanlike, too, is her sympathy, and when that is so deep as to get into the heart of things, there it rises into imagination, a tropic river flowing deep and wide. She sees it as it were herself in calm, and says—

"The very beat of the broad river  
Is even as a silent heart,"

a northern rock, beaten by the Atlantic surge! She watches it: as she gazes, to her it grows—

"Where such, a giant fast asleep,  
Lay folded in his purple cloak  
Upon a purple deep"—

the solitude of the sea. She enters the mariner's heart, and the loneliness of the deep ocean is thus forcibly given :

"His ship has drifted to the gale,  
Where, many a night, the full round moon  
Saw but herself and that white sail  
O'er all the central ocean strewn."

But the noblest example of imagination in the book occurs in the second part of

the Legend of the Golden Prayers. Mrs. Alexander is describing the woodland, and thus she pierces to the very heart of forest scenery :

"For the shadow of the forest lay  
On the crushed heart of the forest maid;  
Glorious sunshine, and the light of day,  
And the blue air of long summers played  
Ever in the green tops of the trees:  
Down below were depths and mysteries,  
Dim perspectives, and a humid smell  
Of decaying leaves and rotting cones;  
While, far up, the wild bee rung her bell,  
And the blossoms nodded on their thrones."

For the forest is not only the home of joy and light, of racing leaves and flying sunshine—that were but a half description; but the home, also, of sorrow and darkness, where the mournful moan of homeless sounds is in the trees, and the gloom of the stillness of night lies heavier in the glades than on the open downs; is not only the home of life, where a myriad of flying creatures rejoice, and where the spring is abroad among the branches, but also the very habitation of decay and death, of leaves which rot into a humid soil, and living things which perish in a day—holds within it not only lessons which all men may read, but also strange weird mysteries and speechless horrors which curdle and hush the heart: and this last none have so deeply felt as the Germans. Goethe's ballad of the *Erl King* is a matchless expression of this human feeling of the forest. Who that has ever read has ever forgotten the knight's midnight ride through the forest which girdled the cottage where Undine lived, when every tree was writhing into mocking forms, and strange shapes of wickedness lived in every branch?

Not only in the lines already quoted, but in the description which begins the second part of this legend, we recognize Mrs. Alexander's feeling of the double nature of the forest's expression of itself in us. There she describes—

"Where the twisted path is rough and red,  
The huge tree trunks, with their knotted  
bark,  
In and out, stand up on either side"—

the dark arches, and the contrasting brightness of a delicate little glade.

"A little patch of purest green  
Where, when in the spring the flowers unfold,  
Lieth a long gleam of blue and gold  
Hidden in the heart of the old wood."

But in this solitude she will not leave us: it is too terrible both in ugliness and beauty without humanity; and so there lies amid a "wider space"—

"A plot of open ground  
Whence the blind old woodman hears the  
surge  
Of the sea of leaves that toss their foam  
Of white blossoms round his lowly home,  
Whose poor thatch, amid that living mass  
Of rich verdure, lieth dark and brown,  
Like a lark's nest, russet in the grass  
Of a bare field on a breezy down."

How felicitous and fresh is the closing simile!

And if imagination may be said to be that which adorns the common, or penetrates through the unpoetical outward to the inward poetry, then the last verse of the poem, entitled *Sorrow on the Sea* is imaginative—

"Then bring her back where burdened Clyde  
Round many a lashing wheel raves white."

The scene is made poetical. The river, like a strong man, is burdened by the weight of shipping—the poetical of steam is seized in the words "lapping wheel" power, unweariness, rapidity; and it is not the discolored stream, but the gleaming madness of the foam, which the poet pictures to our view. *Apropos* of the poem—as a work of art—it would have been much better had the two last verses been altogether omitted. They are an incumbrance. Before, however, we leave it for some time, we instance from it another example of imaginative power—

"The feathery clouds  
Lie loosened on the distant hills."

No one who has watched the lifting of a flock of vapors from the sides of a mountain, "shepherded by the slow, unwilling wind," but must at once recognize the imaginative penetration of the word "loosened." It is exactly the right term. For the clouds when rising after rain always appear first to shake themselves free from the side of the hill, still keeping, however, its outline, and to lie, seemingly, at the distance from it of a yard, so that we imagine it possible to walk in a clear space, and touch the mountain with one hand, and the cloud mass with the other. It is when that condition takes place, and generally not till then, that the mist lifts. That is what is painted for us by the word *loosened*.

Another characteristic of Mrs. Alexander's genius is felicity of expression. No natural gift is worth any thing without accurate and steady training. No class of artists neglect culture so much as second-rate poets. They do not revere their gift sufficiently—they use it with pride—for themselves, and do not feel that it is not theirs—for self—but theirs for all the world. It needs the solemnity of that thought, and the dignity of that motive, to impel a second-rate poet to careful training, and the highest praise is due to our authoress for her manifest cultivation of her natural gift. A few instances of this felicitous and condensed expression will not be out of place. Here is a beautiful contrast drawn by a father over his daughter's grave, between her youthful health and her sad decline, and both thoughts linked to his native land by a few graceful touches.

"Ever a short, low cough I hear,  
There lies in mine a thin, small hand;  
Or a voice singeth in mine ear;  
The voice that haunted the old land.

"When that brave mountain breeze of ours  
That dashed the scent from golden furze,  
And swept across the heather flowers,  
Touched not a brighter cheek than hers."

The character of Mrs. Hemans' poetry is given in a line—

"And the wind in the tall trees should lend her  
Musical delight on stormy days,  
With a sound half-chivalrous, half-tender,  
Like the echo of her own wild lays."

Taste is thus happily described—

"For what is taste, but the heart's earnest  
striving  
After the beautiful in form and thought,  
From the pure past a nicer sense deriving,  
And ever by fair nature taught."

The *Irish Mother's Lament* for her sons in a far land, is imagined with great delicacy; and if any one should wish, after a course of hackneyed nonsense on the Princess Royal's marriage, to cheer his heart with something fresh, poetical, pictorial, with something which touches the exact points to be touched, let him read the *Royal Bridal* in this book.

We pass on to another characteristic—religious feeling. For Mrs. Alexander's religion is no name, but a universal and inward power; is no sentiment which it is pretty to introduce, and effective, as

the peroration, so to speak, of a poem, but with her an essence, without which all things are dull. To her God's presence is felt in the universe, from the smallest leaf to the blaze of the star Sirius. The description of the poor woman whom the Lady Beata had taught from "her Gospel," and of her simple recognition of Christ in all the forest landscape, is exquisite.

The hymns, however, are the worst writing in the book. The scene-painting of the death of Christ, in which we hoped Mrs. Alexander would not have indulged, is a degradation to the sufferer. The cross in itself was no infamy to the spotless One. It was not the nail which pierced his hands—it was the iron which entered into his soul that drew from him that exceeding bitter cry.

Mrs. Alexander has yet another characteristic: it is her deep sense of the connection between Nature and Humanity. She has expressed this thus:

"From Nature's beauteous outward things,  
What gleams of hidden life we win!  
For still the world without us flings  
Strong shadows of the world within."

Now these analogies are often carried too far; Nature is made into Humanity, and the result is that poets who are not so appear Pantheistic. The reason of this is, that the dignity of the human element is not sufficiently recognized. But in our author's poetry this is not so: she marks the want of joy and suffering in Nature. She sees that what seems thus in Nature is in reality only ourselves projecting on the world without. She feels that we have no greater dignity than our capacity of suffering.

But Nature has yet another office, one which has ever been to poets a mine of wealth. It is founded on the truth that the Author of Nature is also the Author of Humanity. God speaks through the dumb universe to man; and we understand the silent words, because he who made the worlds has given us a mind similar in kind, though not in degree, to his. Owing to this likeness, the things seen voice forth to us the things unseen, and from all outward life we can draw deep lessons for our inward spirit. Mrs. Alexander has felt this strongly. Every poetic heart must feel and tell it to the world. One poem especially, which we quote for its finish and roundness of ex-

pression, is based on her consciousness of this:

"Waves, waves, waves,  
Graceful arches, lit with night's pale gold,  
Boom like thunder through the mountain  
rolled,  
Hiss and make their music manifold,  
Sing, and work for God along the strand.

"Leaves, leaves, leaves,  
Beautiful by autumn's scorching breath,  
Ivory skeletons, carven fair by death,  
Fall and drift at a sublime command.

"Thoughts, thoughts, thoughts,  
Breaking, wave-like, on the mind's strange  
shore,  
Rustling, leaf-like, through it evermore,  
Oh! that they might follow God's good hand!"

In another poem she guards this method of analogy from mistake. For some think that the comparison of these relations is sufficiently strong to be accepted as positive proof of spiritual truths. Men have attempted to establish the reality of a resurrection by the analogies of spring, and the chrysalis opening into a butterfly. But these do not prove the immortal life of form, they only render it probable, and serve to confirm the truth when once it has been received. Useless as proof, they are useful as helps of faith. In the lines we quote our readers may see how the philosophy of this may be touched into poetry:

"Silent as snow from his airy chamber,  
Down on the earth drops the withered leaf,  
Silently back on the heart of the dreamer,  
Noticed of none, falls the secret grief.

"Yet ye deceive us, beautiful prophets;  
For, like one side of an ocean shell  
Cast by the tide on a dripping sand-beach,  
Only a half of the truth ye tell.

"Much of decadence and death ye sing us;  
Rightly ye tell us earth's hopes are vain;  
But of the life out of death no whisper,  
Saying: 'We die, but we live again.'

The last characteristic we shall mention is gracefulness. It is this which marks the book especially. It is graceful in its strength, and graceful even in its weaknesses. It has no rugged vigor, like an oak of centuries which braves and bends not to the blast; but delicate power, like the hardy silver-columned birch which waves in infinite gracefulness, triumphant and beautiful in the center of the storm.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

## A WOMAN'S SACRIFICE.

A TALE IN TWO PARTS.

PART II.

## CHAPTER VII.

## THE TWO COMPANIONS.

JAMES hastened out of the house, by a back entrance. He crossed the little bridge that separated Sir Alfred's demesne from Col. Digby's, and turned into the walk we have so often noticed by the river side. Under the tree where Charles St. Laurence and Caroline had parted so many years ago, he sat. The moon was shining brightly, as he drew the fatal parcel from his pocket and untied the cord. He took out the dagger and carefully examined it. "Ah! this has been cleaned. How did she get it? Could she have found it? No matter; it answers my purpose." He wrapt it carefully up, tied the cord, and put it into his breast. He sat musing for a moment. "I must have another hand," he said; "but who?—who? Tom Scott; ay, Tom is the very man." Then he sprang up, and walking very fast, crossed the bridge again, and left his master's demesne by a gate which led to a road over a steep hill. This was a beautiful road, shaded at both sides by trees. It wound round to the back of the hill, the aspect of which presented a contrast to the side he had just left. It was perfectly barren; a bare plain or valley lay between this and another hill, or rather mountain beyond. This valley was quite secluded. Neither house nor cabin could be seen for miles around. James struck off the main road into a narrow path that lay between two fields. He followed this path till he came to a miserable hovel, so wretched, that from the outward appearance, no one could imagine it to be the habitation of a living being. With his stick he knocked twice at the door; he bent down to discover whether his sum-

mons had been heard, but his inspection seemed to be unsatisfactory, for with a muttered curse, he gave a low whistle, and was preparing to leave, when his attention was arrested by a movement within. A voice demands in a surly tone:

"Who is there?"

"A friend," was the laconic reply, when a bolt was withdrawn, and James entered with a coarse invective. He asked why he had been kept so long at the door; and then followed his companion through a narrow dark passage into a low roofed apartment, which, though there was no candle, was brightened by the light of a fire that burned on the hearth. The floor was earthen; a wooden table was in the center of the room, between which and the hearth was a low stool. A box at the further end completed the furniture of the apartment.

"You have a smell here that might feast the fairies," remarked James, as he followed his friend into the room. His host, with a grim laugh and a nod, pointed to the box which he meant James to draw over to the fire and use as a seat. Tom Scott, for he it is whom we are now introducing to our readers, had a short, thick-set figure. His head was large, with a quantity of red hair and whiskers; and he had a sharp, cunning eye, which he had a peculiar habit of winking. His countenance was otherwise heavy, though with a dash of cunning. He drew the single stool that the room afforded towards the fire, and resumed the process of cooking, which had been interrupted by the knock.

"What in the name of goodness have you there? You feast in royal style," said James, as he looked over his friend's shoulder.

"Ah! time for me," said Tom. "I have had to do with small fry long enough."

"If every one had their own," said James, "who would that deer call master?"

"Colonel Digby is my game-keeper; but I save him the trouble of killing the game for me," with a low chuckle, was the reply.

"Faith, you earn your bread easier than honester folk. How many of these do you get in the month?" said James.

"Why, man, such high-flying game is not so easy got as that. It is six years and more since I got one of these deer before. I remember that night well."

"Why, was the pitcher near being broke then? You have gone to the well long enough. Your time will soon come round."

"Not the least fear," said Tom. "No; I was safe enough; but faith I *did* get a fright, though others fared worse nor me."

"Did you take old Sam with you?"

"Not I. Come, draw over to the table and take some of this; or, perhaps, you would not like to touch what is not got honestly?" said Tom, with a sneer.

"I am not so particular as that, when a friend asks," said James, drawing his seat forward. His host placed a large bottle on the table, the fragrance of which filled the room. After helping his friend and himself to his satisfaction, he resumed his seat, and said: "Old Sam, indeed. Do you think that I am mad, to let that old fool know my concerns, or where I deal for my marketing? Not I, indeed. Why, don't you remember Michaelmas six years? I forgot—you were abroad. It was the night Colonel Digby's nephew was killed."

"Bless my soul. Do you know any thing about *him*?" said James, hardly concealing his intense curiosity.

Tom nodded this head and winked: "I know what I know."

"Oh! ay, *you* know every thing, and things that never happened."

"Things that never happened, indeed. Ay, but *one* thing that did happen."

"Tell me what it was; you say he was killed. How, and by whom?" said James.

"You are going to hear all about it, are you? I never tell tales out of school."

"I would not care if all the Digbys were hanged or drowned. I hate the whole lot and stock of them," said James.

"No, no," answered his companion, "I say nothing. A wise man never found a dead man."

James perceived that Tom really did know more than at first he gave him credit for, and he hoped to draw out his knowledge. It might be of infinite use to him; but he saw the moment was not yet come. He was too clever to impart an important secret without some very considerable inducement, at least while he was sober. His hopes lay in the bottle before them. He determined himself to take as little of the contents as he could, without raising the suspicion of his companion, and thought that when his friend became exhilarated he might also become communicative. With this prospect he determined to betray no curiosity on the subject of his story.

"How do you like playing second-fiddle at your place up there?" said Tom, laughing, "since you got a lady at the head of the house?"

"Don't talk of her. I hate her like poison," said James sulkily.

"Likely enough. A spirited bit of goods she is, and can be in a passion, ay, and worse nor that," answered his companion mysteriously.

"What do you know of her? Did you ever speak two words to her in your life?"

"Ay, did I, and there's a secret that none but she and I know," answered Tom, winking one eye, and grinning like a demon.

James's curiosity was almost breaking all bounds; but with a wonderful effort he controlled himself. He thought Tom had nearly arrived at that state of intoxication in which he would communicate freely, if he thought that he was really indifferent about it, and would be tempted to tell his own story, for the purpose of exciting his friend's interest and astonishment at his boasted knowledge. James seeing the time was ripe wished to strike while the iron was hot; and knowing exactly his companion's state, he rose as if about to leave.

"Good night, Tom" he said. "I must be off."

"Not going yet," said his companion; "why, it is only now I am getting jolly. Sit down there, and I will tell you something about that mistress of yours that you are so fond of, which will make you love her more."

"Nonsense, man, you know nothing about her; I tell you I hate her."

"Don't I, though? ay, ay, I know more than you or any one else; sit down there and have another glass, and I'll tell you what'll make your hair stand on end." So saying, he filled James's glass and his own, and proceeded, with a consequential, mysterious air.

"Well, my lad, on that same Michaelmas night I was pretty hard up; business had been slack, as it always is in the summer time. I set out about seven o'clock in the evening to follow my trade. I had good sport, and was lurking about for the night to close in before I could leave Colonel Digby's demesne, when I was startled by the sound of voices near. Afraid the speakers might see me, I crept low under the bushes, close to where they were standing. I could not see who they were, but from the sound of the voices I knew it was a man and woman. They seemed to be quarreling. I tried to hear what they were saying, but I could not; till just as they were parting, I heard the woman say: 'You are not the first man that feared a woman, and you will have cause to tremble before me; you are a curse to me.'

"What!" cried James, starting and leaning eagerly forward, "did you see who said it?"

"Stop, will you, and let me tell my story my own way."

"I raised up a bit to see who she was; the man's back was to me; but I saw the regiments, and knew the fellow's cut; it was the Captain, and the woman was no one else but Miss Digby, your present mistress. Faith, she did look grand; every inch a queen. You would think her three feet taller, and her eyes glared like them coals there. I couldn't help admiring her, as she stood there defying him all by herself. He said something to her low, I couldn't hear, but she darted past him like lightning. I had a rare chance of being caught; but she was not thinking of the like of me, nor of any thing good, I suspect. I had to leave the deer hid under the bushes, and cut for my life, as I feared to fall into St. Laurence's hands, who might be lurking about there half the night for aught I knew."

"Go on," said James, with undisguised interest.

"Give us the bottle, then," said his companion, continuing his narrative.

"The next night I had to go look after the game I had hid, but waited till near ten o'clock, as there was such a fuss and search all day after Captain St. Laurence, who was missing. I got into the place well enough, and close up to where I put the deer, when, the Lord save me! I never got such a fright. There, right before me, was a white figure, leaning against a tree. I thought it was the Captain's ghost, and I could not stir with terror when it turned the head towards me, like as if it heard me breathe, and who was it but Miss Digby. I don't know which I would have been the most frightened at seeing—the Captain's ghost or her, there all alone at that time of night. How long she had been there, or what brought her there at that hour, I do not know. She seemed to expect some body, for she turned round and looked at me, that's certain. She flew like a startled hare as I moved; I was not the one she was waiting for."

"Is that all," said James. "Have you finished your story?"

"All; faith I think I have told a good one; what more do you want?"

James stood up, and buttoning his coat, he turned towards his friend, and said: "Oh! it is all very wonderful; do you think I believe one word of it from beginning to end?"

"Believe it," cried out Tom, rising with excitement; "why, man, do you think I have been telling you lies? I would take my oath of every word I said; it is as true as you stand there."

"Your oath. Oh! then, why didn't you when there was such a reward offered?"

"Ay, a reward offered for what? Not for all I seen of the murderer; and sure you don't think a slip of a girl like that could murder a man."

"Not herself, certainly; but there is such a thing as paying another for doing it."

"You don't think that I was such a fool as not to think of that? Many is the hour I thought how I could get that same reward; but I inquired and set a lot of our men to try and trace another in the business, but never could. That she had a hand in it I could swear; but again, who could the other be? I never missed a fellow out of this since; and who was to believe my word if I did inform on all I knew? No," he said, with a low whistle, "the tables might be turned, for what

business brought me into Colonel Digby's that hour of the night? A poor fellow must live, and so I dropped it; and you are the first I ever told it to."

"Now, Tom, would you swear it, if there was another that could side with you in it?"

"I could swear it; but I don't want to swear away a woman's life that never did me any harm, and, I confess, I like the girl's spirit."

"No; but perhaps, if you get the reward, or the half of it—eh?"

"I should be sure of that. There is no doubt charity begins at home; and though I do like a spirited girl, it was cruel of her to get this poor fellow murdered after all. Do you know any thing about it, as you say that? Indeed, I might have guessed you had something to say to me, as you never come to see a poor fellow like me unless you have a dirty job on hand."

"Not at all; it is a long time since I saw you; and on such a fine evening I took the opportunity. I have nothing particular to say; but I'll think on what you have told me; *it is* a most extraordinary story. Good night, Tom, and thank you."

So saying he left the cabin. He had come there determining to get Tom Scott's assistance; but how had chance favored him, though he had affected incredulity? When he heard Tom's story, he was certain every word that he said was true; but his own plans were not matured enough for him to impart them to his friend. He had no intention of taking any mortal into his confidence; he trusted too much to his own judgment and discrimination; he was one who knew exactly his own capabilities; it was necessary that he should have Tom's assistance, but only as a blind instrument in the carrying out of his plot.

On leaving the cottage he walked hastily home, absorbed in deep thought.

"What the deuce brought her there the second time? Tom said, to meet some one—could it have been himself? Pooh! Nonsense. Every word the fellow said is true—true as gospel; but she did want to meet some body, no doubt?" And so he meditated, stopping occasionally, pressing his hand to his lip as a particular thought seemed to puzzle him, and then being satisfied with his solution, hasten on again. He arrived home very

late; and raising the latch, he quietly entered, without one twinge of remorse at his diabolical plans. There was but one thought in his mind, one hope in his heart, revenge, bitter, black revenge; he would sell his soul, body, all he possessed, to be revenged.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### AN ARREST.

A FEW evenings after the events recorded in the last chapter, Caroline had retired to her room earlier than usual, and had placed herself under the ministrations of Flora. Had she been less occupied with her own sorrowful thoughts, she would have perceived that her maid was bursting with some important news, and was only watching a favorable moment to communicate it. Still Flora had a certain misgiving about introducing this wonderful subject. She could make free with her mistress, more so, perhaps, than one could imagine a person of Caroline's naturally proud disposition would allow; but there were certain topics that she had been peremptorily silenced about. She had an instinctive feeling that the news she burned to communicate trenced on forbidden ground; but the innate desire to relate the marvelous overcame all scruples, and she ingeniously first introduced an irrelevant topic, or, perhaps, it would be better to say, "she beat about the bush."

"Do you think, my lady, Miss Julia will engage James's sister?"

"I am sure I don't know," said Caroline.

"I never saw a young lady so changed since your marriage, my lady; she is so lively, in comparison to what she was; and so very attentive to the poor old master."

"Is she? Yes; I believe so."

"I hope Jane will suit her; she used to be a kind mistress; but *then*, indeed, she did not mind; she was easily pleased. I think she has got over *it* all; and it will be so dreadful now to rip up the whole business."

"Yes," said Caroline absently.

"Only too dreadful; the poor thing, my heart bleeds for her."

Caroline had not been attending to a word she had said; and now she turned impatiently to her—

"Flora, I never heard you talk so much."

This remark silenced her for a moment or two; but despairing of there being any chance that her mistress would be less abstracted, she lost all patience, and after sundry ineffectual harsher brushings of her long hair, she suddenly began:

"Oh! my lady, there is the strangest report through the village this evening; I never heard the like; every body is talking of it."

Lady Douglass seemed hardly to hear it.

"Is there?" she said absently.

"So strange, almost a miracle," continued the volatile Flora; "and who would have thought it after six years and more? but the saying is true enough, 'Murder will out!'"

"What are you talking about, Flora?" said Lady Douglass, roused now completely.

"Only, my lady, they say that the murderer of Captain St. Laurence —"

Caroline started from her seat, pale as death, her hair falling over her shoulders.

"That is a lie; who says Captain St. Laurence was murdered? He never was; he is, he must be living," and pressing both her hands to her side; "yes, I know he lives; I will swear it."

The girl was terrified at her mistress's strange look and excitement, and approached her; when Caroline turned wildly to her.

"Tell me every word you heard, as you value your salvation—*every word* you know—quick, quick."

Flora repeated what she had said.

"Information had been given, nobody knew by whom, that the murderer of —"

"Stop, girl; there is no—don't use that horrid, lying word." When quieter, she said: "Go on—quick, quick."

"Of Captain St. Laurence is discovered; they say the body has been found," continued Flora, hesitatingly.

One deep, low groan, at this new discovery, was the only outward token of the agony that was breaking Caroline's heart. She leant a moment with both her hands on the table, as if to support herself; then, very calmly, she went to her desk and wrote a few lines; this she put into an envelope, and sealed; then, turning to Flora, she said:

"You must get James—mind, no one

but James—to go with this note to my father; he must wait for an answer. Colonel Digby may not be home till very late; but he must not leave without the answer;" and then in a tender, tremulous voice, she continued: "Flora, dear Flora, my hopes are centered on you; don't mention that you have told me this—this report; and, oh! make *James* go at once—quickly, quickly."

Flora, crying, gave her mistress every assurance, and added, "not to fear; James should go without delay."

And Caroline went to her husband's study.

He was writing at his bureau, with his back to the door, and did not turn as she entered. She locked the door, and came over to him. Gently, very gently, she laid her arm on his shoulder, saying:

"Alfred, my own Alfred."

He started.

"Gracious heavens, Caroline, you look deadly pale. Are you ill, darling?"

His unsuspecting manner, his ignorance, his solicitude for her at that moment, entirely overcame her. She was sure that he would have divined the cause of her coming; but now she should have to tell him. This aspect had never presented itself to her mind. She had imagined various others, she had thought of *all* possible positions in which she might be placed when the fatal hour should arrive, and had acted over in imagination how she would shield him. But she had never thought *she* should have to repeat in words to him what she dared not breathe to herself. She was sure that thought must ever be uppermost in his mind, and that any extraordinary occurrence would at once connect itself with it. Now, how different. She could not speak. He rose and lifted her to the sofa by the fire; and, kneeling beside her, rubbed her cold hands between his own.

She lay conscious, acutely so, but with an utter inability to move or speak; her eyes closed; she could not even raise the lids. Apparently lifeless, but with an intense agony of feeling, knowing every moment she lay there was more precious than her life.

"My precious child, Caroline, look at me; tell me, darling, are you ill? O Caroline! dearest, speak, but once."

She had a tight grasp of his hand, but could not speak. She heard every word; they went as daggers to her heart. He

did not know, he had not the least idea of what she must tell him. He became really alarmed and started to his feet to call assistance. This movement proved more effectual in rousing her. She raised herself.

"I am well, quite well. *You* must go quickly; not a moment is to be lost."

He thought her mind was wandering, and tried to make her lie down again.

"Never mind, darling," he said, "I shall not leave you. I will stay by you all night."

"O Alfred!" she said, in despairing, heart-broken accents, "must I say it—don't you know?"

"To-morrow, my precious—to-morrow we will hear all. Lie quiet now."

"To-morrow, oh! no—now, now, at once. I must whisper—whisper it even here," she said, putting her arm round his neck. She drew him close to her, and whispered low, so very low, he could hardly hear: "Charles St. Laurence—James has told."

The effect was electrical. Deadly pale he staggered against the wall.

"The villain has betrayed me—all is lost!"

"No, no!" she cried, starting to her feet, regaining strength perfectly, from the immediate danger. "All is ready. James is gone. Take 'Sunshine'; a vessel leaves Bristol at four o'clock in the morning. Ride now—now, fast—you are safe."

"No!" he said despairingly. "No! I shall be traced; this sudden departure will only confirm the suspicion."

"Impossible. Every one knew you were to leave home to-morrow; who will know you go to-night? James can not be back till late in the morning. O Alfred! for heaven's sake, don't waste moments so precious—quick, quick—go. My brain is on fire," she said, pressing her hands against her forehead.

Then, and not till then, as his eye turned on the miserable, pale face of his wife, did he remember that he had never told her. Passionately pressing her to his breast—

"Dearest darling, that I love better than the whole world—but how selfishly. I ought to have fled the moment I saw you. How I have wronged you. Caroline, darling, you have loved me in good report. Trust me now—how you have discovered I know not; but you can not

know all. The world will all be against me, but *you* will believe that *I am not a murderer.*"

With a cry, almost a shriek, she said: "Oh! thank God! I know it."

They parted. . . .

Some hours later on the day that Sir Alfred had left Braydon Hall, Caroline was in the drawing-room. She was standing at the window watching the heavy clouds that rolled slowly past. A heavy, chill mist was falling. Not a leaf stirred. All looked comfortless without. But Caroline, though she had parted with her husband, and did not know when she should again see him, felt a comfort in her inmost soul to which she had been long a stranger. Her husband's words still rang in her ears. The weight that had bowed her down till it had almost crushed her fragile form in the earth, had been lifted off. She believed every word he had said to her. She would have as soon doubted an angel from heaven. All was easy to bear now. The world might judge hardly, as it always was sure to do with the unfortunate. She knew—yes, knew the truth. As to details or particulars she thought not once of them. There was one—one bright truth—that swallowed up every thing else.

She was disturbed in these meditations by the door opening, and James presented the note he had brought from Colonel Digby. She could hardly repress a tremor as she again looked at this man; but thinking it better for the present to control her feeling, she let him leave the room without any remark. A hideous, triumphant grim distorted his features as he turned towards the door. As he left the room she heard several footsteps and loud voices. Her heart beat with undefined terror. The steps came towards the room she sat in; the door was suddenly opened, and James reappearing, ushered in two police-officers. The reality of her own position, and of what her husband had escaped, now rushed upon her. She allowed some moments to elapse before she dared to trust herself to speak. Then drawing herself up with native dignity, she said: "To what circumstance am I indebted for this intrusion?"

Before the officers could answer, James advanced. "There is your prisoner," said he, pointing to Caroline.

"How do you dare to commit such an outrage?" cried Caroline, gaining courage

at seeing her servants collect around her. "Where is your authority? of what crime am I accused?"

"There is my warrant," said James, insolently snatching the paper from the officer and thrusting it towards Caroline.

"My business is with these officers," said Caroline proudly; "I request no interference."

James was abashed at her dignified demeanor, and hung back.

"Now, sir," continued Caroline, addressing the officer, "may I be informed of the crime of which I am accused?"

The officer very civilly handed the warrant—"I am sure, madam, there is some strange mistake, which, no doubt, will be explained immediately you see the magistrate; but I am sorry my duty will not permit me to leave this without you."

Caroline took the warrant. She looked eagerly over it to see was her husband's name inserted; but to her infinite surprise it was *her own*. A strange feeling came over her. She was neither nervous nor excited, she was very calm.

"May I have my father with me?" she said, "it will not detain you more than half an hour; and also my maid, I should wish her to accompany me."

"Certainly, madam, any thing that can conduce to your comfort shall be strictly attended to."

"One request more," said Caroline, "and I have done. May we go privately in my own carriage?"

"Undoubtedly, madam."

In less than an hour Colonel Digby arrived. He had not been informed of the particulars; all the messenger could tell him was that Lady Douglass wished his presence immediately, and that there was an extraordinary commotion—police-officers, who wanted to take every thing out of the house—as Sir Alfred had left home; my lady was terrified out of her senses, being all alone; and the most extraordinary part of the business was, that James Forest, who had been such a confidential, trustworthy servant, suddenly had turned against his mistress. Colonel Digby could not at all comprehend the man's meaning. He asked questions, but the answers only added double confusion. Thinking it best not to lose any more time, he mounted his horse, and soon arrived at Braydon Hall. Exaggerated as he thought the messenger's account must be, it fell far short of the reality. As regarded the

confusion of the house—the hall-door was lying open, the servants collected in groups, the women crying, lamenting, and making a noise that only added to the inextricable disorder around; the men swearing, raising their voices, one trying to out-speak the other. In fact, the poor old Colonel soon discovered, if he wished to learn particulars, he must try his chance within, as it was perfectly hopeless where he was. He dismounted, and at once went to the drawing-room. The police-officers stood at the lower end of the room whispering together; at the upper end sat Caroline, shaded by the deep recess of the window, her faithful Flora standing by her side, speaking words of comfort to cheer her mistress. As the door opened, and Caroline saw her father, she ran to meet him, and, with a low cry, fell sobbing into his arms. The officers treated them with marked respect and instantly left the room, contenting themselves with keeping guard outside the door.

"What is this, dear child? there is some unaccountable mistake. Where is Alfred? An execution, an arrest—what is it all? Alfred never owed a penny in his life."

"Dear papa, it is not Alfred; they only waited for him to be gone, I suppose. Debt—oh! no, no—worse. See here—read—I can not say."

The warrant was handed to him; he took it to the light—"The person of Caroline Douglass—for what! what is this? I can not see—the word looks like"—said the old man, wiping his spectacles—"murder!—Charles St. Laurence!—merciful heaven! what is the meaning of this?" He trembled in every limb, but protested loudly against the apparent extravagance. He made an abortive attempt to laugh—"Ha, murder! a child murder a man! ha, ha! How can they bring the charge? why they have no proof that poor Charles is even dead."

"O papa! the—the body has been found."

"The body found! where? when? by whom? heavens, murdered!"

"I do not know, papa; I know nothing, except that James Forest is connected with the arrest in some way."

"James Forest!—I feel my brain turning—James Forest—Alfred's steward! there is something unintelligible—the man must be mad. I will call those fel-

lows outside; you shall not stir out of this house."

"Papa, no, that *can not* be; the men must do their duty. They are most civil, and evidently feel very unpleasant in being forced to carry out their commands. We must go—there is no alternative."

Colonel Digby soon perceived this, and ceased to press his daughter. He called the officers. "There is some absurd mistake," said he, "but, of course, we have nothing to say to you; let us get out of this immediately, and have this troublesome business over."

Before leaving Braydon, Colonel Digby wrote a letter to Sir Alfred Douglass, informing him of the arrest. He asked Caroline for his address. She gave his agent's address in London, well knowing it would be a long time before the letter could be delivered to him.

Caroline, her father, and the maid, entered the carriage. The police-officer held the carriage-door open for them to enter. He looked in, and seemed to hesitate a moment, then muttered: "I couldn't think of going in there." He was satisfied that there would be no attempt at escape, and mounting on the outside, they drove down the avenue, and in this manner Caroline, a few hours after her husband had left Braydon Hall, also quitted her home. When did they meet again?

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## CHAPTER IX.

### THE TRIAL.

On arriving at the house of Mr. Tyrrell, the magistrate, they underwent the usual examination in such cases; and though the charge was denied by Caroline, and vehemently so by Colonel Digby, the form of committal was made out, and Caroline was immediately removed to the prison. The drive from the magistrate's house to the prison occupied about half an hour. There was not a word spoken in this time—short in fact, but long in suffering. Colonel Digby seemed to have lost all his energy and hope; he had been convinced that the moment *he* appeared before the magistrate, and pointed out the manifest absurdity of the case there would not be an instant's hesitation in granting his daughter's freedom; and now when things had turned out so adversely his

spirits sunk. *His* daughter committed to prison on such a charge; the thought was terrific. Of course, she would be acquitted, but nothing could wipe out the stain. The poor old man, not strong in health, received a dreadful blow. In those few hours a change had come over him, and Caroline perceived it. She felt her father would never be the same again. She looked at him, and tried to realize the worst that might—that probably would happen. How could he bear it? her father that had loved her so dearly: and then the thought of *another* would arise—another, dearer than all the world to her—far away, alone, driven from his home, and all by an unjust accusation. She had said she would save him. How true her words had proved. Save him she would, at the sacrifice of her own life, which seemed now to be the penalty demanded. She must think; she must be careful in her answers. If *she* were released the charge might be shifted to *him*; and so dreaming, each wrapped in their own reflections, they arrived before the prison. It was evening when they reached the jail. Caroline's step faltered as she got out of the carriage. In raising her eyes her glance fell on a narrow iron balcony, with a cross-bar above. A visible tremor shook her frame, and she sank fainting into Flora's arms. These moments were, perhaps, the most painful. She had thought and dwelt upon every circumstance to familiarize her mind; but it was only in imagination she had lived through scenes she was now called upon to meet. The vivid reality rushed upon her with overwhelming force. She should have to live here in this place, with the worst classes of the community, and then, glancing up—what might not her end be?

The sensation which this extraordinary event created throughout the country was unequalled. Amongst people of all classes it excited a feeling of astonishment, horror, and incredulity. The sex of the prisoner; her youth, beauty; her position in the county, both as regarded her father and her husband; the connection between the prisoner and the supposed victim; the length of time that had elapsed since the crime was committed; the sudden and singular occasion chosen for the arrest, in the absence of her husband; the discovery of the body; the uncertain reports—all combined to

awaken an intense and unprecedented interest in the coming trial.

It was fortunate for Caroline that the trial was not delayed. Had the arrest taken place a week later, she would have been obliged to wait the next assizes, and to have passed the interim in that abode of misery, with the hideous suspense of disgrace and death hanging over her, which would have been more than her weak frame could have endured.

The fatal day was fast approaching. Colonel Digby used his utmost efforts to procure the best counsel for his daughter. Meanwhile the evidence collected on the opposite side was startling and strangely consistent. As the day came near Caroline set her mind steadily to face the worst. It is but a passing pang—and over so soon—and then rest, eternal rest. There was a latent conviction in her mind that *she* could not by possibility be *proved* guilty. How could *she*? There was nothing *she* could recall to fasten the guilt on *her*; and then came the dread—the fearful horror that now, the body having been found in some mysterious way, the suspicion might fall upon her husband, and to shield and guard him was her only thought; her earnest prayer: “It does not matter in what manner I leave this world, I know, I feel here that my course is nearly run; it is enough if he is saved.”

These thoughts braced and strengthened her. The excitement of the trial; the uncertainty of the issue; hope, in spite of all doubts, whispered comfort to her youthful mind. There were moments in which she longed to see her husband; but this was impossible—not to be dreamt of. His presence *there*—and all would be lost. He would be the first to proclaim—make the world believe in his guilt.

The morning of the fifteenth of November was dark, damp, and cold, but the court was crowded to overflowing. A murmur of sympathy and admiration ran through that vast assemblage the moment Caroline entered. She was simply and plainly dressed; her elegant and slight figure showed to advantage, as, leaning on her father's arm, she was conducted to the bar. Her extraordinary situation, and the conscious gaze of hundreds, brought the color to her cheeks, and imparted an unusual brilliancy to her eye; but after the first few moments of excitement were passed, the agony of mind she had undergone was visible. Her face had lost its

rounded contour; bright spots burned on either cheek; yet there was a calmness of expression; she seemed self-collected and undaunted; a brighter resolve than that busy crowd could dream of supported her now in circumstances so fearful. So young, so beautiful, bearing up with an energy so little to be expected from one of her years and delicate appearance.

Her counsel had prepared Caroline for a clever and well got-up accusation; but her expectation fell far short of the strange reality.

The muttered voices through the court had been hushed by the cry of silence, which was caught up and echoed throughout the building. The eyes of all were directed to the judge who then entered. Caroline looked at him with a keen and eager interest, as she thought that in his hands lay her fate.

After the usual preliminary of swearing in the jury, the counsel for the crown “opened the case.”

“It was not without the deepest emotions, that in the course of his duty he had been called upon to undertake this prosecution. The lady's youth, position, and the high estimation in which she was held, made it a most painful duty; but all these circumstances only aggravated the nature of the crime, if, as he expected by the evidence, he could produce, he *could* prove that such a crime had been committed by *her*.” He proceeded to state, “that the body of Captain St. Laurence had been identified at the coroner's inquest by certain peculiarities—his height, the regiments that he had worn, which, though injured, could be perfectly recognized; the loss of a finger on the left hand. But there was *one* circumstance, which would come out in the course of the evidence, and which seemed to bear almost conclusively against the prisoner. On the person of the deceased was found only the *sheath* of a dagger; the dagger itself was missing; but a dagger, exactly corresponding to the sheath, which was of curious antique workmanship, had been found in Lady Douglass' possession.”

And now the witnesses were called each in their turn.

James Forest was the first who gave his evidence. He deposed that on the morning of the sixteenth of October, in the year 18—, Miss Digby called at the lodge of Braydon Hall; that he had only just arrived from London to see his pa-

rents previous to leaving the country the next day; that he was alone in the cottage when she entered in a very hurried and excited manner. She asked him to meet her on the walk by the river's side in her father's demesne that same night, at ten o'clock; and especially charged him not to mention the appointment. He promised compliance with her wishes. She departed as suddenly as she came. The request did not surprise him, except, perhaps, on account of the lateness of the hour, as he had been in the habit of executing commissions for the family before he had entered service. Punctual to the appointment he was at the river-side at ten o'clock, but Miss Digby was waiting for him. Her manner and appearance frightened him; she was exceedingly agitated and excited. He inquired had any thing startled her; but she said that she was cold from waiting so long for him. Before she informed him of what she required she bound him by the most solemn promises never to divulge what she was going to impart. She then offered him a large sum of money if he would consent to bury the body of Captain St. Laurence, which he would find in the grotto by the sea-shore, in Sir Richard Baker's grounds. She asserted that she had by accident discovered the body concealed there; and should it come to her father's knowledge she feared that a man whom she knew he half-suspected, though most unjustly, of having a hand in her cousin's disappearance, might suffer by the discovery. Under these circumstances, she did not wish to let it be known that she had found the body. She further stated that she had parted in anger from her cousin the previous night; that her father had intended she should marry Captain St. Laurence, and the very idea was most hateful to her; so, under all considerations, she entreated of him to perform this service for her. He was very reluctant to undertake so strange a commission; but her agonized manner, and the promises that she would forever befriend him, drew from him an unwilling promise. At the place she had directed him to, he found the body, concealed under leaves and the rubbish of the grotto. The body was cold, and the blood dried on the clothes. There was no weapon of any kind about the place, or on the person of Captain St. Laurence. The sheath of a dagger hung at his side; there was

a wound on the right side, and the left hand was mangled. He buried the body where it lay, and the next morning left the country, and did not return till eighteen months ago. He had not had an easy moment since that night. He felt as if he had participated in some frightful though unknown crime; and to unburthen his conscience, before he quitted the country forever, had been the motive that had induced him to make this declaration.

A shop-keeper in the town, from whom James had purchased a hat, and his father and mother, certified to his having been at Braydon the day he mentioned.

The next evidence was that of Tom Scott. He seemed a reluctant witness. He stated that on the evening of the fifteenth of October he was returning from the village beyond Colonel Digby's demesne, and had taken a short way through the shrubbery, when he heard voices raised in anger. He approached stealthily to overhear the conversation, when he perceived Miss Digby and Captain St. Laurence engaged in a hot discussion. He concealed himself, but could hear nothing of the subject of their conversation till Miss Digby, in a loud determined voice, said distinctly: "You are not the only man who has trembled before a woman; don't defy me, or you will have reason to repent it before another sun sets." When this man first appeared Caroline hardly glanced at him. She had never seen him, and concluded he must be some agent of James Forest's. She was aghast, astonished, at the perjury she had just heard, and wondered what motive could have influenced James to revenge himself so fearfully on her; but there was one thing he said—he had alluded to her interview with her cousin. On this she was just reflecting when Scott began his evidence. He related so particularly almost her very words; detailed so minutely the scene, now so hideous to think of, and which she thought was unknown to mortal, that she was fascinated. The head bent forward; the strained eye and parted lips showed with what eagerness and despair she listened, and the low unrestrained sob declared but too plainly that there was truth in what was uttered.

Scott continued further to state that the next evening business again brought him out. He did not return till very late. It was past ten o'clock when he came to

Colonel Digby's back entrance. He almost expected to find the gate locked; but on trying it he found it open. He walked quickly through the shrubbery, when he was terrified at seeing a white figure before him leaning against a tree. He had become almost rooted to the spot with terror, till the figure turned its head, and to his infinite surprise he recognized Miss Digby. He could hardly credit his senses, and ran to make sure. She darted with the swiftness of an arrow towards the house. He followed. She rushed through the garden-gate, and its clapping behind her checked his further progress.

This man's evidence, and Caroline's visible agitation, caused a great sensation. Though Scott's appearance was so repugnant, there was a strong conviction of truth in every word he said, which came home with a feeling of bitter regret to the heart of each one in that immense crowd of spectators. He was undaunted and unmoved by the cross-questioning of the lawyers. He told his story simply and without exaggeration, and adhered steadily to it.

Flora was next called upon. There was a marked difference in the manner in which her evidence was detailed from that of those we have just given. She would relate nothing consecutively. All the information that could be extracted from her was given with the greatest reluctance, and in answers to questions repeatedly put to her; and her unfortunate communications to Forest furnished ample grounds for confirming the suspicions against her mistress. The following is the substance of her statements. It is unnecessary to enter into the questions by which they were elicited:

She stated that Miss Digby had been absent from home on the evening of the fifteenth of October, and did not return till after eight o'clock; that she (Flora) was in the hall as her mistress entered the house. She took the candlestick abruptly out of her hand, refusing to allow her attendance, which was an unusual occurrence, and went hastily up-stairs. She did not either quit her room, or ring her bell for the rest of the evening. She did not appear the next morning till after ten o'clock. Flora was in the breakfast-room shortly after she entered. Colonel Digby and Miss Julia were talking of Captain St. Laurence's disappearance. On being further pressed as to whether she recol-

lected if her mistress had made any observations on the subject, the only remark she remembered was, her asking if the river had been dragged, and if his footsteps, or those of any other person, had been traced near it. She further deposed to her mistress having retired early on the night of the sixteenth; and as she again refused her attendance, she could not state whether she left the house or not. There had been a great change observable in Miss Digby since Captain St. Laurence's disappearance, but she had attributed it to her natural kindness of disposition. She had never thought her partial to her cousin. She detailed all the particulars connected with the fatal weapon; when and where she had first seen it; her mistress' marked displeasure at her discovering it; and finally, her having purloined it to gratify James Forest's curiosity.

This closed the evidence against Lady Douglass.

Poor Flora was carried insensible out of court. She was entirely overcome at the apparent weight her own evidence had given to the fatal charge. In a long and eloquent speech the counsel for the defense addressed the jury. He dwelt much on the improbability of a girl of Miss Digby's age being capable of instigating to such a crime. Brought up as she had been from her childhood on terms of sisterly intimacy with her cousin, it would have been a crime of the deepest dye, and such as only one who had been led step by step to the dark abyss of guilt could be capable of even in thought. And was it conceivable that even had she suggested the black deed, she would pay one man to commit the murder and another to bury the body? Such a secret was too fatal to be intrusted to an indiscriminate number. The large reward offered, and which she knew *would be offered*, for the detection of the murderer, would be too great a temptation to be resisted by men of the class she should employ. The story carried incredibility on the face of it; it was not to be entertained for a moment. Further, there was no reason that the deceased might not have met his death by his own hand; there was nothing to prove that the dagger had been taken from his person *before* death; it might have been removed *after* he had committed the fatal act. His hand was mangled. True; but that might have been occasioned by the body falling among

the stones and gravel of the grotto where it was found. As to the meeting between Miss Digby and Captain St. Laurence the evening before his intended journey, and their parting in anger, it would be childish even to expect this to be accounted for. Was every person bound to mention a quarrel or an interview, particularly one of such a delicate nature as this must have been? Colonel Digby had wished and consented to his nephew endeavoring to win his daughter's love. Is it not natural, then, to conclude what must have been the subject of that last interview before leaving home; and is every young lady who refuses to marry a man, and that perhaps warmly, bound to answer for his life afterwards? This point ought to be made clear indeed, for if such a heavy responsibility lies with the fair and weaker sex, the exact time when it ceases should be defined, in order that they might be enabled to engage a bodyguard to protect all rejected suitors during the interval. The dagger being found in Lady Douglass' possession he allowed *was* a difficulty, and one which she positively declined in any way to account for. He could have passed this over; but it was better to face a difficulty. Let them look at it. What does it amount to? Lady Douglass had, and acknowledged she had, in her possession, a dagger that had been identified as the dagger her deceased cousin had worn the last time he was seen. There are many ways in which it might have come into her possession without involving her participation in any, much less this awful crime. Why, is there any thing more likely than to suppose that he might have dropped it the evening of their interview, and that she found it? As time advanced and softened the past, she might have preserved it as a memento of their parting. On the other hand, could there be any thing more unlikely or revolting than the idea of a young girl, who had instigated the murder of her cousin, preserving the very weapon that should forever keep her crime in her sight? In affecting terms he appealed to the jury; they had wives, sisters, daughters, who might some day be placed in the position in which Lady Douglass was now. They should be scrupulous how they judged. Her station, her age, then hardly seventeen, the character she bore—was all this to go for nothing? How weak was the evidence; it

was only circumstantial; and, at best, how precarious was circumstantial evidence. Then he adduced instances of by-gone trials, in which, when too late, the innocence of the accused parties had been brought to light. He ceased. Through the crowded court there existed but one feeling—visible, unrestrained sympathy, compassion, admiration, and conviction of her innocence. With breathless impatience they waited for the charge from the judge.

With great care, and at length, the judge stated the evidence. He dwelt much on the manner in which Flora's testimony had confirmed that of the other witnesses, and the exceeding reluctance with which it had been forced from her. On the other hand, he referred to the impossibility of a young girl committing such a murder herself, and the improbability of her employing two separate persons, one to commit the deed, and the other to bury the body. But after giving their best consideration to both sides of the question he summed up by informing the jury that it was their duty to consider, *not* whether a guilty person could be in the position in which the evidence placed Miss Digby, but whether it was at all compatible that an innocent person, and that a girl of seventeen, could be so situated. Whether as innocent she could have on any account concealed the fact of discovering her cousin's body, and, fearing to mention it to her own family, paid a stranger to inter it. Whether, when Captain St. Laurence was first missing, it was natural, and what an innocent young woman would have done, to have concealed her last interview; whether the possession of the dirk and a stained handkerchief belonging to the deceased could be satisfactorily accounted for, or that it was possible or consistent for a person circumstanced as Lady Douglass was, to decline all explanation of the manner in which such articles came into her possession, and yet be innocent of the charge laid against her. If after mature deliberation they arrived at the conclusion that an innocent young girl might be so circumstanced, it would be their duty to acquit the prisoner; but if on the other hand they could not conscientiously come to this judgment, their duty would then be to find a verdict against the accused.

There was a pause for half an hour; but the time was not occupied as it generally is in crowded courts at the retiring of the jury

There was an unusual stillness. The judge's ominous words, "a verdict against the accused," seemed to echo round the building, only hushed whispers of "she must be innocent," "they could not find her guilty," broke the silence; in that mighty mass of eager spectators there was but the one desire—to see her free; yet their conviction had been shaken by the judge's charge, their hearts declared her innocence, but their reasons were not convinced. Each one was thankful that *he* was not called to decide her fate.

In less than an hour there was a movement—a stir. All eyes turned, expecting the jury; but the foreman entered alone. To the judge's question, "Have you agreed?"

"No; and after a great deal of discussion we have decided to ask one or two questions. The answers may, perhaps, conduce to bring the jury to a speedy decision." So saying, he asked:

"Could the lady adduce any evidence to account for her having the dagger in her possession; as it was necessary for the right and just perception of the case that this circumstance should be satisfactorily explained?"

Her counsel heard the question and shook his head, knowing how useless the appeal to her was. He had urged on her the necessity of offering some explanation: he had felt the difficulty, and by every means in his power, had laid it before her; but all to no purpose. As a final effort he now approached the place where she was sitting, pale, beside her father. There was not the slightest excitement visible; she was calm and collected: while the breathless silence around her, the eager and sympathizing gaze of all, were a tribute involuntarily paid to such firm composure. As those near pressed forward to hear what passed between Lady D. and her counsel, they perceived the anxious looks with which he addressed her, and the agonized entreaties of her father.

She listened—she paused—her father's tears—the lawyer's arguments that on her almost depended her father's life; there was no knowing in what view the jury would consider the case if she persisted in her refusal, and how would he—the old man—hear the worst: all tended to overwhelm and distract her. She gazed vacantly at her father; his miserable and heart-broken look only confirmed

the lawyer's dark hint. Oh! that she could be crushed into annihilation: that this dreadful struggle were over; but it must not be—she could not—she dare not tell. "No," she said, "I can not answer;" and waving her hand to prevent further entreaties, she sunk back on her seat.

The lawyer sorrowfully walked over to the foreman, and said: "I have received no instructions to give any further information."

About six o'clock in the evening of that long day, there was again a stir, and the expectation of all was realized by the entrance of the jury. The foreman returned the verdict, "guilty."

A deep groan, as it burst simultaneously from the breast of every individual present, echoed the fatal word. "Strongly recommended to mercy," was hardly heard, as the judge finished the sentence.

But Caroline bore the sentence with unflinching brow. No nervous contraction round the mouth betrayed any emotion; her countenance was as serene as when she first entered—and all was over.

A great change had taken place in Caroline's character since the discovery of her husband's fatal secret. Though she was naturally a girl of a high and serious turn of mind, yet her strong impulses and great capacity of affection, almost devotion towards a particular object, kept her bowed down and wedded to the fleeting things of this world; but the knowledge of this fatal secret—arrived at, too, in such a way, wounding her in the tenderest attachment of her heart—cut the cord by which she had been fastened. She grew very tired of the world: it was not to be trusted. There were snares for the unwary: nothing could come to perfection. There was happiness in it she knew; she had felt—she had tasted happiness, ardent, delicious, intoxicating; but the bud was not to blossom here, it must be transplanted to a richer and a better soil or it would wither.

What was the earth to her now? She looked to heaven, all her happiness was there. It was not her husband's deception of her that broke her heart; there was no thought of self—it never entered her mind; it was the thought that *he* might be debarred from that heaven to which now all her longing was directed that bowed her down with an insupportable weight; but from the hour of his denial of guilt all her hopes brightened.

She would have him with her—the happiness begun here, and so ruthlessly cut asunder, was only a sure pledge of what would be but brighter far in heaven. Such thoughts as these supported Caroline through her dark and dismal solitude.

When she returned to the prison after the trial, she was sustained by an unnatural excitement. "All is over, James has sworn that it was I; *he* is safe, there can be no danger to him *now*; and *I* have saved him—a weak, wretched woman—alone and unassisted. The life he gave me I have laid at his feet. The memory of this dark hour will bind us together closer in eternity." And then the longing to see him, to be with him once more before—then a cold shudder crept over her, the extraordinary excitement faded away, and she awoke to the reality of her own position. Near, so very near, death faced her; and what death? the death of a felon. She grasped her throat with her hands—to be hung—hung before that immense crowd. Oh! the thought was awful. Her head grew dizzy, a mortal sickness came over her; exhausted nature could contend no longer. She was borne by her faithful attendant to her bed.

As soon as Sir Alfred Douglass left Braydon he hastened to Dover, and from thence crossed to France, where he had intended to linger. It was agreed between him and Caroline that she should write to him under a feigned name. He had been absent nearly a fortnight and had as yet received no letter. He became nervous and depressed. He did not expect to hear much before this time, as he knew she would be anxiously cautious; but a foreboding of evil haunted him. His own situation was so precarious. At any moment he might meet English acquaintances; he confined himself during the day, and even in the evening did not venture into the frequented parts of the town. It was one evening about three weeks since he left England that he turned into a more fashionable restaurant than it was customary for him to venture into, and had seated himself with a paper near the fire, when two gentlemen entered and called for coffee and cigars. By their voices he recognized them to be Englishmen; he turned from them, more effectually to conceal his features, and devoted himself with renewed assiduity to his

newspaper. He had not been long so engaged when his attention was arrested by a remark from one of the gentlemen to his friend: "It is the most extraordinary case I have ever heard; and how many years since it happened, did you say?"

"Six or seven," was the answer.

"How could they identify the body?"

"I did not hear the particulars, but there was no room for doubt."

Alfred had not a moment's hesitation in his mind as to the subject of their conversation. A sickening sensation came over him. He trembled. How could he escape? Danger and death were closing upon him. His fears exaggerated the difficulties that surrounded him; he dared not move, the least attempt to leave on his part would excite suspicion. He grasped his chair. His brain turned; a fainting sickness passed over him, the cold perspiration hung in drops on his forehead; but with resolute determination he conquered. Still preserving the same position, holding his paper before him, he waited calmly, without one outward token of the fearful struggle he had passed through, to hear further particulars of *his own* crime. The waiter then entering with coffee interrupted the conversation. Still Alfred, with extraordinary control, sat on.

"I can not get that strange case out of my head," said the first speaker again addressing his friend.

"What is the name?"

"Douglass," was the reply.

"Douglass, do you say? any thing to the Douglass of Somersetshire?"

"The same."

"Heavens! how awful. And the murdered man?"

"St. Laurence. The Digby St. Laurences."

"Good heavens! they are relations—cousins. When was the trial over?"

"Yesterday."

Trial! Alfred almost turned; what did this mean? The speaker continued:

"I don't believe she is guilty. The jury were a long time; but finally returned the verdict, 'guilty.' You should see her, John, a lovely young creature; bore up like a heroine, and as likely to commit a murder as a saint."

Both the gentlemen started, as Alfred darted towards them with a face as livid as the dead; he grasped the arm of one,

and in a hollow voice demanded: "Her name—her name?"

"Lady Douglass, wife of Sir Alfred, and daughter of Colonel Digby."

With the howl of a maniac he rushed out of the house, and ran breathless to the quay. Chance favored him: a vessel was just starting for Dover. Without a moment's hesitation he sprung on deck regardless of every thing. The one idea in his mind was his wife: to save her—to declare himself the real, the true criminal. But it might be too late—he knew nothing—how soon after the trial was she to—Oh! the thought was maddening; his brain was on fire.

A few days after the trial a post-chaise was seen driving furiously up the principal street of the town till it stopped at the hotel; a gentleman got out, and after a few words to the landlord of the inn, re-entered the carriage, ordering it to be driven to the county jail. It was about nine o'clock at night that he arrived at the prison. A violent ring at the massive door was immediately answered.

"Lead me to the—the place occupied by Lady Douglass," said the visitor in a tone of command.

The man hesitated, looked up at the figure that addressed him, and though no one, on any pretense, was allowed admittance at that unseasonable hour, there was something in the stranger's appearance that inspired him with awe, and he dared not refuse. Unwillingly he conducted him as far as his own jurisdiction extended, and then left him under the guidance of another warden.

Caroline, since the day of the trial, had visibly and rapidly declined; it was as if she had gathered her strength for that fatal occasion; and then the excitement, the necessity for exerting herself over, she sunk. The medical man who had attended her ordered her to be removed to an airy room, where she could have the customary comforts around her. Every time the doctor called he expected would be the last. She could not now hold out twenty-four hours; she had been in an unconscious stupor the whole day, lying with her eyes closed, and, except by her low breathing, showing no sign of life. The room was dark, barely lighted by a lamp set in a recess by the fire. Flora, her faithful attendant, sat by the bedside, watching every change in her mistress. Her father, a decrepit old man, sat by

the fireside, half-unconscious of all around him.

Caroline suddenly started up in her bed, and leant forward. "Hark, what is that? Listen!" she exclaimed hastily.

Flora looked at her in fear. She heard nothing but the footsteps outside their door—a never-ending sound in that dwelling; but still Caroline eagerly listened—her eyes sparkled—the door opened, and with a cry and joyous smile, as in her brightest days, she stretched forward her arms, and in one moment was folded to her husband's breast.

"Dear, dearest Alfred," she said, "I have been expecting you so long, I watched and got weary, and so dropped asleep; but I have had such a dream. I knew you had come. And, darling, you look tired; you must rest here," she said, clasping him in her arms; "and then you will come and see all I have done while you were away; your room is so nice—all as you wished. We shall be happy, oh! so happy." He sunk on his knees by her, and burying his face in the bed, groaned aloud.

"Darling, won't you come soon, very, very soon?" She clasped her arms round his neck, pressed her lips to his; her head sunk on his shoulder; gently he moved to lay her down. A bright heavenly smile was on her face, but her spirit had fled from her husband's embrace.

A letter, subsequently addressed to the judge who had presided at the recent trial, held in the town of —, Somersetshire, excited an immense sensation throughout the whole of England. We shall transcribe it for the benefit of our readers:

"My Lord: At Sir Alfred Douglass' request I am called upon to lay before you, and through you before the public, the real circumstances connected with the tragedy, from which originated the fearful trial at which you so lately presided.

"Captain St. Laurence and Sir Alfred Douglass had been thrown together in early life; they were at school when their acquaintance and mutual dislike began. They met again at Oxford, where they were students. Here the rivalry between them was renewed with greater virulence. They were both members of the same club; and a short time previous to Captain St. Laurence's receiving the order to join his regiment Sir Alfred Douglass had detected him in an act of foul play at cards. He had been long suspected of dishonorable practices, though they had never been distinct-

ly traced to him; but on this unfortunate occasion, through Sir Alfred's means, the charge had been proved beyond a doubt. Captain St. Laurence, loaded with dishonor, quitted the club, swearing vengeance against his enemies. Sir Alfred expected to be called to a personal encounter with his adversary, but to his astonishment he heard no more of him; the whole transaction had been marvelously hushed up.

"Sir Richard Baker at that time died suddenly, and put all further thought of the subject out of Sir Alfred's mind. He, accompanied by James Forest, went down for one day to Somersetshire, previous to his leaving England on a tour. They did not arrive at Braydon Hall till late in the evening, when he, attended by his servant, went out to look about the place. As they turned into a narrow walk leading to the sea, at some distance from the house, they encountered Captain St. Laurence. He was very excited, and seemed to be shaken by some very strong emotion. He did not immediately recognize Sir Alfred, who had hoped to pass unobserved, but the narrowness of the path prevented this. As Captain St. Laurence came close to him he started, and addressed Sir Alfred by some opprobrious term. This of course roused the other. He answered, but said he did not wish to take an unfair advantage of him, as he seemed to be laboring under some strange excitement. This unhappy allusion to some unknown trouble exasperated Captain St. Laurence. Without a moment's hesitation he closed on his adversary; blow followed blow. Sir Alfred was unarmed; but Captain St. Laurence drew a dagger. To wrench this out of his hand and wound him was the work of an instant. Captain St. Laurence staggered and fell. Sir Alfred raised his head and called upon Forest to assist him, but found to his unexpected dismay that he was dead. Sir Alfred's remorse was extreme. He had only raised his hand in his own defense. There was no thought in his mind to take the young man's life. In perplexity and bitter regret he bent over the body, when Forest at once suggested the thought of instant burial. He urged on his master the absolute necessity of it. If he asserted that he had killed Captain St. Laurence in self-defense, who would believe him? Who could think it was a fair fight? they were two against one. There was in fact no other course left. His conscience could not upbraid him with the crime. He must now look to his own safety. In a miserable moment, when he was bowed down with terror, grief, and wretchedness, he consented. Forest buried the body in the little grot near the sea-shore. That evening, without revisiting the house, or having been recognized by any one, Sir Alfred Douglass returned to London. James Forest followed him in a day after. It was the diabolical conception of a moment that suggested the hidden burial to Forest. He knew he was now master. A secret bound Sir A. to him indissolubly. Go where he would he could not escape him; he might neglect his duties, rob, plunder his mas-

ter, but *he* must be silent. He knew a crime of a deeper dye; he held his fate in his grasp. One word from him and all would be over; and he accomplished his purpose. Sir Alfred's purse was ever open to him; the demands, ever so exorbitant, were never refused. This contented James Forest for a time. His situation was a very good one; and if he gave information, on the whole, even taking the reward into account, he considered that he would be a loser.

"And thus things continued till Sir Alfred married. Forest became attached to Lady Douglass' maid. At first she favored his addresses; but her mistress's strong dislike to the man, made her hesitate before she consented to marry him. Then Lady Douglass' failing health decided the girl in ultimately rejecting his suit. This exasperated him beyond endurance. His master had also been unwilling of late to meet his demands, which had gradually become exorbitant; words arose between them, and then followed that hideous, deep-laid plot of unutterable revenge and villainy. His plans were well laid: he had calculated on Sir Alfred's hurried departure, at the information being given to the magistrate, and it was he who had brought the news to Flora, 'that by some unknown person a disclosure had been made concerning the murder of Captain St. Laurence.' It was with the delight of a demon he had left the house with the letter to Colonel Digby the night of Sir Alfred's escape, astonished at the success of his plan.

"A few words explain the tragic sequel. Lady Douglass had found by accident the dagger concealed in her husband's desk. The truth flashed upon her. She suffered for him willingly, heartily. In a letter written to him the evening of the trial she detailed the circumstances; but over this we must draw a veil; it is too sacred for curious eyes to gaze upon. Let us fold our hands in wonder and admiration that such love could exist on earth."

Braydon Hall was dismantled. The closed windows, through which not a gleam of sunshine could penetrate; the weeds covering the garden; the grass-grown walks—all proclaimed the absence of the owner. Even the lodge was empty. An old woman lived in the house, who, for some time after the events recorded in this story, had her time busily employed in showing visitors through the place, hallowed by the memory of the principal actor connected with those scenes; but in time these dropped off, and she reigned in undisturbed silence in her gloomy abode. Sir Alfred Douglass left the neighborhood forever. In a short time the wonderful tragedy with which he had been connected was entirely forgotten; and in years after, when one, who regardless of the danger to his own per-

son, had devoted himself to the care of the sick and needy, when the cholera which was raging with fearful destruction had deprived them of friends and sustenance, at last fell a victim to this great and self-imposed duty, then the fleeting words of admiration which were offered to his memory recalled for a brief space the interest that had once wrapped around him.

With regard to the other actors con-

nected with this tale, a few words will suffice.

Colonel Digby did not survive his daughter many weeks. The shock he sustained shattered his health, already weakened by sickness and age. Flora accompanied Julia to a foreign country, where, in the formation of new ties, the spirits of the latter once more revived from the bitter remembrances of the past.

From Fraser's Magazine.

## A BUNCH OF SONG-FLOWERS.

### I.

#### BLAAVIN.

O WONDERFUL mountain of Blaavin !  
How oft since our parting hour  
You have roared with the wintry torrents,  
You have gloomed through the thunder-shower !  
But by this time the lichens are creeping  
Gray-green o'er your rocks and your stones,  
And each hot afternoon is steeping  
Your bulk in its sultriest bronze.  
Oh ! sweet is the spring wind, Blaavin,  
When it loosens your torrents' flow—  
When with one little touch of a sunny hand  
It unclasps your cloak of snow.  
Oh ! sweet is the spring wind, Blaavin,  
And sweet it was to me—  
For before the bell of the snowdrop,  
Or the pink of the apple-tree—  
Long before your first spring torrent  
Came down with a flash and a whirl,  
In the breast of its happy mother,  
There nestled my little girl.  
O Blaavin, rocky Blaavin,  
It was with the strangest start  
That I felt, at the little querulous cry,  
The new pulse awake in my heart.  
A pulse that will live and beat, Blaavin !  
Till, standing around my bed,  
While the chirrup of birds is heard out in the  
dawn,  
The watchers whisper : " He's dead."  
Oh ! another heart is mine, Blaavin,  
Sin' this time seven year,  
For Life is brighter by a charm,  
Death darker by a fear.  
O Blaavin, rocky Blaavin !

How I long to be with you again,  
To see lasbed gulf and gully  
Smoke white in the windy rain—  
To see in the scarlet sunrise  
The mist-wreaths perish with heat,  
The wet rock slide with a trickling gleam  
Right down to the cataract's feet ;  
While toward the crimson islands  
Where the sea-birds flutter and skirl,  
A cormorant flaps o'er a sleek ocean floor  
Of tremulous mother-of-pearl.

### II.

#### THE WELL.

The well gleams by a mountain road,  
Where travelers never come or go,  
From city proud, or poor abode  
That frets the dusky plain below.  
All silent as a moldering lute  
That in a ruin long hath lain ;  
All empty as a dead man's brain—  
The path untrod by human foot,  
That, thread-like, far away doth run  
To savage peaks, whose central spire  
Bids farewell to the setting sun,  
Good-morrow to the morning's fire.  
The country stretches out beneath,  
In gloom of wood, and gray of heath ;  
The carriers' carts with mighty loads  
Dark-dot the long white dusty roads ;  
The stationary stain of smoke  
Is crowned by spire and castle rock ;  
A silent speck of vapory white,  
The train creeps on from shade to light ;

The river journeys to the main  
Throughout a vast and endless plain,  
Far-shadowed by the laboring breast  
Of thunder leaning o'er the west.

A rough uneven waste of gray,  
The landscape stretches day by day ;  
But strange the sight when evening sails  
Athwart the mountains and the vales :  
Furnace and forge, by daylight tame,  
Uplift their restless towers of flame,  
That cast a broad and angry glow  
Upon the rain-cloud hanging low.  
As dark and darker grows the hour,  
More wild their color, vast their power,  
Till by the glare, in shepherd's shed,  
The mother sings her babe a-bed,  
From town to town the peddler wades  
Through far-flung crimson lights and shades.  
As softly fall the autumn nights,  
The city blossoms into light ;  
Now here, now there, a sudden spark  
Sputters the twilight's light-in-dark ;  
Afar a glimmering crescent shakes,  
The gloom across the valley breaks  
A bank of glowworms. Strangely fair,  
A bridge of lamps leaps through the air  
To hang in night ; and sudden shines  
The long street's splendor-fretted lines.  
Intense and bright that fiery bloom  
Upon the desert of the gloom ;  
At length the starry clusters fail,  
Afar the lustrous crescents pale,  
Till all the wondrous pageant dies  
In gray light of damp-dawning skies.

High stands the lonely mountain ground  
Above each babbling human sound ;  
Yet from its place afar it sees  
Night scared by angry furnaces ;  
The lighting-up of city proud,  
The brightness o'er it in the cloud.  
The foolish people never seek  
Wise counsel from that silent peak,  
Though from its height it looks abroad  
All-seeing as the eye of God,  
Haunting the peasant on the down,  
The workman in the busy town ;  
Though from the closely-curtained dawn  
The day is by the mountain drawn,  
Whether the slant lines of the rain  
Fill high the brook and shake the pane,  
Or noon-day reapers, wearied, halt  
On sheaves beneath a blinding vault  
Unshaded by a vapor's fold—  
Though from that mountain summit old,  
The cloudy thunder breaks and rolls  
Through deep reverberating souls ;  
Though from it comes the angry light,  
Whose forked shiver sears the sight,  
And rends the shrine from floor to dome,  
And leaves the gods without a home.

And ever in that under world  
Round which the weary clouds are furled,  
The cry of one that buys and sells,  
The laughter of the bridal bells

Clear breaking from cathedral towers,  
The peddler whistling o'er the moors,  
The sunburnt reapers, merry corps,  
With stooks behind, and grain before,  
The huntsman cheering on his hounds—  
Build up one sound of many sounds,  
As instruments of divers tone,  
The organ's temple-shaking groan,  
Proud trumpet, cymbal's piercing cry,  
Build one intricate harmony :  
As smoke that drowns the city's spires  
Is fed by twice a million fires ;  
As midnight draws her windy grief  
From sob and wail of bough and leaf ;  
And on those favorable days  
When earth is free from mist and haze,  
And heaven is silent as an ear  
Down-leaning, loving words to hear,  
Stray echoes of the world are blown  
Around those pinnacles of stone  
That hold the blue of heaven alone—  
The saddest sound beneath the sun,  
All human voices blent in one.

And purely gleams the crystal well  
Amid the silence terrible.  
On heaven its eye is ever wide  
At morning and at eventide.  
And as a lover in the sight  
And favor of his maiden bright  
Bends, till his face he proudly spies  
In the clear depths of upturned eyes—  
The mighty heaven above it bowed  
Looks down, and sees its crumbling cloud,  
Its round of summer blue immense,  
Drawn in a yard's circumference ;  
And lingers o'er the image there  
Than its own self more purely fair.

Whence come the waters garnered up  
So clearly in that rocky cup ?  
They come from regions higher far,  
Where blows the wind and shines the star.  
The silent dews that heaven distills  
At midnight on the lonely hills ;  
The shower that all the mountain dims,  
On which the lordly rainbow swims ;  
The torrents from the thunder-gloom,  
Let loose as by the stroke of doom,  
The whirling waterspout, that cracks  
Into a hundred cataracts,  
Are swallowed by the thirsty ground,  
And day and night without a sound  
Through banks of marl and belts of ores,  
They filter through its million pores,  
Losing each foul and turbid stain :  
And fed by many a trickling vein,  
The well, through silent days and years  
Fills slowly, like an eye with tears.

## III.

## RETURN.

Ah ! me, as wearily I tread  
The winding hill-road, mute and slow,  
Each rock and rill are to my heart  
So conscious of the long-ago.

My passion with its fullness ached;  
I filled this region with my love;  
Ye listened to me, barrier crags,  
Thou heard'st me singing, blue above.  
Oh ! never can I know again  
The sweetness of that happy dream,  
But thou remember'st, iron crag,  
And thou remember'st, falling stream !  
Oh ! look not so on me, ye rocks,  
The Past is past and let it be ;  
Thy music, ever-falling stream,  
Brings more of pain than joy to me.  
O cloud, high dozing on the peak !  
O tarn, that gleams so far below !  
O distant ocean, blue and sleek !  
On which the white sails come and go—  
Ye look the same ; thou sound'st the same  
Thou ever-falling, falling stream—  
Ye are the changeless dial-face,  
And I the passing beam.

## IV.

## BLAAVIN.

As adown the long glen I hurried,  
Like the torrent from fall to fall,  
The invisible spirit of Blaavin  
Seemed ever on me to call ;  
As I passed the red lake fringed with rushes,  
A duck burst away from its breast,  
And before the bright circles and wrinkles  
Had subsided again into rest,  
At a clear open turn of the roadway,  
My passion went up in a cry,  
For the wonderful mountain of Blaavin  
Was heaving his huge bulk on high,  
Each precipice keen and purple  
Against the yellow sky.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

From the Westminster Review.

## SKETCH-BOOK OF POPULAR GEOLOGY.\*

NOTWITHSTANDING the number of Text-books of Geology already before the public, we think that the widow of Hugh Miller was fully justified in the belief that the publication of the course of Lectures on Popular Geology, which he delivered in Edinburgh not long before his death, would serve a useful purpose, and be especially interesting to those who are familiar with the principal features of the country from which his illustrations are drawn. For in these lectures he had brought together the general results of the geological studies which he had pursued through various parts of his native Scotland ; and the objection which he made to their publication at the time was that he had given in them so many of his best facts and broadest ideas—so much, indeed, of what would be required to

lighten the prior details of what he contemplated as his *maximum opus*, the “Geology of Scotland”—that it would be undesirable to send them forth by themselves. These lectures are indeed in every way admirable specimens of their author's best manner. Commencing with the historic period of Scotland's existence, and showing how the remains of Roman art and the ruder implements of their predecessors enable us to reason back to the condition of the country and of its inhabitants, in periods of remote antiquity, he skillfully connects Geologic and Human history by bringing together evidence from a great variety of sources as to the changes of level which have occurred in the country since it has been tenanted by man ; often producing very important modifications in the coast-line, and in some places adding what he calls a “flat marginal selvage” of considerable extent, which constitutes with the old coast-line a well-marked feature in the landscape. And upon this he makes one of his characteristically appropriate and suggestive remarks :

\* Sketch-Book of Popular Geology ; being a Series of Lectures delivered before the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh, by HUGH MILLER. With an Introductory Preface, giving a Resumé of the Progress of Geological Science within the last Two Years. By MRS. MILLER. Edinburgh. 1859. Post 8vo, pp. 358.

"Geology may be properly regarded as the science of landscape; it is to the landscape painter what anatomy is to the historic painter, or to the sculptor. In the singularly rich and variously compounded prospects of our country, there is scarce a single tract that can not be resolved into some geological peculiarity in the country's frame-work, or which does not bear witness otherwise and more directly than from any mere suggestion of the associative faculty, to some striking event in its physical history. Its landscapes are tablets roughened, like the tablets of Nineveh with the records of the past; and their various features, whether of hill or valley, terrace or escarpment, form the bold and graceful characters in which the narrative is inscribed."

It is in the same spirit that he goes back through the successive periods of geological time, from the glacial to the tertiary, secondary, paleozoic, and azoic; every where seizing upon the materials which lie obvious to every thoughtful observer, and building these up into the fabric of science with the masterly design of the able architect, and the skillful handling of the practiced artisan—the graceful suggestions of a poetic imagination being by no means passed by, but finding place wherever such ornaments could be appropriately introduced.

The book is adapted as well as any book could be to lead its reader to the study of geology in the best of all methods, that of observation guided by intelligence; and it will conduct him by the same path which its author himself followed with such remarkable sagacity and such singular success, when, unconscious of the results which had been evolved by the labors of his predecessors, he set himself to reason upon the phenomena exhibited by his sandstone quarry, and to search into the past history of the globe under the sure guidance of the clue afforded by observation of the changes it is even now undergoing.

One especial charm which these lectures have for us, is their entire freedom from those theological discussions and allusions which form so prominent a feature of most of their author's writings. In their composition he seems to have wisely determined to apply himself in the first instance to the exposition of Geology as a science; and to have reserved the question of its bearing on Scripture for separate discourses, which were delivered as the closing lectures of the course. These have been already published in "The Testimony of the Rocks;" and Mrs. Miller has, in our

opinion, exercised a wise discretion in not reproducing them here, and in substituting as an Appendix a series of extracts from papers left by her husband on various points of geological interest, which had not been incorporated in either of his published works. She has also added in a Preface, a notice of some of the more important geological discoveries which have been made since the lectures were delivered; dwelling especially on the changes which have been brought about in the interpretation of the paleozoic geology of Scotland by the recent determination of Sir Roderick Murchison, (based upon the evidence of fossils for the most part collected by Mr. C. W. Peach,) that the supposed Old Red Conglomerate of the Western Highlands really belongs to the Silurian period, and on the discovery, now fully substantiated, of the imprint of the footsteps of large reptiles in the uppermost beds of the true Old Red Sandstone. The recent date of one the most important results wrought out by modern geological inquiry, has prevented her from including this in her summary; and we shall do our readers a service by a concise statement of the evidence, which now seems conclusive, in regard to the coexistence of man with those numerous species of mammals, most of them now extinct, which tenanted this portion of the globe in the "post-pleiocene," or "drift" period.

The belief in the recent introduction of the human race has been until lately so generally accepted amongst geologists, that it has seemed nothing short of the rankest heresy to attempt to disturb it. Cases have every now and then been adduced in which human bones or implements were discovered in the same beds with bones of extinct mammals; but these have been thought to be explicable by accidents which might have subsequently brought about an association not dependent on original contemporaneity of existence. A very remarkable case of this kind was made known about two years ago by M. de Perthes, who, in a work entitled *Antiquités Celtiques et Antédiluvien*, announced his discovery of flints obviously fashioned by the hand of man in gravel-pits, on hills two hundred feet high, in the neighborhood of Abbeville, associated with the remains of the extinct elephant, rhinoceros, bear, hyena, stag, ox, and horse; the gravel beds being

overlaid with thick beds of sand and loam containing the delicate shells of fresh-water mollusks. Even this case did not at once attract the attention it deserved, on account, perhaps, of the admixture of theory with the facts stated by M. de Perthes; but it happened that, in the course of last year, further evidence of the same kind was brought to light in the course of some explorations which have been carried on beneath the stalagmitic crust which forms the floor of a cave newly opened at Brixham, in Devonshire. Strongly impressed with the facts there revealed, but still not feeling altogether satisfied that they might not admit of some other explanation, Mr. Prestwich, the geologist *par excellence* of the post-tertiary formations, and, therefore, the man of all others best qualified to pronounce authoritatively upon such a question, determined to examine for himself into the cases cited by M. de Perthes as occurring in the neighborhood of Abbeville and Amiens; and he wisely associated with himself Mr. Evans, an antiquary, who had paid great attention to the subject of flint weapons. Ocular proof was obtained by these gentlemen of the existence of the flint implements *in situ*, and of the undisturbed condition of the gravel bed above and around them; and the idea of their having been buried at some period subsequent to the formation of the drift was entirely negatived by the absence of any traces of the holes which must have been dug for the purpose, none such being discoverable, though many hundreds of the implements had been found dispersed through the mass. The inference seems irresistible, therefore, that these implements were originally imbedded in the gravel with the remains of animals which are known to have tenanted Europe during the period of its formation; and the only reasonable doubt that can present itself as to man's contemporaneity with them, arises out of the question, whether these flints were really fashioned by the art of man, or whether they may have derived their peculiar configuration from natural causes. As to this point, however, we can not think that doubt can exist in the mind of any intelligent person who carefully examines them, and who compares them with the forms into which flints are brought by natural fracture. They are much ruder in their shape than the Celtic stone weapons, and seem, from

their geological position, to have been long anterior, the Celtic stone weapons being found in the superficial soil above the drift; so that it seems probable that they are the remains of a different race of men, who inhabited this region of the globe at a period anterior to its Celtic occupation.

Having been fully satisfied of these facts by his investigation of the Abbeville and Amiens cases, Mr. Prestwich turned his attention to the account given by Mr. Frere in the *Archæologia*, of the occurrence of a similar case towards the end of the last century in our own country; a number of flint weapons having been discovered in conjunction with elephant remains, in a gravel-pit in Suffolk, at a depth of eleven or twelve feet from the surface, the gravel being overlaid by sand and brick-earth. Some of these weapons are preserved in the Museum of the Society of Antiquaries, and others in the British Museum; and they are identical in form with those found in Normandy. Proceeding to this spot for the purpose of making a personal investigation of the circumstances, Mr. Prestwich was fortunate enough to meet with an old man who distinctly remembered the finding of the weapons more than sixty years since, and who was able to point out the spot from which they had been dug; and he further ascertained that similar implements have been since found from time to time in the same deposit of gravel, two having been dug out last winter. The evidence of the Suffolk gravel-pit is, therefore, quite corroborative of that of the Abbeville and Amiens beds; and there can be little doubt that a careful scrutiny of the mammiferous drifts elsewhere would bring to light similar evidences of man's existence at the period of their formation. So far from looking upon such cases as exceptional, and as furnishing difficulties to be explained away, geologists will now, it may be hoped, accept them as normal, and zealously seek for additional facts that may throw light upon the condition of these by far the earliest human inhabitants of our globe of whose existence we have any trace.

It is much to Hugh Miller's credit that he abstained from pronouncing dogmatically, in the lectures before us, against the higher antiquity of the human race; and we have been much struck with the cautious manner in which he expressed

himself on this point. "We have no good grounds to believe," he says, "that man existed upon the earth, during what in Britain and that portion of the Continent which lies under the same lines of latitude, were the times of the boulder-clay and drift-gravels." Had his life been prolonged a couple of years later, he would have been made acquainted with the facts of which we have given an outline; and we can not doubt that, with the honesty which characterized him, he would have at once recognized their logical value, and admitted the inferences to which they seem so unequivocally to lead; and would have then set himself manfully to work anew at the problem he was always laboring to solve—the reconciliation of the facts of Geological Science with the Scriptural record of the Creation. How futile every such attempt must be—how vain a thing it is to set bounds to knowledge, and to say "hitherto shalt thou come, and no further"—is so fully exemplified in the past history of Geology, and especially in the case just cited, that it may be hoped that henceforth the attempt may be abandoned,

and that men of science will pursue their inquiries untrammeled by the fancied necessity of squaring their doctrines in accordance with any foregone conclusion whatever. Every truly philosophic worker will abstain from building inferences upon *negative* data. Hugh Miller could affirm with perfect truth that there were then "no good grounds" to believe that man had coexisted with the extinct mammals of the drift; yet unmistakable grounds for such a belief have now been furnished. With such a fact before him, and with the analogous evidence of the existence of reptilian and of mammalian life at epochs long anterior to those at which they had been previously regarded as having made their first appearance in the Earth's history—will any geologist now venture to do more than repeat Hugh Miller's phrase in regard to the existence of man at any period anterior to the times of the boulder-clay and drift-gravels, or positively to deny that he may have been contemporaneous with the extinct mammals either of the earlier Tertiaries, or of *any* antecedent formation?

## LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

**NEWLY-DISCOVERED ACTION OF LIGHT.**—According to M. Niepce de Saint Victor's recent experiments, if a solution of starch or dextrose (one of its constituents, with gum and sugar) be exposed for a short time (say a quarter of an hour for a small quantity) to the action of solar light, the liquid will be converted into glucose (grape sugar.) This will tend to explain many natural phenomena, such as the ripening of fruits, etc. M. Niepce believes that if bunches of grapes, at the beginning of autumn were inclosed in paper bags steeped in a solution of tartaric acid, not only would the ripening be accelerated, but the quantity of sugar in the fruit would be greatly increased. tartaric acid, like nitrate of uranium, having the property of absorbing and retaining the light in its condition of chemical efficacy.—*Cosmos*.

**PADRE GAVAZZI** has gone home to his native Bologna. His return from exile and presence in the city of his birth form the topic of rabid Bilinggate in a certain set of journals.

**LITERARY MEN AND THEIR WIVES**—I do maintain that a wife, whether young or old, may pass her evenings most happily in the presence of her husband, occupied herself, and conscious that she is still better occupied, though he may but speak with her and cast his eyes upon her from time to time; that such evenings may be looked forward to with great desire, and deeply regretted when they are passed away forever. Wieland, whose co-jugal felicity has been almost as celebrated as himself, says in a letter written after his wife's death, that if he but knew that she was in the room or if at times she stepped in and said a word or two, that was enough to gladden him. Some of the happiest and most loving couples are those who, like Wieland and his wife, are too fully employed to spend the whole of every evening in conversation.—*Sara Coleridge*.

"922 soldiers, sentenced for various offenses, have either been pardoned, or have had the term of their imprisonment commuted."

ERUPTION OF MOUNT VESUVIUS.—Professor Palmieri, of the Observatory at Naples, has published an account of the progress of the lava during the present eruption up to the thirtieth ult. After having given manifest indications of a decline, it suddenly increased a few days before the above date, and committed fresh ravages. At the foot of a tufaceous rock in the Rio delle Quaglie there is a stone quarry, and by degrees a vast cavern had been excavated under the rock, and been continued to a considerable distance within, so that its extremity nearly reached the Fosso Grande, on the opposite side of the mountain. The lava penetrated into this cavern, and by its pressure forced its way out on the other side, thus making its appearance in the Fosso Grande, which was thought perfectly safe, and destroying all the fields in high cultivation which cover the hill of Somma. Professor Palmieri feelingly describes the despair of the rural population on seeing rich vines and fruit-trees ruthlessly destroyed by the fiery stream, some hastening to abandon their cottages, and carrying the little furniture they had away with them, others attempting to fell some of the trees in order to save the fruit, and others again joining the processions organized by the priests to implore the cessation of the scourge. The torrent, on leaving the valley, followed the track of the lava of 1767, in the direction of San Jorio, but after proceeding for about a mile it stopped, though its altitude continued to increase, so that it was expected soon to occupy the steep path by which visitors generally ascend Mount Vesuvius. Near the cavern a lake of lava has been formed, the surface of which has so far cooled as to form a crust; but as the mass is constantly fed from the cavern, this crust continually rises, while the liquid below is occasionally seen through the rents like a vivid line of fire. Fortunately since June the seismograph has given no indication of earthquake, which was much to be feared. A peasant, whose property lay in the line of the lava, has succeeded, by timely activity, in turning the latter away, by forming a strong embankment with old scoria. A similar expedient had been successfully tried at Catania during the famous eruption of Mount Etna, in 1669; but the course of the lava can not always be accurately guessed.

NEW PLANETS—INTERESTING STATEMENTS BY M. LEVERRIER.—M. Leverrier, whose fame as the theoretical discoverer of the planet Neptune is well known, has written a letter of the highest interest to M. Faye, the astronomer, on the subject of some unaccountable discrepancies between the observations of the transits of Mercury over the disk of the sun and the results of calculation. The facts are as follows: The theory of the sun having been carefully revised, and compared with the results of nine thousand observations of that body taken at various observatories, the motion of Mercury had in its turn to be revised. Now, there are twenty-one observations of the inner contacts of Mercury's disk with that of the sun, taken within a period of one hundred and fifty-one years, namely, between 1693 and 1848, and all reliable; yet in these transits there appears to be a progressive error, which amounts to as much as nine seconds of an arc in 1753. Now, can it be supposed, to explain such a constantly repeated divergence, that such men as Lalande, Cassini, Bouguer, etc., should have committed mistakes amounting to several minutes of time, and mistakes, too, progressively varying from one period to another?

This would be absolutely impossible. But there is another curious circumstance, namely, that by increasing the secular motion of the perihelion by thirty-eight seconds, all the above observations are found to be correct to a second, and in some cases even to half a second! M. Leverrier then proceeds to show, that in order to explain this addition of thirty-eight seconds, we should have to increase the mass attributed to Venus by one tenth of its amount. This mass, calculated to be the four hundred thousandth part of that of the sun, has been however found, by other calculations, rather too large, so that increasing it is out of the question. Hence M. Leverrier concludes that the excess of the motion of Mercury's perihelion must be owing to some other cause as yet unknown to us, and this cause he supposes to be, either a new planet or a series of small bodies circulating between the sun and Mercury. M. Faye, in communicating this letter to the Academy of Sciences, suggested that all the astronomers of Europe should now direct their attention to the smallest spots on the disk of the sun, in order to discover whether there were among them any minute planetary bodies which had hitherto escaped observation. Such bodies had often been looked after without success; but this proved nothing, such researches having been made at mere hazard; now, however, there were serious grounds for repeating such attempts, and total eclipses would be the most advantageous periods for observing any minute body in the immediate vicinity of the sun. A total eclipse, he added, would be visible in Spain and Algeria in July next. Suppose an astronomer at Camprey, for instance, to prepare himself exclusively for such an observation, neglecting every thing else relating to the eclipse; if a quarter of an hour before the proper time, he remained in a dark room in order to guard his eyes from the dazzling influence of the solar rays, whose effects continue for several minutes, and cause vision to be indistinct at the decisive moment, he might, as soon as the eclipse had reached its maximum, observe the heavens with the greatest accuracy, and perhaps discover what had hitherto escaped notice under less favorable circumstances.

DR. LIVINGSTONE.—The *Cape Town Mail* of August 29 has the following copy of a letter from Dr. Livingstone to Sir George Grey, containing a sketch of some important geographical discoveries in addition to those recently announced by that distinguished explorer:

"River Shire, June 1, 1859.

"MY DEAR SIR GEORGE: We have lately discovered a very fine lake by going up this river in the steam launch about one hundred miles, and then marching some fifty more on foot. It is called Shirwa, and Lake N'gami is a mere pond in comparison. It is, moreover, particularly interesting from the fact reported by the natives on its shores that it is separated by a strip of land of only five or six miles in width from Nyanja, or Lake N'yinyesi—the stars—which Burton has gone to explore. We could hear nothing of his party at Shirwa, and having got no European news since you kindly sent some copies of the *Times* last year, we are quite in the dark as to whether he has succeeded or not. Lake Shirwa has no outlet, and the waters are bitter, but drinkable. It abounds in fishes, leeches, alligators, and hippopotami. We discovered also by examining partly a branch of the Shire, called Ituo, that one portion of Shirwa

is not more than thirty miles distant from a point that may easily be reached by this launch, which by newspaper measurement draws thirteen inches, and actually thirty-one. The Lake Shirwa is very grand. It is surrounded on all sides by lofty green mountains. Dzomba, or as people nearest it say, Zomba, is over six thousand feet high, of same shape as Table Mountain, but inhabited on the top; others are equally high but inaccessible. It is a high land region—the lake itself being about two thousand feet above the sea. It is twenty or thirty miles wide, and fifty or sixty long. On going some way up a hill, we saw in the far distance two mountain-tops, rising little islands on a watery horizon. An inhabited mountain island stands near where we first came to it. From the size of the waves it is supposed to be deep. Mr. Maclear will show you the map. Dr. Kirk and I with fifty Makololo formed the land party. The country is well peopled and very much like Louda in the middle of the country, many streams rising out of bogs—the vegetation nearly identical also. Never saw so much cotton grown as among the Manganga of the Shire and Shirwa Valleys—all spin and weave it. These are the latitudes which I have always pointed out as the cotton and sugar lands; they are preëminently so, but such is the disinterestedness of some people that labor is exported to Bourbon instead of being employed here. The only trade they have is that of slaves, and the only symptoms of impudence we met were from a party of Bajana slave-traders; but they changed their deportment instantly on hearing that we were English, and not Portuguese. There are no Maravati or near Shirwa; they are all west of the Shire, so this lake can scarcely be called Lake Maravi; the Portuguese know nothing of it; but the minister who claimed (blue book for 1857) the honor of first traversing the African continent for two black men with Portuguese names, must explain why they did not cross the Shirwa. It lies some forty or fifty miles on each side of the latitude of Mozambique. They came to Tete only, and lacked at least four hundred miles of Mozambique. We go back to Shirwa in July, and may make a push for Nyinyesi.

(Signed) DAVID LIVINGSTONE

**DEATH OF PROFESSOR NICHOL.**—The *North British Daily Mail* says: We have to record with unfeigned regret—a feeling which will be shared in by a wide circle of scientific and other friends—the death of John Pringle Nichol, LL.D., Professor of Astronomy in the University of Glasgow, which took place on Monday, the nineteenth, at Glenburn House, Rothesay, the hydropathic establishment of Dr. Paterson. Dr. Nichol has been in delicate health for a considerable time past, and though, during a sojourn at Rothesay early in the summer of this year, he appeared to have rallied somewhat, the state of his constitution was still very feeble. On Tuesday, last week, his condition was such as to induce his friends to advise his removal from his own residence at the observatory to Rothesay, where, on the following Thursday, his illness assumed a more alarming aspect, and from that day he continued gradually to sink till the afternoon of Monday, when he expired from congestion of the brain, resulting from a palpitation of the heart. Professor Nichol was a native of Brechin, in Forfarshire, where he was born on the thirteenth January, 1804.

**TIME AND PHOTOGRAPHY.**—We have heard it affirmed that a fly is a medium-sized object amongst living beings—meaning that there are objects as much smaller than a fly as an elephant or a whale is larger, and this we believe to be true. But what shall we say to a *second* in respect to photographic time of action? Taking six hours as a maximum time of exposure, we can show differences in times of exposure, and variations in active action on the other side of a second of time, far exceeding any thing ever dreamed of in the ordinary practice of photography. In taking photographs of rapidly-moving objects—the waves of the sea, for instance—we have been obliged to judge of the proper exposure requisite to bring out the half-tints, and estimate differences of time, varying between the 1-50th and the 1-120th of a second. Exposures like these are, however, enormous, when compared with the time occupied in other photographic experiments. Thus, in solar photography, according to experiments of Mr. Waterhouse, an image was impressed in a space of time no longer than 1-9000th part of a second, even when a slow photographic process was used; and when wet collodion was employed, one third of the above time, or 1-27,000th of a second was all that was needed. This duration, however, inconceivably short as it appears, will be seen to be a tolerable length, when we try to bring the mind to appreciate the rapidity with which Mr. Talbot performed his crucial experiment at the Royal Institution, where he photographed a rapidly-revolving wheel, illuminated by one single discharge of an electric battery. To a casual observer or reader of this experiment, the wonderful part appears to be that the wheel appeared perfectly sharp and stationary in the photograph, although in reality, it was being rotated with as great a velocity as multiplying wheels could communicate to it. A little further consideration will, however, show that the time occupied in the revolution of the wheel was a planetary cycle when compared with the time of duration of the illuminating spark, which, according to the most beautiful and trustworthy experiments of Professor Wheatstone, only occupied the millionth part of a second in its duration.—*Photographic News.*

**PROPOSED HUMBOLDT MEMORIAL.**—The Prince Consort has laid before the British Association a copy of a letter he has received from Germany, on the subject of a proposal to establish a "Humboldt Foundation for Physical Science and Travels." His Royal Highness states that, should the object referred to in the letter appear to be one which merits the support and assistance of the members of the Association, he will have much pleasure in heading a subscription-list with the sum of one hundred pounds. There is every probability that the matter will be taken up warmly by the scientific men of this country, and, as a beginning, the Geographical Section of the British Association has passed a unanimous resolution in favor of the movement.

The double festival of the triumphal entry and the Emperor's birthday terminated, on Monday night, as it commenced, prosperously, and without a single drawback. The sky, menacing in the forenoon, brightened as the day wore on, again threatened rain before night arrived, but finally cleared; the wind abated, and fireworks and illuminations met with no impediment. Altogether, the *festes* have been perfectly successful.